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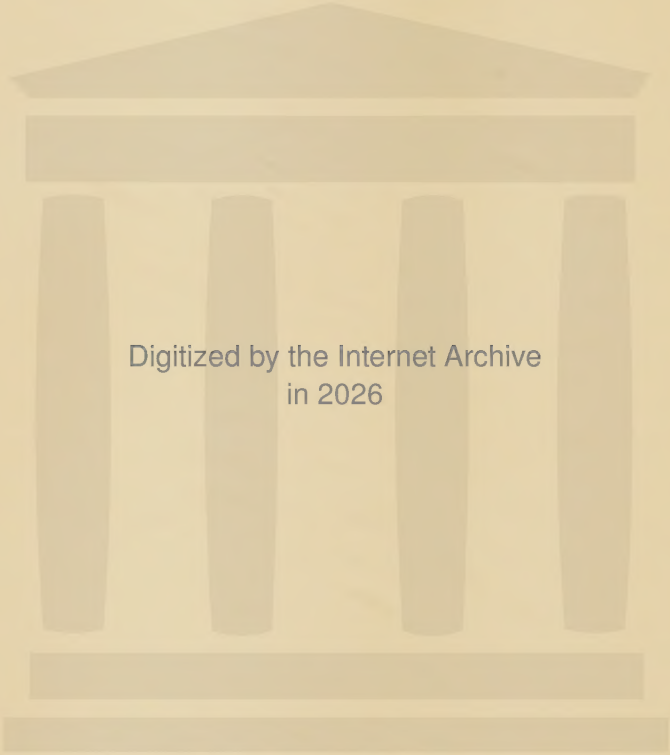
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THE

EARLY HISTORY

OF THE

TOWN OF ELLICOTT,

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY, N. Y.

COMPILED LARGELY FROM THE

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

GILBERT W. HAZELTINE, M. D.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y:
JOURNAL PRINTING COMPANY,
1887.

TO

MRS. MARY NORTON PRENDERGAST.

THIS VOLUME SPEAKS OF THE BRAVE, HEROIC, AND SELF-SACRIFICING EARLY SETTLERS OF THE TOWN OF ELLICOTT, WHO SHARED THE TOILS OF THE WILDERNESS WITH THOSE NOBLE AND GENEROUS FOUNDERS OF JAMESTOWN,

JAMES AND AGNES THOMPSON PRENDERGAST,

THE PARENTS OF THAT EQUALLY NOBLE AND GENEROUS SON,

ALEXANDER THOMPSON PRENDERGAST,

YOUR LATE HUSBAND, SO SUDDENLY TAKEN AWAY, AND OF YOUR ONLY SON, SO GREATLY BELOVED, AND SO DEEPLY MOURNED BY THE CITIZENS OF JAMESTOWN; THE LATE

HON. JAMES PRENDERGAST,

TAKEN IN THE FLOWER OF HIS MANHOOD, THE LAST OF HIS FAMILY.

TO YOU, THE LOVING WIFE, THE AFFECTIONATE MOTHER AND GENEROUS FRIEND, THE GRIEF STRICKEN WATCHER AMONG THE TOMBSTONES, WHERE ALL OF YOUR IDOLS LIE BURIED, I RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS VOLUME.

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

What is the *ratio justifica* of this book? Simply this. *Our friends desired us to write it, and we wrote it;* the Journal Printing Company printed it, and Merz put on the covers. It is a home made book for home use; and the critics, if any, we expect to be to the manor born.

Our friends will justify themselves by saying,—"we desired to rescue the memory of our grandfathers and our grandmothers, and our parents, from the deep pall of oblivion which was fast settling down upon them,—and the history of their homes in the wilderness, in which they labored so hard to secure blessings which we alone have lived to reap and to enjoy. The hardy, generous, and in many instances gifted men and women, who lived and labored in what are now our busy streets, have left enduring monuments of their united labor, but the records of their individual selves, have been meagre and unsatisfactory. The records imprinted on the memories of a few yet living—whose boyhood days were spent in Jamestown, before it had become an incorporated village, have been found, of all remaining sources of information, the most reliable and satisfactory. There are still living here a number of persons who became citizens from 1825 to 1835, whose memory of events has yielded material assistance by sustaining and strengthening the memory of the writer,—by what they themselves knew of, and had frequently heard related, of the early settlers. As the years roll on, their deeds would soon have been forgotten, if the extended sketches we have caused to be made by one who was an onlooker, had not been written and given to the world." This is the answer you elicit from our friends.

It has been our attempt to record the names and the deeds of the fathers, surrounded by all that constituted their homes —as we once saw them, and as, to-day, they are vividly depicted in our memory. We have labored to place before you, their children and successors—pictures of their persons,—their homes,—and their surroundings in the long ago when Jamestown was a hamlet in the wilderness—when the Pearl City was the Rapids—when instead of the busy *hum* of a hundred factories and a thousand industries, and a city of comfortable homes and palace residences there were a few lowly dwellings, and the hum was of the saw mill and the busy boatman by day, and the howl of the wolf or the scream of the wild cat in the Big Fly, by night. The homes, the industries, the scenes here depicted, were to our noble but humble-minded fathers the all of human life—they bounded the horizon of their being—they were the environments of their existence. Memory had embalmed them in the hearts of their children, now few remaining, old and fast passing away. What is known of these Pioneers among the children's children, the present generation, is weak and shadowy, and is yearly becoming more and more dim, and at the end of another decade—even within that short period—*folk lore* would have claimed the little remaining of the memory of the early settlers. We interpose this feeble book to prevent such a disaster. We present it as a rough monument to their memories—their homes—their deeds—their lives.

Although conscious that we have used every effort, which could be reasonably expected, to accurately describe the scenes and events herein depicted, yet the invariable experience of others should teach us not to claim entire exemption from those errors and imperfections always found in works of biography and history. History has been defined "An approximation towards truth." We cannot believe that this definition even *approximates* to a true one,- nevertheless it may *embody a shadow* of a truth, for every thing human is marked by imperfections.

We are sorry to admit that the reader will find in this book a number of typographical errors, largely from the misplacing of types by the compositor. Two of us read the proofs. We were not expert proof readers, but we were of the opinion that if we were careful we would be able to correct all mistakes, and are now, when it is too late to rectify them, not only mortified but astounded that we have overlooked so many. We have prepared a table of *errata*—but believing that such tables are seldom consulted by the reader we have concluded to omit it. We also discover the following errors of importance, which we trust that each one who purchases the book will correct before he attempts to read it. By so doing, they may save themselves the display of unnecessary temper, and confer a great favor on the author and publisher.

On page 13, eighth line from the bottom, please note that A. T. Prendergast was born in 1809—not in 1807. Compositor says he cannot tell our 7 from our 9, and places the blame on our penmanship.

On page 116, eleventh line from the top, the sense is destroyed until you have manufactured that period after Dix into a comma.

On page 131, eighth line from top, if you will convert that *now* into a *not*—the sentence will convey to you just the opposite meaning.

On page 227 we speak of Lieut. Rinaldo Jones and Richard Jones as the sons of Ellick and Louisa (Walkup) Jones. They were the sons of Ellick and Harriet (De Jean) Jones.

On page 401, we state that Wm. Landon married Jane Palmiter. That won't do; it is not true. Broadhead married Jane, and Landon married her cousin, Hannah Spencer.

On page 427 the compositor makes us state that Robert Miles "*was a Frewsburg man.*" How it was possible to convert Sugar Grove into Frewsburg we cannot say, but we long ago found out that the types and the Devil can do whatever they undertake. Robert Miles lived near Sugar Grove, on the flat this side, which for many years after his death was the

home of his son Frederick Miles. Robert Miles died there in the year 1810.

On page 413—Types make the statement that Rev. Abner Barlow married Polly Strunk in the year 1723. The reader will please shorten the time one hundred years and change that 7 into an 8—1823.

On page 441 Joseph appears where it should be Jasper.

With these corrections we believe the most critical reader will find our statements truthful, at least in all matters of importance.

The sources from which we have compiled this volume are, first and most important, our own recollections, which seemingly to us, are as vivid as when the events transpired; and these for the most part strengthened by the recollections of others. Of those things beyond our remembrance the historic memorandums of our father, Dr. Laban Hazeltine, and of Abner Hazeltine, who were on lookers and participants in the affairs of Ellicott from 1814 and '15 up to the times of their death—and of papers relating to the early transactions in this locality, and which for many years have been in our possession. Many of these early papers, some of which date back to 1812, relate to transactions not always creditable. From them another, unacquainted with those early days, might conscientiously write a history which would differ materially from the one we here present, and to the serious injury of otherwise worthy early settlers of this country. Before this book is given to the public, we shall do ourself the honor of placing those old papers where Alexander placed the notes—and thus blot out the last evidence of transactions which belong not to history, and should have been forgotten long ago.

We acknowledge having received important material assistance in aid of publishing this volume—and as further contributions are still hoped for, and as a few have desired that their names should not be mentioned here, it has been concluded best to make these acknowledgments at some future

time, after all contributions in aid of the undertaking have been received.

We are indebted to N. Brown for a chapter on Ohio river trade from flat boats, of which, if not the originator he has become the "autocrat." And to Elijah Bishop, for a valuable contribution to our early history of the Methodist Episcopal church; and what is more, for his constant verbal additions to our items of early history, gleaned from his own historical scraps and memorandums, which are a large and valuable collection, and which we trust Mr. Bishop will place at the disposal of the Prendergast Library for future use. Mr. Bishop spent much time and labor in preparing an article for our newspaper series, on the history of temperance societies, which we have been compelled to omit from this volume. To Judge Marvin we are indebted for constant advice, which we have followed in preparing this volume. He has constantly kept before us that the principal men, active in the settlement and building up of Jamestown, were noble, self-sacrificing men, and that there was so much that was good and generous and noble to be written of them, that their few faults and mistakes were not worthy, for the most part, even of mention. We most heartily thank him for the advice and encouragement he has so heartily given.

In our own opinion anecdotes relating to the early settlers of the country are exceedingly valuable, in illustrating the condition of the country and its inhabitants, in those early days. We have considered them useful in aiding us to shade up the pictures we have attempted to draw of the country in its wilderness days, and therefore have introduced them freely. Another one has said to us: "You have treated your subject philosophically, poetically, ethically, satirically, critically, metaphysically and humorously, and at times *sententiously*, and you ought to be satisfied." We hope each one will find something that will accord with his taste. Such as it is, we send it forth to them for whom it was written—hopeing they will find therein much to commend and but little to condemn.

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CHAPTER I.

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IT has been frequently stated that one of the most difficult and thankless of tasks is to write a local history, and that the difficulty and thanklessness are in "inverse ratio," to the size of the locality, and the number of inhabitants. This statement must be correct. In giving the history of a large extent of country, or of a nation, or of great events, the people in masses are spoken of; but in a small town or village, each individual rises into importance, and those for whom the work was produced are extremely liable to be dissatisfied and condemn the whole, because especial friends are not given a more prominent place.

These pages are largely the author's own recollections strengthened by the recollections of others whom he has consulted, and by the statements contained in

pages of manuscript written by, and historic records made by his father, the late Dr. Laban Hazeltine.

The task was undertaken at the urgent solicitation of many, who desired the facts herein contained to be preserved. The papers from which this volume is partly compiled were first given to the public through the columns of the *Jamestown Journal*, and by the yet more urgent solicitation of those for whom they were prepared are now gathered into this volume.

It is not expected that the facts herein contained will be of equal interest to all who are now the residents of the locations mentioned. They were gathered for the descendants of those who subdued the wilderness that once covered these fair fields; who endured the trials and privations of pioneer life, and who founded the surrounding villages, and reared the first rude structures of our beautiful city, in which so many within a few short years have made their homes. To the descendants of these hardy pioneers this volume will prove a choice legacy; they will read the most trivial anecdote, or the most unimportant circumstance, with an interest that the new comer can not be expected to entertain, for on every page, in all of its words, it speaks of grand-fathers and grand-mothers whom they venerate. And yet to those who have lately taken up their residence in this active little city or have become owners of farms reclaimed from a primeval forest by those of whom we herein speak, should feel a slight interest in knowing who first claimed as home the places they now occupy.

The title of this book, "Early History of the Town of Ellicott," awakens thoughts to be mentioned. Seventy-five years ago a dense forest, the growth of

ages, enshrouded these beautiful fields and these busy marts of trade. We herein speak of a few occurrences during those years ; of the subduing of the wilderness, and of the making of this locality a fitting resting place for the arts of civilized life.

This country was not entirely unknown to civilized man during the last century, for how many centuries previous to that, this was the happy, joyful home of civilized or uncivilized man we know not ; for even here are the works of the Mound builder, and the evidences of that former civilization, of which all history is silent. What we do know of these head waters of the Ohio during the 17th and 18th centuries, either traditional or historical, would make a volume much larger and to many of greater interest than this. Many of the most interesting facts, not only of science but of history, are those of which we are profoundly ignorant.

We can truthfully say of this whole country that the spirit of civilization has conquered an empire in a region that had been divested of a former power and importance. We find ourselves on all sides surrounded by dumb yet eloquent chronicles of a former age and civilization. We are taught the general fact, but nothing of the people and their condition. The crumbling gigantic ruins of Central America teach us as clearly as those of ancient Egypt and of Greece of an advanced civilization ; but no more clearly than do the more humble mounds and relics in our own county. We are prone to speak of ourselves as the inhabitants of a new world ; and yet we on all sides find the most sure and unanswerable evidences that we live in one that is old. We clear away the forests and speak familiarly of subduing a "virgin soil," and yet the plow

upturns the skulls of a race whose history is lost. Our advent here is but one of the changes of time.

As the sons of William Prendergast Sen., were prominent among the earlier settlers of Chautauqua county, and one of them, James Prendergast, was the founder of our city, a few words about their first settlement in the wilderness of Chautauqua will not be misplaced.

William Prendergast Sen., the father, was born in Waterford, Ireland, in 1727. He emigrated to America and settled in Pawling, Dutchess county, N. Y., before he had reached the age of manhood. He remained there several years, and married Mehitable Wing, who was born in America of Scotch parents. Seven boys and six girls were the fruits of this union. All of these save one, attained the age of manhood and womanhood, and the most of them lived to old age.

James the 5th and Jediah the 6th son, studied medicine in Dutchess county and afterwards in Rensselaer county, to which William Prendergast Sen., with the most of his family had removed at the breaking out of the Revolutionary war. James Prendergast in 1794-95 made an extended tour into the south and west, and had many thrilling adventures with the Indians. He practiced medicine a short time in Nashville, Tenn., and then pushed on into the then Spanish country of Northern Louisiana. Soon after the battle of Mad River he met the young chief Tecumseh, with whom he swapped rifles, the Indian getting the best of the bargain. He intended to pass up the Mississippi to the lakes, but finding this impossible, he returned home. A year or so later his brothers Jediah and Matthew, made a trip as far west as Nashville, Tenn.,

with the view of finding a good location for all of the families to settle, and in 1803 Thomas Prendergast and William Bemus, a son-in-law of William Prendergast Sen., made a trip into Canada on the same errand, and also came to Chautauqua county. After the return of these exploring parties, each was anxious to settle in the country they had visited, but the Tennessee party carried the day, and immediate preparation was made for the emigration.

It had been agreed that wherever a majority should conclude to go all should go ; that they would live and die together, as in patriarchal times. William Prendergast Sen., was then 78 years old, his wife ten years younger, but they were in as good health as they could expect at that age and full of courage ; they said to the children, wherever you go we will go with you, live with you, and where you are there shall be our graves.

In the spring of 1805 the emigrants left their home in Pittstown in five canvass covered wagons, and a heavy travelling carriage, for the older and weaker of the party. These six vehicles were drawn by eighteen stout and valuable horses ; while en route $1200 was offered for one span with harness, which was promptly refused. The emigrants numbered twenty-nine persons, including Tom, a favorite negro slave, an heir loom of the family. The old patriarch William and his wife Mehitable were accompanied by four sons, viz : William, Jediah and Thomas with their wives and children, James who was single, William Bemus who was married to Mary Prendergast the eldest daughter, and their children, Susannah Prendergast, the widow of Oliver Whiteside, and her children, and two unmarried daughters. It must have been a cour-

ageous undertaking, for the best of the roads were poor in those days; nevertheless, they made their way by the nearest route possible to Pittsburgh. There they placed their horses and wagons on flat boats and proceeded down the river to the Falls of the Ohio. From thence they again proceeded in their wagons to their place of destination in Tennessee. As they travelled across the state of Kentucky and through northern Tennessee, the majority of the party became more and more dissatisfied with the country and its inhabitants. They were permitted to see slavery as it then existed in the south, and it displeased them, and the manners and customs of the whites was equally displeasing, and the whole country soon, in their eyes, became poor and worthless. Several of the party had sore eyes, and many of them began to show the effects of the malarious climate. In fact, it may be said that all expressed a desire to return, but Dr. Jediah, who had tenaciously insisted on coming south instead of to Chautauqua as desired by Bemus and his brother Thomas. Bemus now declared he would not be bound by his pledge, if they concluded to remain there, but would return north and settle on Chautauqua lake. Thomas declared that he would prefer 100 acres that he knew of near the cross roads in Chautauqua to 1,000 acres there, and strongly advocated a return. Tom declared "*that there were too many niggers there for him, and if they stayed there he should run away to Pittstown, shuah.*" This decided the matter and all voted to return except Jediah, who did not oppose what he was already convinced would be the result.

They were soon on their long, weary return journey; passing by the best ascertained route acrost Kentucky to the Ohio river, and thence in a northwesterly

direction through Ohio, passing through what was then known as the Western Reserve to Meadville, Pa., and from thece north to Presque Isle, now Erie. The next day in passing over the ford of 20 mile creek they lamed one of their most valuable horses, but continued their journey until they had passed the present village of Quincy, in Chautauqua county. Thomas desired them to make a halt before a log house owned by a settler named Farmsworth. He had been there before and now in his mind a serious but as yet unspoken resolution had been reached. He exclaimed with much energy; "I have travelled far enough. Our lame horses need rest, and I inform you all that I intend here to make my future home." He disappeared into the house, but returned in a few minutes and declared to his astonished relatives that he had made the man an offer for his interest in the location and that his offer had been accepted, and that he should go no further. Bemus declared he should remain with Thomas for he was anxious to gaze on what he hoped to make his home at the narrows of Chautauqua lake, although he feared it was then too late to secure it. Tom, the slave, declared he was glad to get back into a free state, and that he should *"rund away from Masser William and stay with Masser Tom, shuah."*

Up to this time there had been no agreement to settle in Chautauqua. Wm. Prendergast Sen., was of the two inclined to settle in Canada, but now was a chance to carry out the agreement made in Pittstown, and the decision of Tom to rund away, again settled the matter.

Wm. Bemus found a place not far distant, near a Mr. Bells, in the town of Westfield, where he could remain during the winter. He soon, however, became

owner of the coveted tract on the east side of Chautauqua lake, onto which he removed early in the following spring; he also purchased a farm on the west side opposite, which became the home of his son Thomas Bemus.

The fall of 1805 and winter of 1806 was the time of great famine among the few settlers of Chautauqua. Provisions were extremely scarce and difficult to be procured at any price. It was arranged therefore that the remainder of the party should proceed to Canada where provisions were plenty, for the winter and return to Chautauqua in the spring and purchase lands. Leaving William Jr., and James to prospect for a good location during the winter the remainder departed for Canada. The brothers William Jr., and James spent much of the winter, having a span of horses at their command, in viewing the country, and finally made choice of about 3,500 acres on the west side of the lake a few miles from Mayville. In the spring before the party had returned from Canada, James made them a visit. His report was satisfactory, and he was requested to proceed to Batavia and enter the lands at the land office. Having performed this duty he with his brother William, who also had come on for a visit, again returned to Chautauqua. The rest soon followed except Dr. Jediah, who had entered into a profitable practice of his profession and concluded to remain for the present in Canada. When the families arrived William and James had a log house in readiness for them. James remained with his father and brother William during that season and helped them to make a clearing and get in some crops. William Prendergast had now with him his two sons William and James, and the redoutable swarth skinned Thom-

as, who concluded he should "*not rund away, shuah;*" several span of horses and plenty of implements with which to subdue the forest and to commence agriculture. Several experienced choppers and loggers were at once employed, and in a remarkably short time blackened fields, and a wilderness of stumps appeared where but a short time previous had been a wilderness of trees.

Was there a directing Providence that induced James Prendergast to remain, as a dutiful son should, and assist his aged father during that spring and summer of 1806? A slight circumstance directed and colored his whole future life and of his descendents and of thousands of others, then unborn. We do not stretch our imaginations or distort the facts, when we express the conviction that James Prendergast was Providentially chosen to be the pioneer of the Pearl City; and shall we cease to believe that the same Unseen Hand is yet guiding our pathway?

A span of horses which had attended all their wanderings in the wilderness, and to which they were greatly attached, although they had ceased to be valuable, were turned loose in the woods to pick their own living, and if possible to recuperate from their crippled condition. During the season they wandered away but no effort was made to find them, for it was concluded that they would finally return. Tom said he "*knowed they would shuah; they wouldn't rund away no quicker as he would, thade come back shuah, if the wolves hadn't eaten them up.*" During the latter part of the summer the horses had been seen near the lower end of the lake, and soon after James made preparations to follow and reclaim them. Equipped with a knapsack of provisions he followed down the west side

of the lake, crossing at the narrows and staying with Wm. Bemus the first night. Bemus informed him that he knew of no white settlers east nearer than Kennedy's mills and that when he came to Miles' road he had better turn south and go to Marshes where he might get some intelligence of his horses. That he probably would find Indians fishing near Miles landing, and that there was an Indian camp at what was called the rapids.

The next morning he continued his journey down the west side of the lake. Arriving at the Miles road he was undecided what course to follow, until providentially he found the tracks of horses which he was able to follow for a considerable distance farther to the east and down the lake. He continued on and finally reached the head of the rapids near the present steam boat landing. He traversed the present site of Jamestown, and was the first white man to visit the locality of which we have any record, except of soldiers passing down to Pittsburgh. His second night out was spent in an Indian camp not far from where L. B. Warner's residence now stands.

He remained at the Rapids a day or longer, fascinated with the location. The dense pine forest, the rapid stream whispered to him scenes connected with his future. His Indian friends intuitively seemed to understand his errand; they undoubtedly had seen the horses and tried to tell him so. A party was about starting for Kiantone and he was invited to join them. Was not this another act of Providence, guiding him on his way? He passed through the vast pinery of the Conewango valley. He saw the little clearings on the Conewango and the Kiantone on which the Senecas had planted their corn for centuries. Here

had been one of the granaries of the Six Nations, here had been one of their cities of safety. At Kiantone they pointed him to go north for his horses. He followed their direction and passed through those forests of enormous pines, the largest and the best any country ever produced. He found his horses on the grass meadows near what is now known as Rutledge, in Cattaraugus county, in fine condition. They appeared to remember him as an old acquaintance, and were willing to return to their home.

This memorable tramp of James Prendergast through the unbroken wilderness of southern Chautauqua, by chance if you will, took him through the two locations which were to be his future homes; he found his horses, his fortune and his fame. All of his acts from that time indicate that the inspiring idea of founding a city had been generated in his fertile brain. * "He had traversed unbroken miles of as magnificent pine forests as ever stood. He reasoned that the first and for many years the only remunerative industry of the settlers on these head waters must be lumbering; that the first mills and best water privilege would inevitably be the center of trade and population for the whole section. He therefore selected Chautauqua lake as his mill pond, the nearest point to the lake where the outlet broke into a ripple, as the site of his mills and city. The prophetic sagacity of this location, as well as the subsequent management of the enterprise, stamps James Prendergast as the most marked character of this family of able men."

At that time James had not sufficient means to carry through the extensive operations necessary to success, but he had already placed his heart in the keeping of one who would be able and willing to aid

* See Prendergast Memorial, by Coleman E. Bishop.

in so noble an undertaking. There was a noble hearted and wealthy Scotch lassie waiting for him in Old Rensselaer. James with his brain teeming with castles and saw mills and his bosom full of Nancy, made but short tarry after returning the horses, but speedily returned to Pittstown and was married to Agnes Thompson early in the spring of 1807. * * and the shamrock and thistle were again crossed on the family escutcheon." Tom said "*he knowed the old hosses would come back; old hosses, like old niggers, never runs away. Too tough for the wolves; would come back to see Tom, shuah.*"

Permit us here a passing notice of that gifted, noble woman, Agnes Thompson Prendergast—the future never to be forgotten "Aunt Nancy" of the village of Jamestown, the pride of her husband, the willing, generous helper in all of his undertakings,—the saint whom the early inhabitants of Jamestown worshiped.

Agnes Thompson was born in Galloway, Scotland, November 18th, 1771, and came to this country with her parents, who settled in Rensselaer Co. They were forehanded and left her a handsome property. She was well educated, had fine literary taste, and with all was a most notable housewife. When their log house home burned, where the railroad round-house now stands in 1811, among their serious losses were stores of linen, much of it of her own spinning, and therefore highly prized; and a large library of well selected books which she had brought into the wilderness with her. All who ever knew her will remember her, for her hospitality, her kindness, and her generosity, especially to the unfortunate, the needy, the sick, the distressed, and the dying. Oh, there was weeping on Main street in front of that lowly house

* Coleman E. Bishop in Memorials.

when Aunt Nancy, in 1836, stepped into the carriage which bore her from Jamestown forever.

In the fall of 1806 James returned to Pittstown. Doubtless many pleasant evenings were spent with Agnes, recounting the hardships and the perils of the wilderness, and more than all the fairy land he had visited at the foot of Ja-dau-quah, the ancient medicine waters of the Senecas. That they would go there and make it their future home, build mills, grow up a village and peradventure a city. To accomplish this great dream, it would be necessary to use her wealth as well as his own. Agnes Thompson must have approved of the plan for she married him in the early spring.

During that year, 1807, two brothers not before mentioned, Martin and Matthew, who remained in Pawling when Wm. Prendergast Sen., went to Pittstown to reside, emigrated to Chautauqua county and joined their relatives there congregated. Matthew took up lands on the west side of the lake, near what has long been known as Prendergast Point, and Martin located himself on the bank of the lake at Mayville.

We know very little of James and Agnes during the next two years. There was a delay in the wife's disposing of her property and receiving her money; and after Alexander Thompson Prendergast was born, in February, 1807, they had to wait until it was safe for him to be taken on such a journey. But James kept up good courage. One of his brothers, just mentioned, at his suggestion secured 1,000 acres of land at the Rapids on which was the water privilege, and he was content to remain a while longer and watch the growth of his son. When he was six months old it was considered safe for him to travel, but when prepa-

rations were about being made Nancy concluded that she and Alexander better remain in Pittstown another year, and consented that her husband should come on alone and make further purchases and arrangements about the lands, then return for the winter, and they would all go on together the next season. As here stated the plan was carried out.

In the early autumn of 1809 James Prendergast again came to Chautauqua accompanied by his faithful henchman, John Blowers, and after a visit to his father and mother and brothers on the west side of the lake, and especially to his brother Matthew, with whom he arranged the purchase he had made for him at the Rapids, and removed from his tongue the band of silence as to the true purchaser, he passed down the lake to visit his brother-in-law at the Narrows, accompanied by his most constant attendant Blowers, whom he thought he could make useful. Blower's young wife was a favorite servant of Mrs. Prendergast and had remained to assist in the care of Alexander.

James suggested to William Bemus that he would be pleased to visit the rapids of the outlet, that he was through there three years previous when hunting for the old horses, and he wished to go there again: that if he would furnish him with a good canoe and some one to help Blowers row it would be all he needed. Bemus replied: "I will go with you myself and take along the stoutest young settler in this country, Joseph Smiley who came in about a month ago and lives four or fives miles down the lake."

The next morning they started, stopping at what is now known as Smiley's bay to take in Bemus' stout young friend. During this trip James Prendergast for

the first time had an opportunity to see the outlet between the lake and the rapids; he expressed himself not only as delighted but charmed at the beauty of the scene. Arriving at the rapids he spent the remainder of the day in examining the location on both sides of the stream. Finally he said: "I will build my house here, and place a saw mill there, and possibly grow up a town on the hill." "Your house! Your saw mill! What are we to understand?" "This, that the land where we stand and on both sides of these rapids are my property. I intend to build a house near the place I have indicated, and come on next year and occupy it. I shall build a saw mill and cut these pine trees into lumber. I think this country will settle rapidly, and I shall build a grist mill, a village will be needed somewhere hereabouts, and I shall try to bring it here." "James, do you think that Nancy will consent to make this wilderness her home?" "O yes, that was arranged long ago. When I returned to Pittstown the whole matter was thoroughly canvassed. She approved, and ever since it has been a prominent subject of conversation. She is as anxious to be here as I am to come. Soon after Matthew moved in, two years ago, he secured 1,000 acres for me here and I intend to buy more immediately."

The shades of evening had began to gather when they started on their return, and as they were taking the first recorded moonlight ride up the narrow crooked outlet, the sound of their voices mingled with the wail of the lynx, and the howl of the wolf, but they were too busy with grand thoughts touching the future of this wilderness to attend to the voices it gave forth. They discussed the cutting down of these mighty forests,—the toils and privations

the first settlers would be obliged to endure,—the rich rewards they would receive for their labors,—and the beautiful farms they would leave as a heritage to their children. When they arrived at the narrows they were surprised that the distance was so short and were inclined to doubt the accuracy of Bemus' old clock when it announced that it was two o'clock in the morning.

James in giving an account of this second visit to the Rapids to his brother Matthew, pointed out the necessity of securing another tract of land adjoining his present purchase, was surprised to hear his brother say that the articles for the lands desired were already in his possession. "The first thousand acres were paid for in cash, the articles secure the balance of the lands which you wish, and you better leave it as it is until you have absolutely made the Rapids your home; if not wanted it will be easy to dispose of the articles." The visit ended, James Prendergast returned to Pittstown accompanied by Blowers. During the next season he came to Chautauqua with Nancy his wife and the young Alexander, together with John and Mary Blowers, and three persons who came as drivers and who afterwards were employed, two of them by Matthew Prendergast and one by William Bemus. The family of James Prendergast found a home at Matthew's until the following year when they moved into their new log house at the Rapids.

During the year 1811, besides building the log house, he built a dam across the outlet just above the present Steele street bridge and erected a saw mill. Within a twelve month the house and the mill burned down. This was a bad beginning and a great loss, and the loss was total; there were no insurance companies

in those days. Nearly the whole contents of the house which were of great value were burned. But the indomitable will and courage of the pioneer did not break under the disaster. He made immediate preparations to repair damages.

As complaints had been made by settlers on the lake that his dam raised the water in the lake and overflowed their flat lands, he built his new dam farther down the stream, where in his own judgment it should have been built in the first place; the reason why it was not, being the difficulty and the heavy cost of erecting a dam at that location.

There came, happily, almost immediately to his assistance Capt. Wm. Forbes, of whom we shall speak hereafter. Within a few days boards and plank were hauled from Work's and a cheap plank house built on the east side of what is now Cherry street, between First and Second. This was a long, one-story house, with a huge double fire-place and chimney in the middle. Of this rude structure Prendergast occupied one end and Forbes the other. The second dam after great cost in money and labor was completed in the fall of 1812. The dam then built is the present Warner dam.* A race was made from the dam to what now is Main street, and a saw mill erected about twelve feet east of Main street and south of the present rail road track. A wooden flume connected the race with the mill. This mill did not get into operation until late in the summer of 1813, and in the fall of 1815 burned down. We leave the subject of saw mills for a future chapter, but would here state that after

* Since Mr. Warner became owner of the saw mill a portion of the bed of the dam washed out and was repaired at a heavy expense As it was originally built at one of the most difficult places on the outlet, the work must have been well done.

the burning of his house and mills in 1812, and having decided the location of his new dam and mill, he set John Blowers with several hands getting out timber for a house intended as a boarding house for the men engaged in building the dam and mills. The frame of this house was of heavy white oak timbers, 20x35 and one and one-half stories in height. This was the first framed building erected at the Rapids. It was also intended as a tavern or stopping place for those seeking locations until a tavern (Hotel) should be built. This house for several years was known as the Blowers' House, although it was sold to Dr. Laban Hazeltine in 1814, and occupied by him in June, 1815, and continued to be his residence for nearly 40 years.

CHAPTER II.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE COUNTY.—PRENDERGAST'S FIRST WORK AT THE RAPIDS.—ORGANIZATION OF THE TOWN OF ELLICOTT.—SKETCH OF WILLIAM BEMUS.

THE present appears to be one of those periods of upheaval not only in methods pursued in all kinds of labor, but has become also a governing influence in all the professions, arts and pursuits of life. A new principle in political economy is requesting to become established as the guide in all human transactions. Many appear to submit to this new movement, and the majority appear to be guided by it. To the "mind's eye" it is seen posted up in our legislative halls and in all of the departments of government. It is emblazoned upon all our mills and factories. We find it on all of the steamboats and railroad cars. It is cut in letters of gold on the doors of palatial residences,—it is scribbled with charcoal and chalk on the hovels of the poor and starving. It has become the universal guide, and yet every one knows that it is a false one. Many of the rich and those who think they

see riches within their grasp view it as the stepping stone to greater wealth : the lazy and non-supporting dangerous classes, the degraded hater of his race, whose greatest pleasure would be to imbue his hands in his neighbor's blood,—the nihilist and the anarchist are equally its dangerous supporters. What is to be the result? We apprehend that the danger is more apparent than real.

The labor question which so agitates the country at the present day, and threatens with all of the evils of Socialism, and even with the horrors of Anarchy, destructive alike to life and civilization, is not one of the present times only. In many respects the agitation and danger was greater 100 years ago than now. Then it was almost impossible to introduce labor saving machines of any kind. The idea that a machine might accomplish some labor possible to man brought together a mob, and the suspected machinery was immediately destroyed. As an example, the first saw mill was erected in England in 1653 ; the mob seeing that the mill would save an immensity of labor then performed by man, (much to his physical hurt, for but few could withstand the severe labor of the saw pit for over half a dozen years without becoming unfitted for even the lightest labor of the farm,) collected and in a short time the offending mill was torn down. Ignorant, excited men cannot be made to see the great benefits that labor saving machinery confers upon all alike, the poor equally with the rich ; they can only see that the machine will do the labor of 20 or of 50 men—that is enough—the machine must be destroyed, or 50 men starve, is the height and depth of their philosophy. The excitement of to-day will be exceeded by the calm of to-morrow.

To the better understanding of our history it is obviously necessary to go back to the first of the present century, (1802,) when the county of Genesee was set off from the county of Ontario, the former comprising all of the territory of New York State lying west and south of the present county of Ontario, including the present counties of Genesee, Orleans, Niagara, Erie, Wyoming, Chautauqua, Cattaraugus and the western four-fifths of Allegany. Up to 1804 the western portion of the state was all comprised in the county of Genesee, and the present counties of Chautauqua, Cattaraugus, Erie and Niagara belonged to the town of Batavia.

The town of Chautauqua was formed from the town of Batavia, April 11th, 1804, and comprised all the present county of Chautauqua, except "range" 10 of the Holland Company's surveys. This county was, therefore, at that time made the town of Chautauqua, Genesee county. In what is now the town of Chautauqua there was then no settler. The first settler, according to most trustworthy accounts, was "Dr." Alexander McIntyre, who lived at the sulphur spring in the gulf south of Westfield village, long called "the McIntyre Spring." In June, 1805, Filer Sackett settled near Dewittville, and in September Peter Barnhart settled near what is now Point Chautauqua.

The first town meeting, or election, ever held in this county was at what was then known as the Cross Roads, now Westfield, in April, 1805. At that time John McMahan, who was the first purchaser of land in the county, if not the first settler, was elected Supervisor and James Montgomery Town Clerk. Col. James McMahan's land, or farm, was on the west side of the

Portage road, and Edward McHenry's widow lived on the east side of the Portage road, at the Cross Roads, and she kept a little "tavern" there for many years. Her husband was drowned in 1803. This was the first known death of a white settler in the county. His son John, born the previous year (1802) was the first white child born in the county. Gen. John McMahan settled near the mouth of Chautauqua creek, on the west side of the Portage road. He built the first grist mill in the county in 1804, and the old mill race is still plainly visible. James Montgomery settled west of the Cross Roads in 1803. He was married in 1805, and this was, we believe, the first marriage in the county.

David Eason and Perry G. Ellsworth were commissioned justices in 1806 and were the first for Chautauqua county. In 1808 Chautauqua was divided into two townships, the line running from north to south, from Lake Erie to the state line, the parts being nearly equal in area; the new town on the east of the line being Pomfret and the one on the west Chautauqua. The present town of Ellicott was then a part of the town of Pomfret.

In 1805 a post route was established between Buffalo and Presque Isle (Erie) the mail to be carried once in two weeks. On May 6th, 1806, the first post office was established in Chautauqua County, at the Cross Roads; it was called Chautauqua, and Col. James McMahan was appointed postmaster. On June 18, 1806, the second post office was established and called Canadaway; it was located about four miles east of Fredonia, near what is now Sheridan Centre. The office at Fredonia was established in 1809; the post office at Mayville in 1812; and was the only office "south of

the ridge" until Dec. 13, 1816, when a post office was established at Jamestown.

Horatio Gates Spafford, who compiled the Gazetteer of New York which was published in Albany in 1813, spells the name of the county *Chautauqua*, though the final *a* was changed to an *e* later on, why and for what reasons is not clear. Several years ago the original and correct spelling was restored, and undue credit for the change given to a single individual.

In the year 1808 Chautauqua, Cattaraugus, Erie and Niagara counties were erected into separate counties, *but all of these were parts of Niagara and were attached to Niagara county until each one should have a voting population of five hundred which would entitle it to elect a member of assembly;* consequently the member of assembly elected in that year from Niagara county received the votes of Chautauqua's electors. The population did not entitle Chautauqua county to an assemblyman until 1811, although the location of the county buildings was made soon after the division occurred. The commissioners to fix the site were Jonas Williams, Isaac Sullivan and Asa Ransom. The record they made of the manner in which they discharged their duties describes in general terms the spot chosen, and that there should be no mistake in identifying the place, a large hemlock post was driven into the ground.

At the final organization of the county in 1811 Zattu Cushing was appointed the first judge, and Matthew Prendergast, Philo Orton, Jonathan Thompson, William Alexander, associate judges; John E. Marshall, clerk; and David Eason, sheriff. The first court of common pleas was held in Mayville in June, 1811, when the following attorneys were admitted to

practice: Jacob Houghton, Daniel G. Garnsey, Caspar Rouse, Anselm Potter, a Mr. Patton and James Brackett, who was killed at the battle of Black Rock in 1812. Soon after James Mullett, Samuel A. Brown and Abner Hazeltine became students in the law office of Mr. Houghton. The foreman of the first grand jury in the county was the late Gen. Leverett Barker, a brother of the late Wilford Barker of Jamestown.

James Prendergast's was not the first saw mill but the third on the waters running from Chautauqua county to the Allegheny river. Dr. Thomas Kennedy of Meadville, who married a daughter of Andrew Ellicott, the celebrated surveyor for the United States under Jefferson, built a saw mill on the Conewango in 1804 at a point long known as Kennedy's Mills; afterward as Kennedyville, now as Kennedy. He was a brother-in-law of Joseph Ellicott, the well known member of the Holland Land Company, after whom the town of Ellicott was named. Edward Work, whose family lived in the town of Franklin, Pa., studied law in Meadville; and after Kennedy had commenced operations on the Conewango, Work said to him he thought he would make a better lumberman than a lawyer, and asked the privilege of coming into the wilderness with him. This was granted and Work remained with Kennedy nearly two years, and in 1806 Work & Kennedy bought 1,000 acres of land three miles below the Rapids, now known as Falconer. In 1808 they erected a saw mill and small grist mill on the outlet at that point which were called Work's Mills; and eventually Worksburg. Work sold his property to Robert Falconer and others in 1836. In

1806, two years previous to the building of Work's mills, William Wilson and one or two others had taken up land between Work's and what is now Levant, and George W. Fenton, (father of our late Governor Reuben E. Fenton), had located at the junction of the outlet and the Cassadagua. James and Joseph Aiken and Laban Case had opened up locations on the Stillwater about three miles away. According to the Holland Land Report there must have been one or two hundred settlers in what are at present the towns of Carroll, Kiantone, Poland and Ellicott, before a single stick was cut at the Rapids.

In 1813 James Prendergast built his second saw mill, located east of Main street and south of the present railway tracks, as stated in the previous chapter. In the spring of 1816, after the second of his mills had burned, he erected a third saw mill, the location of which was west of Main street and south of the present rail road track. The Baker manufacturing building which was burned several years ago stood upon the ancient site of this mill. Between the saw mill and the race previously mentioned was located a grist mill, the north end nearly reaching the race and the other coming within a few feet of the saw mill.* The grist mill was built before the saw mill. In the grist mill were two run of old fashioned flint stones and these were brought down the lake and outlet from Mayville by Henry Shaw and his son Henry, the latter the father of Ira D. Shaw who is now a resident of Jamestown. The upper floor of the grist mill was oc-

* I should be pleased if in some way I could preserve the precise locality of this mill. There has been no building there since the burning of the Baker block. The location is now owned by Mr. L B. Warner, and I am informed he intends to erect a fine block of buildings there the coming summer.

cupied by the carding machine of Simmons & Blanchar.* and afterwards by Amory and Joseph Stearns for the manufacture of reeds for cloth weaving. Mr. Prendergast at this time also erected on the site of the present Baker brick block on the southwest corner of Main and First streets, sheds and yards for customers of the grist mill. Long and close sheds were built on the north and west sides of the square, and a high and close fence on the south and east sides, leaving an enclosed yard where those put their teams who came too late to secure sheds.

About this time a company was organized who erected an enormous, high, heavy building to be used as a cotton factory. It was five stories in height and its frame was composed of timbers of unusual size which the forests of that period afforded. The intention of those who caused this building to be erected was for a cotton mill, but the plan was never carried out. As far back as we can remember, this building was owned by Judge Prendergast who never made use of it, until he converted it into a grist mill, except one season, when a small room was boarded off for the *Prendergast academy*, of which more hereafter.

The third saw mill and the grist mill last mentioned burned down in 1823. It was a heavy loss to the owner and to the town, as all the grain of the inhabitants was stored in the building; and it was the financial ruin of the Stearns's as they had just received a large stock of cane for reeds. Judge Prendergast with his usual energy set to work and in a short time

* The present owner of the mill in making repairs during the past summer (1886) found timbers and planks used in the deep parts of the mill below the water wheels, as sound as when laid down 82 years ago.

had a new and better saw mill on the same foundation, while the cotton mill building was utilized as a flouring mill; four run of stone being put in and all kinds of new machinery then in vogue in flouring, were added. In those days the grinding of grist for the inhabitants was the principal business, though some flour was put up in barrels. After the erection of these mills we have frequently seen in the morning a line of wagons and carts, and boys on horseback sitting on bags, with grain in one end and a *stone perhaps in the other to preserve the balance*, in a line reaching from the bridge far up Warren street to the point where it is joined by Allen street, coming to the mill; and this was but part of those who came to have their grain made into flour. The settlers of Pennsylvania even from beyond and below Warren, came to Jamestown for their milling as well as for the largest portion of the merchandise used by them. It was the great mart of the country in those days.

JOSEPH ELLICOTT.

It may be interesting to know something of the history of the man after whom our town was named. The ancestors of Joseph Ellicott were Andrew and Ann Bye Ellicott, natives of the town of Cullopton in Wales. Andrew was a Quaker and his wife was not, consequently he had committed the almost unpardonable sin of "*marrying out of the meeting*," and was disowned. Deeming themselves unjustly dealt by, they resolved to flee to the great American wilderness. Tradition awards to him this eulogy: He was a man of high character in every respect, one of nature's noblemen; to Ann the praise of being a woman of great goodness, worthy of her husband. With an infant son they landed in New York in 1731 and

purchased land in Bucks county, Pa. That Ann was a poetess, the following relic bears witness :

Through rocks and sands
And enemies, hands
And perils of the deep,
Father and son
From Cullopton
The Lord preserve and keep.
Ann Bye Ellicott, 1731.

The sons of these pioneers were numerous and in 1770 they purchased a large tract of wild land on the Patapsco in Maryland. They became important men, not only in the state but in the nation. Joseph, the grandson of Andrew, became a member of the Holland Land Company and removed to Batavia in 1798. He had, however, been connected with the company for eight years previous as chief surveyor.

The Hon. S. A. Brown speaks of Ellicott as follows: "Judge Ellicott was possessed of a strong discriminating mind, and by reason of the station he occupied, wielded a prodigious political influence. From the avails of a liberal salary, as well as purchases made by him of eligible lots and water privileges, he became very rich. But the latter part of his life was deplorably wretched. He was removed from his agency. He was a stranger to domestic happiness, the only bliss of paradise which survived the fall, for he lived and died a bachelor. Corroded with the cares of wealth, and disappointed in his earthly ambition, his mind became diseased. His friends on that account thought it advisable to place him in the insane asylum in the city of New York. We cannot but shed a tear as we in imagination behold this once influential and distinguished individual entering its gloomy portals. The thrilling language of the poet

comes to the mind, as he whispers in the ear of an inmate these words addressed to the new comer:

'How can I bid thee welcome to a place
Where joy yet never entered.
To a place where sorrow only reigns,
Groans are our music, and sorrows our companions.'

"After a short stay at the asylum, Judge Ellicott with his own hands destroyed the life God gave."

The town of Ellicott was organized in 1812. It then contained four townships, namely: One and two in the tenth, and one and two in the eleventh range. The townships were divided into 64 lots, of 360 acres each, making 23,040 acres in each township, or 92,160 acres in the first town of Ellicott. James Prendergast was the first supervisor and Ebenezer Davis the first town clerk. In 1814 Mr. Prendergast became county judge. This was the first county office held in the town. The History of the Holland Land Purchase states that the settlement of Chautauqua county was rapid almost from the commencement up to the war of 1812. It had at an early period the high reputation which has been so abundantly justified and demonstrated since and with increasing force through each succeeding decade of the more than eighty years, since Amos Sottle squatted at Silver Creek, or John McMahan bought land in Ripley. After James Prendergast got his mills in full operation in 1813 the settlement up to 1820 of the south part of the county went on still more rapidly. We can well remember since 1820, up to 1825 or 1826, the emigrants with their covered wagons passing down Main street daily on their way to new homes in the neighboring towns. It was the land of promise with these new settlers, and their hopes were not doomed to disappointment; but those

hopes were not realized until after long years of privation, severe labor and endurance such as the settlement of a wilderness involves. We in imagination see them now, moving along with stout hearts, the pioneer himself driving his team, with ruddy and cheerful countenance, undismayed by all of the difficulties, privations and hardships before him: his boys following with rifles on their shoulders, or, what was then common, United States muskets or old Queen Anne arms: a dog and a cow or so and a few sheep or hogs being among the belongings. A coop of chickens was generally to be seen, fastened to the hind end of the wagon, and a huge tar bucket hanging beneath: and not unfrequently the wagon or wagons so crowded with household goods that the wife and daughters were contented to trudge along on foot. We now know prosperous farmers,—old men, a few only remaining—of the many that were seen moving into the country sixty-five years ago in the manner described. Their advents are mingled with our earliest recollections. Well do we remember seeing them making their slow progress—ten miles a day perhaps—over the rough, muddy, corduroy roads of those early days: they and their glorious pioneer wives and sturdy sons and daughters, worn down, almost overcome, with the toils and fatigues of a long journey: sheltered at night either in their covered wagons, or in the humble log house taverns of those days—feeding perhaps on their own scanty stores spread out on an old chest—yet cheerful and happy; and with that courage which only could have subdued the dense and heavy forests covering the beautiful landscapes which now surround us. There are a few, a very few of those old pioneers left. They lived the best part of their lives in log

houses. Their sturdy arms subdued the forests. The howling sheep-stealing wolf and the more-to-be-dreaded panther have disappeared. The log house has given place to the elegant mansion, the forest to the most beautiful farms. These are the legacies they leave to their children. The pioneers have nearly all passed away; their names are to be found on marble slabs in our churchyards.

Many are the anecdotes that might be related of the early settlers of Ellicott and surrounding towns. There is a wealthy family not far distant from our city, the father of which pawned his rifle at the land office in Mayville in making the first payment on his land. After the proper entries were made Mr. Peacock asked the man to take care of the rifle for him, that he might find it convenient to have the firearm and he was willing to lend it to him. The land office books say that the rifle was redeemed and the land promptly paid for.

Mr. Nathan Brown, an old resident of Jamestown, after reading a paper published by us in the Jamestown *Journal*, sends the following reminiscences of a journey he made to Jamestown when he was a boy—over 60 years ago. We think it will not fail to entertain, and we give it space here.

"Finding one of the reeds bought at Emory Stearns's reed shop sixty years since, brings to mind my first visit to Jamestown and the incidents connected with the trip. At that time Clear Creek and its tributaries, where Ellington now stands, were literally swarming with "speckled beauties," and no fish-hooks nearer than Jamestown. I suggested to the boys that if they would furnish the money I would go over and purchase a supply of hooks. They raised twenty-five

cents and decided that my interest was to be one-fourth of the hooks.

In the meantime my father had sheared the lambs and got four pounds of wool, which my mother expected to card by hand and spin to make stockings for the family. Father proposed that I should take the wool and have it carded in Jamestown, and also call at Stearns's and get the two reels for the looms he had ordered, making my trip for business as well as for pleasure. I was soon ready, as there was not much nonsense or "dudeism" about the Young America of that early day: my outfit consisting of tow pants and shirt made by my mother, also a roundabout with the ample pockets well stocked with Johnnycake for lunch, and a straw hat made by my oldest sister. Thus equipped I started at three o'clock in the morning, taking my dog, Carlo, for company, and also for protection against wolves or any other wild animals I might happen to meet with. The path lay over the hill through an almost trackless forest, by way of Vermont, then called Bucklin's Corners. I reached Jamestown at 9 a. m., a boy stranger in a strange land, but soon found Daniel Hazeltine's, carding machine, and left my wool. So many others were before me that mine could not be ready before 2 p. m. I next found Stearns's reed shop, and, as he had only one of the reeds ordered, partly finished and could not complete it until three o'clock, I went to take a view of the village and to make my important investment at Prendergast's store on First street. The proprietor, Dr. Jediah Prendergast, waited on me himself, and when I asked for twenty-five cents' worth of fish hooks, wished to know where I came from. On learning that I had walked from Clear Creek he said,

"Twelve miles through the woods to buy fish hooks! You have more grit than most boys of your age, and ought to have a good many hooks. We sell hooks at a cent apiece, but you shall have them at cost," counting out fifty. I thanked him and, turning to leave the store, noticed a number of auger holes through the door about 18 inches from the bottom. On inquiring why those were there he said that some one intended to rob the store, but had been frightened away by sawyer going up to Dr. Hazeltine's spring for water. In five minutes more they would have broken the piece out and entered. This was the first attempt at burglary in Jamestown, and the last for many years.

After viewing the saw mill with its ponderous gang of seventeen saws, I called at the shops for my rolls and reed, and then discovered that my dog Carlo was missing. Not succeeding in finding him, my trip home was much more lonely. I returned by way of Worksburg, stopping at the spring near the grist mill, there to finish my cornbread and enjoy a drink of that refreshing water. I went down to the Cassadaga and followed the path over the hill; but darkness and a severe thunder storm compelled me to make for a light through the trees, and I reached a log cabin just in time to avoid getting my rolls, reed and fish hooks wet. It was one of those pioneer cabins occupied by one of our neighbors, two miles distant from our home. They kindly took me in, gave me a dish of mush and milk, and afterwards brought me a saptrough of water to bathe my feet, blistered from the walk of twenty-two miles, insisting that I should spend the night there, as the storm was so severe. I reluctantly consented, knowing that in a cabin not far away there would be much anxiety on my account. But spread-

ing a blanket on the floor I soon forgot home and all surroundings. At daybreak I continued my journey, reaching home to find that the dog had preceded me and had added to their fears for my welfare, thinking that he would not leave me unless something very serious had occurred. I met with a hearty greeting, the rolls and * the reeds and the hooks pleased. The boys soon came for their hooks and decided that I should keep half of them as then they would have two more hooks apiece than they had expected. Thus ended my first trip to Jamestown, and the reed is preserved in memory of it."

The fourth saw mill erected by Judge Prendergast was in the fall of 1827. The mill that had burned was rented to Eliakim Garfield and Joshua Wiltsie, and they were manufacturing lumber on their own account. At the request of Judge Prendergast they furnished their sawyers with axes, marched them to the woods near by, and in a few days the timber was cut and hewn and drawn and framed and up. With equal celerity the millwrights did their work, and in a remarkably short time the music of the clanging saws were again heard; the sawyers were again busy drawing in the logs up the steep incline with that long heavy chain,—in carrying out and piling the boards, and in throwing the slabs on the burning pile, the fire of which seldom went out. The sound of those saws was sweet music to the then citizens of Jamestown, as that which their children now enjoy in the opera house and the concert room. This mill was erected on the foundation of the old one.

The cotton factory which had been converted

* One of these reeds was exhibited at the semi-centennial fair held at Marvin Park September 1st, 1886.

into a grist mill in 1823, burned in the fall of 1833, and on its foundation was built the stone mill which is now owned by Daniel H. Grandin. This heavy building was erected for Judge Prendergast by William Bell of Warren, of stone from the Dexterville quarries. The mill work by Elijah Bishop, and when completed was considered as perfect as could be found west of Rochester.

The first saw mill built by Judge Prendergast at the Rapids was the third in southern Chautauqua. Nathan Cass in 1815, made a clearing and built a saw mill at what was then known as the Slippery Rock. In the fall of 1816 or early in the following spring Cass sold his interest at Slippery Rock to John and Darius Dexter of Mayville and Dewittville.

The Dexters were among the earliest settlers of the county. John, Darius and William Dexter came to Mayville in 1808, and bought lands in that vicinity. Darius Dexter cut the first road from the lake through Mayville towards the Cross Roads. Where the court house now stands was cleared by him. He went back to Herkimer county in the fall and returned in the spring of 1809 with his wife. He was at Black Rock in the war of 1812 as an officer in one of the Chautauqua companies. At the close of the war he became a colonel and was the first commanding officer of the 162d Regiment of N. Y. State militia. He was one of Ellicott's prominent and most valuable citizens. He was a prominent and useful member of the church and will long be remembered for his charities—and also we must add—for his one swear word for which he became as noted as Elisha Allen was for his. He was everywhere known as "*dom*" Dexter.

John Dexter was for many years county clerk,

serving eleven years between 1815 and 1828. The brothers for several years had a store and ashery at Dewittville and Darius resided there; he removed to Slippery Rock in 1818, and the locality soon after assumed the name of Dexter's Mills, afterwards Dexterville, now East Jamestown. Mrs. Dexter, a lady of great worth, died there in 1829. His son, Harrison Dexter, now a wealthy lumberman, retired from business, resides in Cincinnati. His wife, still living, was the second daughter of William and Lucia Knight of Jamestown. After selling the property at Dexterville to Falconer, Jones and Allen, Darius Dexter moved to Perry, Illinois, and died there. John Dexter removed to Wisconsin. Harrison Dexter and wife may be usually met with daily in the streets of Jamestown during the summer. The locations of childhood and youth are not easily eradicated from the minds and affections of humanity. For nearly seventy years Dexter and Dexterville have been household words with the people of Jamestown, as also were Tiffany and Tiffanyville, Work and Worksburg, Plumb and Plumbville. Now all of these locations have changed their names, and the busy residents who crowd the streets and highways of those once peaceful, pleasant hamlets, not one in a hundred ever heard the names of their founders spoken.

In 1816 Benjamin Ross built a mill on the Cassadaga, a couple of miles north of Work's, which was the fifth. The 6th was Myers on the Conewango, and in rapid succession several others followed. Many saw mills were very soon erected on small streams which furnished water for sawing from one to three months of the year. The lumber from these mills was used by the settlers near them, for there were no

means of getting it to any other market. Mills multiplied so fast from 1820 to 1830 that this region was stripped of nearly all its first class pine lumber previous to 1840. Vast fleets of lumber, boards and shingles were sent yearly down the Allegheny to Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis and New Orleans. For several years all the lumber used in the south was from western New York and northwestern Pennsylvania, and it was crowded upon the market so rapidly that for several years the best pine was worth but four to five dollars per thousand feet, and for two or three years it sold for two dollars and fifty cents to three dollars per thousand feet, a sum not sufficient to pay the cost of rafting and sending to market. At one time good boards manufactured in Jamestown and vicinity sold in the Cincinnati market for one dollar and fifty cents per thousand feet. The pine lumber sent to the southern market up to 1826 never more than paid the cost of production, notwithstanding, as has been alleged, many "*arabed*" the trees from which the lumber was cut, and a few even after they were cut into logs, and instances are recorded where whole rafts of boards were stolen while on their way to market—"*broke loose, you know*" Probably the boards manufactured in Jamestown brought as remunerative prices in the springs of 1827, 1828 and 1829 as in any years. Between 1820 and 1830 Eliakim Garfield, one of the rentors of the Prendergast mills, sold boards, "clear stuff" and "good common," to his brothers-in-law, Horace Bacon and Richard Hiller, for three dollars per thousand feet, and with the money made by him during that period purchased the large farm in Busti on which he now resides. For many years the slabs from Prendergast's mills were

burned; finally lath mills were introduced and the slabs were cut into lath. In early times shingles were rived and shaved out of the best pine timber, but as the first class pine timber diminished shingle machines were brought into use and timber which would not admit of riving and shaving was made into shingles. A few days ago we saw *hemlock* shingles put on a roof in our city, which were shaky and at least one-quarter rotten. Many shingles now used in early times could not be sold at any price.

The first grist mill in the town of Ellicott was erected at Work's, now Falconer, in 1809, and was a great accommodation to the early settlers over a large extent of country. The erection of Work's grist mill, although one of the rudest kind, the stones having been cut out of a large rock found on the surface of the ground near there, and with no means of bolting the flour after it was ground, was not only a great accommodation, but a great benefit also, by stimulating the settlers to open roads to the mill. The first roads opened in the country were from the various settlements to Work's mills as the center. This mill was built four years before there was any real settlement at the Rapids. There were a few families there engaged in the erection of Prendergast's mills but that was all. The first grain was ground in Prendergast's mill at the Rapids during the winter of 1814, and the mill was not completed until mid-summer of that year.

Several years ago much was said of John Blowers's house at the boatlanding, and of the burial of a child there, that Blowers came here as early as the spring of 1809, and remained, not returning with James Prendergast to Pittstown. John Blowers, an ignorant and

hard working man, came to the Rapids with Mr. Prendergast in the fall of 1809, and returned with him. Blowers's wife was maid of all work to Mrs. Prendergast, and Blowers was the almost constant attendant, servant one might say, to James. He was one of the rowers of the skiff that brought Prendergast and Bemus to the Rapids as previously related. He returned with Mr. P. to Pittstown that fall and returned with him the next season. He worked in building the first and second dams and first and second saw mills and lived at first, it might be said, in James Prendergast's house. When the log house was built at the foot of the Rapids an addition ten feet square was made to the south-west corner where Blowers and his wife slept. After the burning of the house and the first mills, a long, low one story plank house with a big chimney in the center was built for Mr. Prendergast and Captain William Forbes, on the east side of Cherry street about centerway between First and Second streets. Blowers then built for himself a slab cabin on the corner of First street and Potter's alley, on the east side of the alley. He never built a log house near the steamboat landing and never buried a *child of his own* there.

Big John Bale, a half-breed Seneca Indian, who had a white woman for a wife, occupied a small cabin near the spring on the opposite side of the outlet. Bale came home from a long hunting excursion and found a woman named Sprake living in the cabin with his wife. A child of the Sprake woman lay dead in the dwelling, and John ordered it carried out. Bale's wife persuaded him to take a skiff and cross the outlet to where Blowers was cutting logs on what is now Fairmount, and induce the latter to come over

and see her. Bale, knowing what was wanted, went, and Blowers returned across the outlet with him, but in his own skiff as Bale would not permit him in his. The women made an agreement with Blowers to bury the child, but as Big John would not permit the burial to take place on his side of the outlet, Blowers came across with the Sprake woman and the dead child, which was placed in a bark coffin prepared by the women, and buried near the outlet below the present highway iron bridge at the boatlanding. A tombstone has since been erected not far from this grave. This is the true history of the burial at the boatlanding. Why some are anxious to establish Blowers in a log house at the boatlanding belongs to the unwritten history of those days and *so it shall remain*. It has been stated that this was the first burial of a white child in Jamestown; this is not so, for this burial took place in the fall of 1816.

For many years before and after Judge Prendergast settled here the place was known as the Rapids, taking the name from the natural dam, which extends from the boatlanding to the present bridge connecting West Second street with Steele street. This dam is one of the beneficent provisions of a designing and all-wise Creator. But for it our lake at its lower portion would be too shallow for navigation, even by canoes. But for it, the large fleet of steamboats on the lake; the big hotels on its beautiful sloping banks; the Assembly and schools at Fair Point, now Chautauqua, would never have existed. But for the Rapids the "Chautauqua idea" would never have developed.

In the year 1822 an attempt was made to deepen the water at this part of the outlet by plowing and removing the bottom, but it was a task so difficult of ac-

complishment that it was abandoned. At this time there was discovered a row of white oak piles, four inches in diameter and five feet long, driven firmly into the earth across the stream. The finding of these occasioned no surprise, for Cornplanter, the great Indian chief, had frequently stated to Prendergast and others that detachments of soldiers had several times come over the Portage and in flatboats down Chautauqua lake to the Rapids on their way south, and that previous to Braddock's defeat they had to raise the water by driving stakes. He also stated that it had been the tradition for nearly two hundred years among the Senecas or Five Nations, that Chautauqua lake, the outlet and the Conewango had been a prominent highway from the great lakes to the Allegheny and the Ohio. The Prendergast farm in Kiantone is where an important Indian village was located in the last part of the XVIIth century. It was one of the granaries of the Five Nations. Cornplanter, when the French passed down to Fort DuQuesne was but eighteen years old, nevertheless he led a party of sixteen braves to the defense of the fort, embarking his warriors at what has been known as Oxbow Bend on the Conewango about a mile north of what is now Fentonville.

Origin of the name Chautauqua.—We have also the authority of Cornplanter in conversation with Judge Prendergast, that Chautauqua (Ja-da-quch) signified the place where a body ascended or was taken up. The Seneca tradition is that a hunting party of Indians was once encamped on the shore of the lake. A young squaw of the party dug and ate a root that created thirst, to slake which she went to the lake—and disappeared forever. Thence it was inferred that a root grew there which produced an easy death; a vanish-

ing away from the afflictions of life. I am well aware that the name of the lake has been ascribed to several other traditions and that other derivations have been given. Such as "a pack tied in the middle," and others equally improbable and ridiculous. President Alden, the first president of Allegheny college, says Cornplanter's version is doubtless the correct one. This is Cornplanter's, and he alludes to it in his celebrated speech against Phelps and Gorham, the purchasers at an early day of a large portion of the Holland Land tract in the state of New York. (They were purchasers previous to the Holland Land Company.) I transcribe the following from the long speech made before the committee appointed by the government to enquire into the subject in dispute:

"Fathers:—You have said that we are in your hand, and by closing it you could crush us to nothing. Are you determined to crush us? If you are, tell us so, so that those of our nation who have become your children and have determined to die so, may know what to do. In his case, a chief has said, he would ask you to put him out of pain. Another, who will not think of dying by the hand of his father or his brother, says he will return to *Jadaqueh*, eat of the fatal root and sleep with his fathers in peace."

WILLIAM BEMUS.

If not the first among the first to settle on the banks of Chautauqua lake was William Bemus spoken of in the former chapter. He was born in Saratoga county in 1762, at what was then known as Bemus' Heights. His father was one of the prominent men of that section in wealth and influence. He was owner and resident on the grounds on which the bat-

tle of Saratoga was fought, and in the most literal sense it may be said of him, that he fought bravely for his home and his fireside. William Bemus removed to Pittstown, Rensselaer Co., purchased lands, and married Mary, the eldest daughter of William Prendergast, in 1782. Early in the present century, when the Prendergasts and himself were agitating the question of a removal to the western wilderness, where their fast increasing families would have plenty of room in which to grow and expand, he sold his large landed property, to be in readiness for the move which he concluded would soon be undertaken. Soon after this sale was consummated, he made a trip to the west to visit a brother who had preceded him, and who at that time was living at or near Batavia. He was accompanied by his brother-in-law, Thomas Prendergast. After their visit to Mr. Jotham Bemus it was their intention to pass into Canada and view a location which had been recommended as a desirable one for their future home. While at Batavia they made the acquaintance of Wm. Peacock who had lately returned from a surveying tour in the neighborhood of Chautauqua lake, and through his influence they were induced to pay a visit to Chautauqua before they returned. This was in 1803.

The leaving of the families in 1805, their long and wearisome travel to Tennessee, and then back again through Ohio to Chautauqua—a pilgrimage in the wilderness of over five months duration, we have given in the previous chapter.

As soon as Mr. Bemus had seen his family comfortably housed in the log tenement, not far distant from Thos. Prendergast's, as already spoken of, he made a visit to Chautauqua lake and found that a

squatter had already been there at work. It was a rule at the land office, that if a person built a *tenable* log house on any unoccupied lands, that he should be entitled to the article of 100 acres for each house so erected. Dr. McIntyre had built up a small hut of poles 6x8, and about 6 feet high, covered it with brush and bark and had claimed that it was habitable, and had on false representations received an Article for 100 acres at what is now known as Bemus Point, and for another pole hut on the opposite side, had secured the Article of a second 100 acres.

This was undoubtedly the choicest location on the lake, viewed from the outlook of 1805. At least a hundred acres at the point bore evidence of former human occupancy, and there were two fields, each of about 20 acres area free from trees and which gave evidence of recent cultivation of corn and beans, those two staples of Indian agriculture. Near by was a large orchard of wild plum trees, and in this orchard were the remains of wigwams and their contents. In one of the fields were two large mounds, showing that it was an Indian burial place.

This visit of Wm. Bemus to his much desired location was in October, 1805. The recently erected pole huts he felt confident could not hold the lands, nevertheless they filled him with anxiety. He returned home, and from thence started immediately for the land office in Batavia. The result of this visit was that he was authorized to locate at the narrows, and in the following January Wm. Bemus was booked at the land office for lots 53 and 54, tier 2, range 12, with the choice of other lots in the spring at a large discount for cash down. He had plenty of money in his pocket and did not wish to pay $2.50 and $3.00 per

acre when it could be purchased for $1.50 cash at time of purchase. One dollar and a half is the price paid by William Bemus for several hundred acres on both sides of the narrows of Chautauqua lake in 1806.

Dr. McIntyre claimed that the pole huts were sufficient to hold the lands and to avoid all vexation Bemus gave him $100 for his interest. Afterwards he found a very curious claim upon his lands. Dr. Thomas B. Kennedy of Meadville, Pa., had a deed from the Indians which called for 1,500 acres of land indefinitely bounded "between the two hills on each side of the creek which empties its waters into the lake at the narrows." This worthless deed included Bemus' purchase on the east side. He offered Kennedy $80 for his interest which was accepted. In July, 1806, he took articles for a large amount of lands near his first purchase of which it is not necessary to give the land office record here.

After his return from the land office at Batavia, he immediately employed a number of hands and proceeded to the narrows. In less than two weeks and before the 1st of December, 1805, he had erected a large and substantial log house about 50 or 40 rods north-east from what is now known as Bemus Point at the ferry. As this was a time of famine in Chautauqua he concluded to leave his family where they were until spring. On the 9th day of March, 1806, his goods and chattels and family were placed on sleds at their temporary home in Westfield and started for their future home. Arriving at the lake the teams were too smooth shod to stand on the ice. The sleds were propelled by hand across the lake, and the teams sent around by land. At sundown, March 9th, 1806, the first white settlers on Chautau-

qua lake were at home in their new log house (and which many now living will well remember) at the narrows of Chautauqua lake, now Bemus Point.

Bemus commenced his farming operations immediately by girdling the trees which were mostly oak and chestnut, and in due time planting between them corn, potatoes, &c. At an early day no man did more for the advancement and welfare of the country than William Bemus. He was a highly religious man—the Bible was his constant pocket companion, and all his acts were guided by its precepts; but he had one peculiar belief, and which he gave up only a few hours before his death. That belief was that he should *live forever*. He died January 2d, 1830.

To William and Mary (Prendergast) Bemus were born seven children, viz: Daniel, Elizabeth, Thomas, Tryphena, Charles, Mehitable and James.

Daniel Bemus was a physician of note; resided for many years in Meadville, Pa., and there died in 1866.

Charles Bemus served in the war of 1812. He died in Jamestown at the residence of his son, Dr. Wm. P. Bemus, in 1861.

Elizabeth became the wife of Capt. John Silsbee. She died many years ago.

Thomas Bemus died in 1829. He had eight children. Thomas Bemus, now a resident of the town of Portland, in this county, and Mary, wife of Horace Cullum late of Meadville, now of California, were children of Thomas Bemus.

Tryphena became the wife of John Griffith, and died in 1851.

Mehitable, the youngest daughter, became the wife of Daniel Hazeltine in 1818, and is still living.

CHAPTER III.

The Early Settlers the Descendants of the Puritans—A Trial at the First Court Held in the County—The Early Boatmen—Early Roads—The Village of Stillwater—First Navigation of the Lake—The Steamboat Chautauqua—Mile's Canoe—Durham Boats—Schooner Mink—The Horse Boat.

THE early settlement of the western counties of New York from seventy-five to one hundred years ago, was something entirely different from the settlement of a new section of country now. At the present day, when a new state or portion of a state is opened to settlement, an immense flow of emigration sets in from all portions of the globe, especially from all European countries, and speedily that section is filled up with the people of all nations, of all languages, and all religions. To those who come after, these locations will have no early history to which they can look back with loving pride and filial veneration. They look back upon a motley group too frequently representing the poor-houses and prisons of

many countries—the low, degraded, dangerous classes, from the vilest dens of the cities of Europe.

This was not true, when the wilderness of Chautauqua received her first settlers. They were, for the most part, the hardy, well educated, reverent descendants of the Puritans,—the yeomen and artizans who shipped at Delf Haven and landed on Plymouth Rock. —or of the more noble families, better educated but poor, more refined although oppressed. Dissenters and Huguenots who soon after landed in Massachusetts bay.

On the banks of the Charles they commingled and became one people,—the New England Fathers. During the last century they colonized Vermont, especially that portion of it, of which Windham county is the center. They served under Standish; they were with Wolfe at Quebec,—they fought with Stark at Bennington, with Allen at Ticonderoga, and with Gates on the Stillwater. Their blood cemented the union of states.

They conquered the Dutch on the banks of the Hudson, and in the valley of the Mohawk, by marrying their daughters and becoming the fathers of the most hardy race of pioneers of which the world can boast.

The descendants of the Puritan settlers of the Charles,—of the New England Fathers in Vermont,—of the hardy home loving pioneers from the valley of the Mohawk, with a few noble spirits from the bloody vale of Wyoming, were the early settlers of Chautauqua county. They were a noble race, the flowers of the families from which they sprang.

When their homes, built of logs in the deep forests were in danger of English and Indian invasion in

1812, they came forth, a gallant band, and fought bravely for their humble forest homes. They bravely endured all the hardships of a life in the wilderness which they made to blossom as the rose.

One of their first cares was to build school houses for the education of their children, and to establish places for the worship of the God of their fathers. They were the disciples of Wickliffe, of Luther, of Calvin, of Edwards, and of Wesley,—they were Protestants,—the friends and defenders of civil and religious liberty. The teachings of the fathers to the sons were the teachings of the sons to their children.

When the spirit of slavery rebelled and would overthrow the spirit of liberty in 1861, the children by thousands came bravely forth to do battle in freedom's cause. Chautauqua sent her own born sons, Schofield and Stoneman to lead her hosts; we could record a long list of her leaders of companies and of regiments. What shall we say of the thousands who so bravely fought for the cause of freedom universal under them? This;—that on every battle field the blood of Chautauqua's children was freely shed in the holy cause, and that their bleaching bones upon these fields testify to their brave devotion; that they were, and are, and we trust ever will be worthy of the high and noble parentage which is their birthright.

As already stated, in the year 1808 the town of Chautauqua of the county of Genesee was divided into two towns and erected into the county of Chautauqua. The eastern portion, consisting of ranges 10 and 11, according to the Holland Land Company's survey, was called the town of Pomfret; the remaining west-

ern portion retained the old name of Chautauqua. The *organization* of the county was, however, to be delayed until the assessment roll should show that the county had 500 voters or taxable inhabitants. In 1810 a land office was established at Mayville with Wm. Peacock, a former surveyor of the Holland Land Company as agent. On the assessment roll of this year the requisite number of taxable inhabitants were recorded, and during the winter following, a petition was sent to the legislature praying that the county be organized, with the county seat at Mayville. The petition was granted and the council of appointment, consisting of the governor and four senators, appointed the first officers for Chautauqua county, on the 19th day of January, 1811. These appointments were Zattu Cushing, judge, with four associate judges and four assistant justices and two coroners. John E. Marshall was appointed clerk, David Eason, sheriff, and Squire White, surrogate, and the house of John Scott in the village of Mayville was designated as the place for holding courts until a court house should be built; for the locating and building of which, in Mayville, with other necessary county buildings, a committee was appointed. The first court of common pleas was held during the following June. One of the trials at this first court we will give in Hon. Samuel A. Brown's own words:

"At this court a trial was held between Esq. Jack of Pennsylvania and Esq. Akin of Ellicott, for an assault and battery. Violent animosity had prevailed for some time between the southern boatmen, and the Yankees; all the inhabitants of the county were known by that name, regardless of the place or the nation which gave them birth. Capt. Dunn of this county had been gouged; that is, one eye pulled out

by a boatman named Valentine. This ill will had now arrived at a crisis, and was settled by a regular fisticuff fight in a bar room at Mayville. Some eight or ten were engaged on each side, and the fight was desperate. Caleb Thompson of our own town had his thumb bitten off. James Akin Esq., and Esq. Jack personally engaged; the one a magistrate in Pennsylvania, the other was afterwards a justice in the town of Ellicott. Whether their fitness to be leaders in this fray, fitted them for the official stations they afterwards held, I cannot speak with accuracy, as the event is too remote, and too much involved in the legendary stories of that day. Akin knocked Jack blind in a few moments; the skin and flesh on his skull fell lose over his eyes and he could see to fight no longer, when his party took him from the battle ground. He was laid up about two months. His cause was tried at this court, and the jury gave him a verdict of $80, allowing him his medical bill, and time actually lost, but no 'smart money,' as the jury doubtless considered the sport equalled the smart. After this encounter the Yankees and the boatmen lived in perfect harmony."

We have the following anecdote relating to this same transaction: The next spring Jack was having his boat repaired at Work's mills,—a fellow boatman having run into him at Slippery Rock, (Dexterville) for which offense Jack had knocked him, in Brown's language, nearly blind. Akin met him there and saluted him with the name that he commonly went by, "How are things running with you Esq. Jackass?" and offered his hand. "*Running down,* * as soon as

* Meaning that he was on his way down the river, not on his way to the lake. "Salts" was the boatman's name for Onondaga

we can get the salts on. *Rome* pulled his old *Durme* on to us up at the Rock and busted Old Sal's * starn, and we had *ter draw her load*, and have Neddy (Works) put a patch on to her. It made me durned sick and I just lifted Rome by his skulp and his starn and put him where he would have drown-ded hadn't his pard hooked him out. Well, Jakins † seeing its you, I'll *hand a paw*, but it was durned mean to gouge a *Durme's Bower* ** skulp off in a pleasant little rounder for gill cups. †† But I don't hold *animose agin any one*, and as you don't *grudge, we'll gill up*, friendly, and begin anew. Jakins, when I come back after fall rise, we'll gill up friendly. I don't hold animose as long as you don't grudge."

The town of Ellicott was taken from the town of Pomfret in 1812 and incorporated on the first day of June of that year. It then contained four townships, over 92,000 acres instead of 25,000 as now, and included the present towns of Poland, Carroll, Kiantone and a portion of Busti. Carroll was taken from Ellicott in 1825, and Kiantone from Carroll in 1853. Poland was formed from Ellicott in 1832 and Busti was made up from the towns of Ellicott and Harmony in 1823. The boundary line of Busti as first formed reached the outlet a little west of the present steamboat landing, and for this and other reasons in 1845 nine lots were taken from Busti and added to the south and west sides of the town of Ellicott.

salt,—usually carried on light keel boats, named after the maker, Durham,—pronounced by the boatmen as if spelt Durme. Rome was the nickname for Jerome.

* "Old Sal,"—for the Sally Jack which was the name of his boat.

† Akin's nickname among the boatmen.

** The Bower was the captain.

†† A tin cup—holding a boatman's usual drink of whiskey.

The first town meeting (1813), was by the legislature, appointed to be held at the house of Joseph Akin at Stillwater. No one now can positively point out where Stillwater was, but this is sure, at that time it was expected that a town would be laid out on the Stillwater creek which should include the houses of Joseph Akin and Laban Case. It is near enough to say that the locality of this was-to-be village of Stillwater was at, near, or about the brick residence of the late Howard Russell in Kiantone. Some of our older citizens declare that a town called Stillwater was laid out at this locality, others say it was only talked about. I take the following from S. A. Brown's lecture:

In 1815 "the village of Jamestown, then universally known by the name of the Rapids, was laid out into lots 50x120 feet etc., etc. *Joseph Akin, previous to this time, laid out a village on the Stillwater, but it never had any inhabitants.*" At this first town meeting James Prendergast was elected supervisor, Ebenezer Davis, town clerk, Solomon Jones, Wm. Deland, and Benj. Covill, assessors, James Hall, constable and collector. It was voted to lay a road from Akinsville (village of Stillwater) past Laban Case's and Vanamie's, James Akins', Ruben Woodward's to Culburtson's (Col. Fenton's) and thence to Work's mills. Also a road from Akinsville to Lawrence Frank's (Frewsburg;) also a road *from Work's mill to Prendergast's mill.* A road from Stillwater to Prendergast's mills was voted down; *of course*, it would injure the prospects of Stillwater, or Akinsville as sometimes called, and would benefit the Rapids. The next year (1814) a road was voted from Stillwater to Heman Bush's

(Busti :) also a road from Cyrus Fish's * to Bostwick's, *all leading to Stillwater*. The next year (1815) it was voted to lay out a road "from near the dwelling of Wm. Sears, (now Kiantone) across Solomon Jones' bridge over the Stillwater creek, *to a bridge across the outlet of Chautauqua lake, near and below James Prendergast's mills. The next year* (1816) *the town meeting was held at the Rapids and the village of Stillwater was speedily and forever forgotten.*

Prendergast commenced active operations at the Rapids in 1811, but there were several settlers in the town of Ellicott previous to that time. Willson was living on the farm below Falconer in 1806, Culbertson a mile below in 1808, Geo. W. Fenton, John Arthur and Robert Russell were on the opposite side of the outlet a mile below Work's in 1809. During the following year Thomas Slone was on the old Indian clearing (the Prendergast farm) on the Kiantone, Solomon Jones and the Akins's and others on the Stillwater. Nathaniel Bird was at the foot of the lake where Gideon Shearman now lives, and Wm. Deland on what has since been known as the Solomon Butler farm. Previous to the settlement of the Rapids, the Frews, the Owens's, the Myres's, James Hall, Ebenezer Cheney, Ebenezer Davis, William Sears, Jasper Marsh, and others were settlers on the Conewango and the Stillwater in that part of Ellicott now comprised in the towns of Carroll and Kiantone. The first settlement in southern Chautauqua was, doubtless, at what is now called Kennedy. Dr. Thomas

* Cyrus Fish was father of Mrs. Henry Baker. He lived in a log house, near the present forks of the road near Wm. Root's. There was a burying ground near, and we are told the graves never were removed.

Kennedy in 1804 built the first saw mill there on the Conewango, and there were a number of settlers at that locality but their names are lost. Probably some of them have descendants living in that part of the old town of Ellicott now, but so far as we have been able to ascertain they cannot furnish the date of their fathers' settlement. The Strunks, Zebulon Peterson, Augustus Moon, Benjamin Lee, Jonas Simmons, Amos Furgurson, Thomas Walkup, and other early settlers of the north part of the town came in shortly before or soon after the settlement at the Rapids had commenced.

Although Jamestown is built upon a series of hills, it was at an early day as rough and uninviting a locality for a town as could be possibly imagined. The ground was not only hilly but filled with swamps, deep gullies and quicksand holes; it was the jeer of the stillwaters, and was ridiculed by nearly all early visitors to the Rapids. Judge Prendergast and his friends contended that the location was a good one, that there was no difficulty that could not be easily overcome, and what was more—it was the only location on the outlet where a town could be built. That Chautauqua lake was navigable to this place and no further. There is no inhabitant of Jamestown to-day who will not decide that it is the only point on the outlet where our city could be built—and a beautiful city it is,—the Pearl City of the Empire state. There were but few points at which the outlet could be reached on either side in its whole course from the lake to the Conewango, and this the best and nearest to the lake. Excepting at these points the outlet had a fringe of swamp more or less deep on either side. The undersirableness of the location

was not admitted by the earliest settlers, as has been stated, except by the *junto*, after a thorough examination of what appeared to be an undesirable locality. A few thought ground farther east was preferable; others advocated the south side of the outlet, (and with reason) as the most desirable for residences. Up to 1825, no lot in Jamestown could be sold for more than Prendergast's original price of $50 per lot of 50x120 feet, except on Main street below Third street. Up to that time and afterwards, it was not considered probable that the town would extend to the south side of the outlet, except, possibly for residences. In 1822 at a meeting of the inhabitants to choose the site for a graveyard, Dr. Elial T. Foote and Dr. Laban Hazeltine both strenuously advocated the location of the residence of the late Wm. Hall for that purpose, giving as reasons that the ground was suitable and would *never be wanted for building purposes.* Its location there was defeated by the somewhat whimsical objections of S. A. Brown Esq., "that a burying ground should be near the meeting house, as in New England, and that soon there would probably be one built near the Prendergast academy, which then served them for that purpose; that the place suggested was *too far from the village*, and that if the bridge should break down it would be difficult to reach the graveyard." As whimsical as these reasons appear to be, they defeated the location of the burying place there, an event for which the citizens of Jamestown should be forever thankful.

The central portion of the business part of Jamestown is built upon a swamp. This swamp commenced 100 feet east of Lafayette street and extended from thence to Potter's alley. It was widest north and

south, between Washington street and Mechanic's alley. At Washington street it extended nearly to the north side of Fourth street, and at Mechanic's alley it extended north to about midway between Third and Fourth streets. It crossed Main street near the north side of the Prendergast block and from thence gradually tapered down to the width of Third street at Potter's alley. On the south side its southern limit between Washington and Cherry streets was along the center of the block on the south side of Third street. The half block between Third and Second, and Cherry streets and Mechanic's alley belonged to the swamp. East from Mechanic's alley the line may be said to have been a little south of Third street to Potter's alley. It is within the writer's remembrance that there was a narrow causeway of logs covered with hemlock brush and some dirt through this swamp on the east side of Main street for the passage of teams. Brown in his History of Ellicott states that "On the east side of Main street just above Third," (in front of what is now the Jones block) he has "frequently seen horses so deeply mired, that human aid was employed to get them out." As late as 1825 if not still later, the land west of Main street and between the outlet and Fifth street had been partially cleared and was the common pasture for the village cows. It was rare that a day passed without somebody's cows needing assistance out of the swamp. We have seen them when they had entirely disappeared but their heads. Occasionally a cow was missing and then came the query, was she *swamped or stolen?* At one time, a supply of ropes, short boards, levers, etc., was kept at a point somewhere between where the Sherman house and the Presbyterian church now stand

for the purpose of rescuing cows mired in the swamp.

At the crossing of Third and Pine streets the street has been lowered from twenty to twenty-five feet or more. The highest point of this hill was at the southwest corner now occupied by Bradshaw's flour and feed store. Upon this pinnacle Elisha Allen erected in 1819 a large two-storied building which would accommodate several families and was generally filled with new-comers. This building in 1831 was torn down and replaced by a one-story house which was occupied by the family of Elisha Allen until after the death of Mrs. Allen. The late A. F. Allen commenced housekeeping here. When A. F. Allen built the Bradshaw store this building was removed to the east side of Prendergast avenue north of Sixth street and is still standing. East of this hill at the corner of Pine and Third streets commenced another swamp which occupied the larger part of the block between Third and Second streets and the south half of the next block east of Spring street. In addition to these swamps and those bordering the outlet, the site upon which our town is built was disfigured by several deep gullies and mirey surface beds of quicksand. But "the path master has been abroad" and with pickaxe and shovel has given to nature an entirely different aspect. The gullies have been filled, the hills lowered, the swamps drained and the quicksand deprived of its water, dried up. Jamestown can to-day boast of its beautiful location; the most beautiful, the most convenient, the most appropriate on the whole course of the outlet, from the lake to the Conewango.

We well remember when there were but two or three hundred inhabitants in Jamestown. The streets

were as follows—stumps standing in every one, even in Main street. Main street extended from the race to Fourth street ; Cherry street from First to Second ; Pine street from Second to Fourth ; and Spring street from Second to Third. First street extended from Cherry to Main and from thence where it did not belong, east to Daniel Hazeltine's factory ; Second street from Cherry street east to Prendergast avenue, and there the Dexterville road began. Third street extended from Mechanic's alley to Prendergast avenue. Fourth street extended from Main to Pine. On Second street, besides the bridge already mentioned in front of the printing offices, there was one just east and south of Jason Palmeter's house over a deep slough. To cross the outlet the race was first crossed by a bridge just above Grandin's grist mill, where there is one now. The outlet was crossed by a bridge commencing as low down as the south end of the grist mill and extending south across the outlet to a little above the present axe factory. This bridge was built in the fall of 1814 by Ruben Landon, grandfather of Mr. A. J. Landon of our city. About the year 1824 a new but inferior bridge was built some rods above the first. The north end of this second bridge was about twenty feet east of the east side of Main street and the south end about forty feet east. This bridge was a very poor affair, and about 1833 Henry Morgan, Phineas Palmeter and others contracted to build a bridge of sound timber and in a workmanlike manner, immediately west of the second bridge. This third bridge was in use for many years. One day it suddenly fell in its whole length just after several teams had crossed. The writer saw it as it fell; one portion seemed to fall as soon as the others. All

went at the same moment. The fourth and last wooden bridge was built by Horace Bacon and J. Sanford Holman, still above the third and where the present stone archway bridge stands, and to which it gave place. Many have wondered why the last bridge did not extend across the outlet in a line with Main street. We will give you the reason. About one hundred feet below the dam the stream took an abrupt turn to the south and ran along not more than fifty feet north of Baker street until it reached what we now call Hemlock row, and there it turned northerly and ran where a large portion of those buildings now stand to near where Main street passes over the arches of the present stone structure. It will at once be perceived that if the bridge ran in a direct line with Main street it would be necessary to extend it to Baker street, in which case four or five hundred feet of it would run through the middle of the stream.

It was a favorite amusement not only for boys but men to stand on this bridge and spear suckers (mullet) in the swift water below. There are men still living in Jamestown who will remember that in the race just above the saw mill and from thence down to the woolen factory, from ten to fifteen and even more pickerel were speared daily. We have in the morning and early evening seen from twenty to thirty men and boys with spears watching the race for pickerel. One evening the late S. W. Parks in a very short time lifted out of the race seven beauties, the united weight of which was over forty pounds. In early times many pickerel were speared yearly in the race, but the superabundance spoken of above lasted for only four or five years. The theory was that the steamboat drove them down from the lake. A very poor theory,

but as in more important matters, better perhaps than none. Fifty years or more ago it was not necessary to go to the lake for fish. If a person had a canoe, a spear and a two bushel basket of fat pine he could in a couple of hours on the rapids catch all the pickerel, yellow and black bass and Buffalo suckers he wanted. We have seen many a pickerel brought from the lake weighing ten, fifteen, twenty pounds and even more, sold for a Spanish shilling (twelve and one-half cents,) or for a pistareen (eighteen and three-fourth cents.) In those days the very large fish were not considered wholesome, and much inferior in flavor to the smaller ones. In those days, when a 6 lb. pickerel would sell for 25 cents, a 15 lb. one would go a begging at a shilling. Billfish were abundant, and alligators were the pests of the boys who wanted to catch pumpkin seeds and rock bass. The outlet everywhere below the steamboat landing abounded with the largest size sunfish, weighing a half a pound and over. Many a boy we have seen dragging home a long string of them, with an occasional fair sized black bass, after a half-day's fishing up at the dam. There were three kinds of fish, some of them weighing a half a pound, that we have not seen in many years. They were found in the swift water on the ripples. In form they resembled trout. They were called red fins, chubs and horned dace. Frogs of all kinds and descriptions, from the smallest to the largest, were abundant everywhere. We wish we could once more listen to a frog concert such as we have heard so many times in the long ago. It would be agreeable music.

Roads.—The road to Mayville turned off from Main street at Fourth street, thence to Pine, and

thence in a tolerably direct line to Lake View avenue: up that avenue to near the rise of ground on which the residence of William M. Newton, Esq., now stands. Thence it bore to the left and proceeded up through the middle of the cemetery to where Lake View avenue joins Main street. There it made a square turn to the left and went down the long hill to Jones landing, from thence not far from the present highway to Mayville. The Fredonia road continued from the junction of Lake View avenue with Main street, nearly as it now runs to a point somewhat north of where Flint Blanchard now resides. There it bore to the left of the present road and went up over the hill,—*Walkup Hill.*

In early times in laying out roads if there was a hill on the route, they were sure to go over it, especially if Robert Falconer was the surveyor. They did not act on the old Indian motto that it was no further around the side of the kettle than up over the kettle bale. But there were good reasons for taking the hill routes—the ground was much drier and roads more easily made. Furthermore the early settlers usually built their log houses on the high grounds. After the establishment of a three-times a week line of stage wagons, between Dunkirk and Jamestown, the driver on arriving at Walkup's, since Kimball's, always invited the passengers to dismount and walk up the steep hill a mile or more. One day a passenger (Mr. B. F. Van Dusen of our city, then coming into the country) who had been invited to walk, when about half way up, declared he must ride as he could not walk further up that precipitous mountain. After clambering into the wagon he asked the driver "What do you call this big hill, anyhow?" "This is Walk-

up's hill, sir," was the reply. "Walk up hill? I should say so; I need not note that down, I shall remember it as long as I live; have any of your passengers ever walked the whole distance?" "Oh, yes, some times when the road was very muddy."

The road to Warren commenced on Baker street, a little east of L. B. Warner's late residence, and went obliquely up the hill to a point in Forest avenue south of the residence of the late William Hall. From there it bore to the left; and about a half a mile further south reached a point in line with Prospect avenue; from thence it ran directly south about midway between what is now Warren street and Forest avenue until it reached a point west of Samuel Kidder's; from thence it bore to the right and passed through the gulf, and then near the residence of the late Joseph Garfield; and from thence in a direct line to a bridge a little west of the present bridge across the Bostwick brook. After passing Bostwick's house (now owned by his daughter, Mrs. Chapin Hall Brown,) the road made a square turn to the left, and thence past Van Namee to the bridge across the Stillwater this side of the Ben. Jones farm. From Jones's the road passed not far from where it now runs to Warren.

A road then, as now, continued south from Bostwick's to the noted village of Stillwater, as the locality near the farm of A. M. Kent was then known, and thence to Busti Corners, Andrus's Corners as then known. In those days this was the best road to Andrus's Corners, and to Sugar Grove. The other road to Sugar Grove, called the Frank Settlement road, went up what is now Barrett street until it reached the highest ground, then turned to the

right, continued on past the residence of the late Henry Baker, and from thence nearly as the road now runs to Palmer's Corners, and thence up and over the hill through Frank Settlement, to Andrus's Corners, and thence to Sugar Grove.

The Ashville road passed up over "Sine" Jones's hill from the point opposite to Marsh & Post's bedstead factory, and struck the present road about half a mile west of the steamboat landing bridge. The roads east to Work's, now Falconer, to Ross' Mills and Dolloff's Mills were very near their present localities.

At an early day even primitive roads could not be said to extend further than these points. There was a cheap sort of bridge over the outlet at Work's Mills and another at Plumb's Mills, and one at Myers' across the Conewango. These are all the bridges I now remember of sixty years ago, except the bridge over the Stillwater built by Solomon Jones in 1811. I believe I have mentioned the main roads of early times. There was not a mile of turnpike on any of them. Occasionally a stump was removed and the dangerous places in the corduroy repaired. In this consisted nearly all the road repairing at an early day. The year the writer was of age he had a road tax of one day. He told the pathmaster he would go and mend a small but very dangerous spot in what is now Forest avenue not far from the Busti line. We took one of the men on the farm with us and in less than half a day had the spot permanently cured. I think a day's work when commuted in those days was five shillings (62 1-2.)

One of the greatest hardships of any early day was the making of roads. Turner in his history of the

Holland Land Purchase remarks that hundreds of anecdotes could be told of the early settlers of Chautauqua, that would illustrate that there, as in all the rest of the purchase, as a class they were poor. Many of them came into possession of their lands by paying a mere nominal sum in advance ; in some instances not more than 25 cents. There are now in Chautauqua county prosperous families, and their descendants rich, whose last dollar was spent when they arrived at their locations in the forest, erected their log houses and supplied themselves with a scanty store of provisions. With the heavy forests which covered this county it is not to be wondered at that these first roads were of the worst kind ; over hills where the land was dryer, corduroy where it was damp, and that these roads should be slow of improvement. When the roads necessary are considered, and the few persons to make them, and that it was impossible to make a passable road until the forest on both sides was cut down, it is almost a miracle that we have the fine roads we find now on every side. The making of roads and bridges has been a herculean task in this county.

The first piece of through road making in this country was from the Humphrey house to the foot of the hill near the residence of Frank E. Gifford. Soon after our late townsman, A. F Allen, was married, he built a tolerable frame house on the Allen farm about half a mile from town, on what is now known as Warren street. The house has been for several years occupied by Anthony Bratt. The *flat*, as it was called, was always muddy and full of holes, although great labor from year to year had been expended upon it. After "Gust" had broken his nice new homemade

wagon several times in driving down to church, he determined that this bit of road that no one had been able to mend, should be cured, and he had himself made pathmaster for that purpose. He went to work, first taking out fabulous quantities of old logs, planks, etc., casting the mucky soil to each side for sidewalks; and then drew from the bed of the outlet hundreds of loads of stone with which he filled the canal which he had made, where once had been the road. This he covered with bank gravel, opened the ditches on each side and the road was complete. His older fellow citizens looked on with amazement and with grumbling, but "Gust" kept to work and gave them but little satisfaction. He was noted for doing anything he undertook, thoroughly and well. He spent the whole tax of his district on that short piece of road, but it has needed nothing more than ordinary repairs in over forty-five years.

SARCASM OF HISTORY.

We relate the following to illustrate the mutations in opinions as time advances: Many years ago General Horace Allen, one of the first settlers at the Rapids, who first lived at the lower village and built the first saw mill there, afterwards bought the Merrill farm on the side hill east of Foote's avenue, built for his second residence the long one-story house two or three hundred feet south of Allen street, and for his third a large wooden structure where Kimball's brick residence now stands.

In those days it was not thought that Jamestown would ever become a city; that the swamp from Brooklyn square to the lower village would ever be occupied by factories and dwellings; but that the increase of Jamestown would be mainly on the north side of the outlet,

and more to the west than has been the case until lately. The interest many years ago of Judge Foote was to increase Jamestown towards the east on the north side; and of his especial friend to increase it east on the south side of the outlet. Allen laid out a few streets. One which he called Quaker street first extended south from what is now Allen street; upon which were several residences and a Quaker school kept by Mrs. Mary Osborn, more generally known as Aunt Mary, who had several teachers of eminence; and pupils from hundreds of miles distant. Because of this school, in which the writer was one of the teachers from 1835 to 1838, Allen called the street Quaker street. Finally Allen desired to extend his pet street north across the outlet, through a most terrible swamp, up the hill, through Foote's farm to the Methodist church. Foote and his friends opposed this. Foote said it would ruin his farm, which then extended from Institute street to the lower village on the south side of Chandler street. The town authorities opposed it, saying it would be an expense which the town could not afford. Allen the next year went to work and made a good road from what is now Allen street to the outlet and drew timber for a bridge. This caused Foote and his friends to more warmly oppose the opening of the street, contending that it was unnecessary and would never be used, and the town said it would cost $500 at least to finish the road through the swamp on the north side of the outlet to a little below the present railway tracks. The General persevered and next year put up and finished the bridge and built the road on the north side of the outlet through the swamp to the foot of the hill. After this Foote with increased energy worked to defeat the

road; but the highway commissioners came and viewed it and declared that the road should go through to the church, and the town must build it from the foot of the hill north thereto. It was two or three years before Foote could forgive Allen for perservering in extending Quaker street through to the church. Some years afterwards Foote, who for several years had resided in New Haven, Conn., came to Jamestown on a visit, and at his own request and great solicitation the street which for five years he had strenuously opposed was changed from Quaker street to Foote's avenue, as now generally supposed "In memoriam."

Early Navigation.—That Chautauqua lake, the outlet, the Conewango and the Allegheny have composed a prominent highway for travel and commerce between the great lakes and the Ohio river for centuries, is not to be doubted; but the history we are to record runs back only eighty years or less. In speaking of the early roads, we should have mentioned the first road ever opened in southern Chautauqua and the third in the county. This road extended from what is now Shadyside on the lake to the Conewango at Pine Grove. This road was cut between the years 1802 and 1804. Robert Miles, father of the late Fred. Miles of Sugar Grove, was one of the prominent men engaged in this undertaking, and the termination at the lake was in an early day known as Miles' Landing. The Marsh Settlement, in what is now known as Farmington, was of much earlier date than any settlement in southern Chautauqua. The object of this road was to give the settlers—there and on the lower Conewango and the Allegheny, easy access to the lake to obtain the fine fish so abundant in it, and also to obtain from Black Rock by the way of Lake Erie, the

Portage road and Chautauqua lake, salt and other necessaries. Afterwards it was used by the early settlers of Chautauqua in driving cattle and hogs, and in drawing in on sleds during the winter from the Marsh Settlement and below, corn, wheat and other grains potatoes and other vegetables for food, or for seed to be used in the spring. This road was the great highway of the wilderness; a guide to the bewildered and lost pioneer;—if he could strike this road he was safe. Miles' Landing should not be rubbed out on the west shore of the lake. It is to be hoped that Lewis Hall, Gustavus A. Bentley and others will consider this matter.

After the completion of this road, Miles made a canoe from an enormous pine tree which he had noticed when making the road. The tree was said to be over five feet in diameter. I believe the tree stood in Pennsylvania. During the winter that canoe was made and drawn to the lake at Miles' Landing ready for use the coming season, 1806. For several years it was the principal carrying craft of the lake. A number of years after, it was purchased by Judge Prendergast for the purpose of preservation, and moored in the millpond. It was frequently used by the sawyers in floating logs down the race to the mill, and in giving the boys a ride up the rapids. Many a ride we have had in Miles' canoe. Finally, in 1823 or 1824 come one of the unfortunate breaks in the dam—which first and last cost the judge a good fortune—away went a thousand or more logs, and the big canoe was never seen afterwards.

Before and after the settlement of Jamestown boats called keelboats and Durham boats, and large, long canoes were accustomed to load at Pittsburg with

goods suitable for trade with the Indians, and neces saries for the white settlers, and proceed up the Allegheny, the Conewango, the outlet and Chautauqua lake to Mayville. Having disposed of their cargoes for the furs and peltries of the Indians, and the hard dollars of the settlers, they loaded with salt and salted Chautauqua lake fish, and then returned to Pittsburg. This traffic continued until within the writer's remembrance. In the stream between where now are D. H. Grandin's mill and the axe factory, we have seen five Durham boats at one time tied to the banks. At that time by agreement they were to go no farther. Their salt had been purchased and delivered at the head of the lake. Phineas Palmeter and Reuben Landon had built for Judge Prendergast a large scow or flatboat, and they were to deliver the salt from Mayville to the keelboats at Jamestown free of charge. An expensive canal with five locks had been erected for the accommodation of these keelboats. L. B. Warner's mill stands on that canal—part of the canal is the head race and part the tail race of the mill. The locks were removed or, rather, the decayed remnants of them, when Baker built his first mill there. Mills accumulated on the outlet and the Conewango and the keelboats after some quarreling, and after the building of several unnecessary locks, gave up the trade. Saw mills were too much for them.

After the keel boats ceased running, nearly all merchandise came by way of Lake Erie to Barcelona; was carted over the hills to Mayville, and from thence brought down the lake. A certain kind of liquid goods called "Monongahela," put up in large barrels, was bought in large quantities in Pittsburg by the lumbermen and continued to be brought as far as Warren in

keelboats and from thence by wagons. For some years Palmeter's salt scow and other flat boats were used in this transportation on Chautauqua lake. Finally at the suggestion of Judge Peacock Jared Irwin and a Mr. Nixon built and placed on the lake the schooner Mink, which was commanded by Captain William Carpenter of Jamestown. Mr. A. Burr Hiller writes us that the "first steamboat prevented the Mink prospering in a financial way. In the meantime Nixon had purchased land in Clear Creek, where he resided for a time." About the year 1829 the Mink was run ashore at Fair Point, stript, and there went to pieces. This schooner could come down the outlet no farther than the present steamboat landing;—then for the first time we hear of the landing at the head of the rapids. Previous to that time the landing had been on the north side of the race just in front of the present United States express office.

Captain William Carpenter.—The historian would consider that he had not discharged his duty if he did not give a more extended notice to this individual. William Carpenter was by birth an Englishman. He was one of the Hearts of Oak, as he used to express it, of the English navy. For a long time he was on a man o' war on the Guinea coast of Africa. He was steersman of the captain's gig and was frequently on shore among the natives, of whom he was accustomed to relate many amusing stories. Carpenter was impressed into the service and when he left it was as a deserter, though much favored and trusted when in His Majesty's service. His ship afterwards cruised on the American coast. Carpenter used to say he was half American when born, and had long determined to become an entire one before he died. As soon as the

ship touched the American coast and an opportunity presented itself he said he took walking papers, saluted the Union Jack for the last time and took to the forest with his face turned to the setting sun. We are not informed how long he had been in this country when he arrived in Jamestown. Because of his stories about Africa, Solomon Jones Esq., gave Carpenter the name of Guinea. He was ever afterwards as frequently called Guinea as Carpenter. He was a small but stout and energetic man, never easy unless actively employed, a good conversationalist and, as before said, a good story teller, and withal a great lover of children. His conversation was so interlarded with sea phrases that no one could be with him five minutes without knowing that he was an "old salt." He lived for many years in a building where Dr. Ormes's office (formerly Elmer Freeman's front hat shop) now stands; afterwards, and before his removal to Dexterville, in the old Pier & Freeman hat factory at the foot of Cherry street.

The first mail coach between Jamestown and Mayville, was built in Jamestown and owned by Gilbert Ballard, landlord of the old tavern of that name, and Guinea was the driver. The stage came in every other day about 9 o'clock in the evening. The boys would assemble at the old Pine street school house corner of Pine and Fourth streets, and when Carpenter blew his horn (which by agreement was up near where the cemetery now is) the boys would run up the road and meet the coach not far from the south end of Lake View avenue, fill it outside and in and ride down to the tavern, the driver blowing his horn every step of the way. Ballard used to say he could tell whether Guinea had a load of passengers or those

d—d boys, by the way he blowed his horn. Well, that was a long time ago. They have greater amusements now, but we can vouch that riding in Gilbert Ballard's stage with Carpenter as driver was about the largest fun we ever enjoyed. Carpenter was the steersman of the horseboat during its short lived career, and afterwards of the first steamboat on the lake, —the first Chautauqua.

There was so much merchandize and so many household goods coming to and passing through Jamestown that in 1824 Elisha Allen concluded to build what was then called a "horse boat." This boat was built precisely on the ground occupied by the United States express office at present. It was, one might say, a large scow, with a cabin on one side for passengers; and stables for eight horses on the other side. There were small paddle wheels on either side like a steamboat, and a large wheel in the center of the boat connected with the shaft of the paddle wheels by gearing. This center wheel was put in motion by four horses. At the stern was an oar like those used on rafts. Place Carpenter at this oar to steer, and Old Godfrey, one of Allen's dependents, (very frequently it was "Gust" Allen—the late A. F. Allen Esq.,) on the roof to command, and two or three stout boys with gads to keep the horses going and you have the affair complete. The wheel to which the horses were hitched was painted red; why I do not know, for that was the only paint wasted on the boat. The horse boat ran semi-occasionally a year; it may have made a few trips a second year, and then gave way to the schooner Mink, and scows with sails. The horse boat was a complete failure. No four horses could stand it at that wheel over an hour at a time,

then they were removed and the other four hitched on, continuing in this way to the end of the trip. The distance from Jamestown to Mayville was never made in less than ten hours, with the wind favorable, and it frequently took a week to make a round trip. The Mink and the scows—the Mink under command of Capt. Carpenter, the Palmeter scow under Capt. Jacobs, another under Capt. Shaw, competed as the steamboats do now for the freight from Mayville to Jamestown and had plenty to do up to 1828.

CHAUTAUQUA'S FIRST STEAMBOAT.

Passengers came and went in Ballard's stages. In 1827 Alvin Plumb formed a company and built a steamboat for Chautauqua lake and, although the first, was one of the staunchest ever on the lake. It was built of the best white oak by a ship carpenter from Buffalo named Richards. The timber of the boat was selected and cut by Eliakim Garfield. The plank were sawed by the boatbuilders from logs which were rolled up on a staging so that one of the sawyers could stand under it. This boat was built partly on the ground now occupied by the old freight station of the N. Y., P. & O. railway and partly west thereof. The reader must recollect that the course of the outlet has been materially changed by the building of the railway. The main stream then ran where the present freight station stands and close to the bank under the high hill to a point due south of Maj. Hiram Smith's residence where it made nearly a square bend to the south. Where the stream formerly was is now solid ground. Richards worked slowly at this boat during the winter and had it ready for launching in the following May. The launching of that boat was a great day for the residents of Jamestown and vicinity. The

whole surrounding country assembled. Plumb had caused to be brought from Westfield a large cannon belonging to Alex. McClurg. It was planted on top of the hill where Mrs. Charles Sterns's house now stands on West Second street. Captain Carpenter was placed in command. Then for the first time the boys of Jamestown heard the roar of artillery. A gun was fired, Capt. Richards gave the word and the huge boat began to move, cabin end foremost toward the outlet, and as she struck the water, Capt. Carpenter gave us another of his terrific, ear-splitting, earth-shaking *bangs!* Oh, that was a great day; we shall never forget it; the ring is in our ears yet; we thought we were brave, and would make good soldiers. We had previously heard the howl of the wolf, had seen bears in the woods and had killed deer and never dreamed of being afraid, or of being brave, but that night we dreamed we were. We had stood within *five rods of a terrible cannon,* one that Perry had captured on Lake Erie, heard its ear-splitting voice and had *not run away.* The boys compared notes next day. Everyone bragged how close he was to the terrible cannon when Carpenter touched it off. As the boat touched the water a lady of Jamestown broke a bottle of currant wine over her bow and said, "I name thee Chautauqua." That woman in 1815 drove a two-horse wagon loaded with furniture from Syracuse to Jamestown. The steamboat was poled up to where the landing now is, and there speedily finished and painted. A magnificent figure of a female head and bust was placed on her bow in a place built for it. Phineas Palmeter soon arrived from Pittsburg with the machinery, accompanied by an engineer named Starring who put it in place and was the engineer of

the steamboat the first and, I think, the second year. After Starring, Palmiter had charge of the engine. The last of June she was in readiness for work. Captain John I. Willson, an old Lake Erie captain who was to command her, came over from Sugar Grove where he resided, and she made a trip up into the lake and back. Everything was pronounced perfect. The first trip to Mayville was on the following Fourth of July. It was a great day for Alvin Plumb and his friends. There were about forty who by invitation, went up to Mayville on that first trip. We remember but few besides Plumb, Barrett, Baker, Budlong and R. Falconer of Sugar Grove who were considered the owners. There were several from Mayville. Besides these S. A. Brown, Joseph Waite, Sheldon Fish, Laban, Abner and Daniel Hazeltine, Gen. Allen and Col. Dexter were aboard. I think that Frank Waite, A. F. Allen, Niles Budlong and myself were the only boys aboard. The men had a big dinner at a hotel, but us boys did not suffer. Our mothers had provided us bountiful baskets of "grub" to which we did full justice in the cabin, and whiled away the time by catching "pumpkin seeds" from off the sides of the boat. That was a great day and us boys were of the opinion that we had just about attained our growth. Mark Willson Esq., a banker now residing in Winona, Minn., a son of the captain, called upon us a few days ago, and says he was on board during the trip.

The Chautauqua was commanded by Capt. Willson the first year, then by Capt. David S. Walbridge, *

* David S. Walbridge was at one time the landlord of the Elisha Allen tavern, corner of Main and Third streets. Afterwards he was a prominent grocer in Jamestown—his store being in the Ballard tavern where the Hall block now stands. He removed to Kalamazoo, Michigan, and there was elected a member of Congress.

then by Capt. Phineas Palmeter, afterwards by Capt. George W. Kellogg and at the close by Capt. James Hill. In 1835 a larger and faster boat was built under the superintendence of Capt. Kellogg. This boat was called the Robert Falconer and Kellogg commanded her during the season of 1836. Capt. Hill ran the Chautauqua as an opposition boat. The name of the second boat was afterwards changed to William H. Seward and still later was called the Empire. There were a few years when steamboating did not pay on Chautauqua lake. The roads improved and nearly all the freight was landed at Dunkirk and brought over by teams. Good coaches were put on this route and nearly all the passengers went this way. The boat was dismanteled, bought by Jason Palmeter and others, loaded, I think, with tanbark and run down the river.

In 1848 Capt. Geo. Stoneman, (father Gen. Stoneman, the present governor of California) fastened two large canoes side by side a few feet apart, planked them over and used this affair to bring occasional freight from Mayville to Jamestown. This curious boat was named the Twins and was propelled the first year by horse power, afterwards by a small steam engine. A boat called the Hollam Vail was built in 1851. She ran one season and burned at her dock in the fall of 1852. Either before or after the H. Vail a boat which, after building, was found almost unseaworthy she careened so badly, was built by Mat. P. Bemus and others. She was called the Water Witch, and afterward, I think, the Lady of the Lake. She either sank or was burned at Mayville. It 1856 Capt. Gardner built a large steamboat at Mayville, and put in the best machinery that has ever been in

any boat on the lake. This boat was called the C. C. Dennis. She was finished off with dining room, pantries, etc., and meals were served on board. The engine of this boat put Gardner deeply in debt, but he continued to run her with some intermission up to the close of the season of 1861. Her machinery was then taken out and carried away. The hull of the boat was floated to the west side of the outlet just below the steamboat landing bridge and there allowed to rot down. Capt. James M. Murray, when he first came to Jamestown, was connected with this boat. Capt. Murray was afterwards owner and captain of the unfortunate steamer Chautauqua No. 2, the blowing up of which caused so great a loss of life. Since the abandonment of the Dennis something over forty steamboats, large and small, have been built on Chautauqua lake. We now have plowing the waves of our beautiful Chautauqua nine or ten large, staunch, first-class steamboats; and of smaller ones a host, and business for them all. Chautauqua with its lectures, its schools and its colleges, is one of the institutions that has come to stay. It now casts the shadow of a giant, but it will never be less. Chautauqua lake with its shores lined with magnificent hotels has become a noted watering place, and now a railroad is being built along the shores. Notwithstanding this the steamboats will increase in number, size and beauty until Chautauqua lake will bear upon her bosom a navy larger than any body of water of its size in the world

CHAPTER IV.

Present Utility and Future Destiny—Judge Prendergast's Yard—Allen's Cow Yard—Naming the village—The Junto and their Discomfiture—Cloth Dressing—Daniel Hazeltine and Family—Operatives—Hat Manufacturing—Pier.—Freeman—and Others—Furs and Peltries—Anecdotes of Bears.

IN considering the present condition and future prospects of any community, it is well to take into account the early trials, successes and failures of those who preceded, and of whom, the present occupants of their places, the representatives of the industries of to-day, are profoundly ignorant. Those who are now the inhabitants of the city of Jamestown, doubtless look upon the knowledge of the present condition of society,—the transactions of the present day,—present trades, manufacturers and arts,—upon present knowledge and culture, as more important than any other. That the present, requires all the best thoughts, the best energies of man, from which, if his attention is to

be in the least diverted, the coming active living future, is far more important than the dead and silent past. All this is true; but if we would rightfully appreciate the present, and guide it to an honorable and useful future, we must, in some degree, be acquainted with the past, for it is that which instructs us to the true positions we now occupy in this drama of life. If we would justly foresee the consequences of the present, we must be able to see how the present had its origin in that which preceded it. To know the present we must not be ignorant of that which has been.

And yet, with the great mass of mankind, *present utility* is the measure of all knowledge and of all pursuits. The answer given by the Spartan king—"What study is fitted for a boy?" the reply,—"the present moment," is as sure to be followed to-day as twenty-five centuries ago. The knowledge of our surroundings, of what is affecting us physically, intellectually, and morally, in countless ways, ranks far higher than the knowledge of the circumstances of preceeding generations. "Present Utility" has become the watch word of the man of to-day. The present and its duties will not permit him to study small communities and their gradual growth into the present; we have not the time to study that which happened in our own locality before we were born, or to conjecture what is to happen after we are dead. We have to do our study and our work within the horizon of our own existence; this is the philosophy of the masses at the present time, and *it is true.* Necessity makes it so. Is this not "destiny?" Is it strange than man disbelieves that he is intrusted by Providence with the care of his own fate? Is it strange that he is led to think that he is embarked, without a rudder,—without a sail,—without

an oar,—upon the stream of destiny, hurried on he knows not how,—and destined to arrive, he knows not whither?

The duties of life are too exacting to permit man to step aside for the purpose of examining the footsteps in the path he is now treading. The omnipotent, all exacting present, requires if we would succeed, the expenditure of the utmost moment of time in its service. And when this has been most faithfully done, the lives of the ablest and most successful, are too frequently disappointing, and their results unfruitful. Of the thousands of seeds sown, and watered with sweat and tears, only one brings forth the healthy, vigorous plant. A hundred soldiers die in the trenches for one who mounts the breach. Half our efforts are in the wrong direction, and the other half are too clumsy or feeble to attain their aim. If at the close of life, we can say we have enjoyed a little happiness and done some good, we shall have cause for deep gratitude and humble hope. But a sense of complacency, of satisfaction, as of a part faithfully fulfilled, and a work thoroughly accomplished, can belong to no man who looks back over his course with a single eye, and in the light of an approaching change. The finer the spirit, and the profounder the insight, the more unconquerable will be the feeling of disappointment. There comes to us an irresistible intimation that this world was not given us to be *rested in*, to be acquiesced in, as the only one or the brightest one; *a conviction and a suggestion sent, perhaps to weaken our passionate attachment to a scene, which otherwise it might have been too hard to loose our hold upon.* Centuries have added scarcely one new fact to the materials on which reason has to work, nor per-

fected a single one of the faculties by which that work is done. We possess scarcely a single item of knowledge, either human or divine, which was not as familiar to Plato and to Job as to ourselves. Assuredly we have no profounder poetic insight than the one, no finer philosophic mind than the other. The deepest and saddest ever remains to *grieve the heart and to originate faith.* The unknown is the constant remainder, hope the solvent.

In reading these chapters if any one should complain that the events follow no chronological order, we reply, that it was not our intention to follow such order, but to take up various pursuits, trades and professions of the early settlers as they come up in our minds, and to write of them, and of the persons connected with them, at the same time. We have found it impossible to carry out fully our original design, for some persons from time to time were engaged in many different occupations; nevertheless we have adhered to this plan as nearly as practicable. Not unfrequently, an old memory—some anecdote—some transaction of the early days—disconnected with the subject in hand, has welled up in the mind and we have not hesitated to transcribe them at once, contrary to our own pre-arranged rules, which we had intended should be our guide. We have feared that if we did not pen down the item then and there, it might not occur to us again. We are free to acknowledge that the matter contained in these pages would admit of better arrangement, and we have made several attempts in that direction, but with no very desirable results. As we now offer the pictures from the store house of memory we give you the result of our best efforts. It

has been our great desire and study to arrive at the principal facts in our history, giving generally the dates of their occurrence,—but to follow up that history year after year from 1810 to 1840 or 45, and even later, we have discovered to be a task impossible for us to perform. We have not attempted a bare dry diary of events as they occurred day after day, but have attempted without much arrangement to give pictures of the past as photographed in our own memory.

JUDGE PRENDERGAST'S "YARD."

In August, 1814, Judge Prendergast built a small one story house, consisting of one large room, two bedrooms in the east end, with a passageway for the stairs to the garret between them. In the end towards the street was but one window and that lighted the garret. There were two windows on the south side and two on the north side with a door between the latter two. A large Dutch fire-place and chimney occupied the west end. This house was made of plank and covered with wide unplaned clapboards, and was guiltless of paint. It stood on the ground now occupied by Hevenor's store, on the west side of Main street, and its east end was about 15 feet from the street. As long ago as we can remember Judge Prendergast's "yard," as it was called, extended from Main to Cherry street, and from Second street to a line drawn at the north side of the store now owned by L. L. Mason. The east, south and west sides were enclosed by a rough board fence (stakes "wythed" together to hold the boards); the north by a shed and fence which divided it from the barn yard of Ballard's tavern which occupied the south-west corner of Main and Third streets. Sliding

bars of wide 16-foot boards answered the purposes of front gate. These bars were precisely where now is the front of McNaughton's grocery.

Judge Prendergast's "yard" at that early day was the play ground of all the children in the town, and we dare say they consumed at least a milkpan full of Aunt Nancy's doughnuts daily; and better doughnuts were never made in either the village or city of Jamestown. South of Ballard's tavern on Main street a gateway opened into the barn yard. This gateway was immediately north of Mason's present jewelry store. Where the Sherman House now stands there was a deep and seemingly bottomless swamp belonging to Prendergast; the alley (Mechanics) was not opened through that block or through the blocks north of it until 1838. This swamp lot, where the Sherman House now stands, years afterwards was sold to Joseph Waite, and he built a comfortable residence on the corner, and later a two storied stone office east and near the center of the lot. A board fence extended north from Ballard's barn across what is now Third street to the premises of Wm. Hall (Solomon Jones's tavern) where the Prendergast block now stands. In Judge Prendergast's yard, the east half of which was in grass, and the west part in smart weed, was the house described and several small buildings for poultry. On the west there was a large barn, immediately north of the present *Chautauqua Democrat* building, and barnyard, and a large goose pond where the *Journal* building now stands, which was fed by a large and constant stream of water arising in the swamp above, passing obliquely across Second street west of the Journal Printing establishment. Crossing Mechanic's

alley about sixty feet south of the street and crossing First street about ten feet west from the west side of the present Baker block, and emptying into the mill-race. On Second street was a high bridge requiring two bents and three lengths of timbers. Under, above and below the bridge was a deep, miry slough, through which the stream passed. Elisha Allen's large barns extended from the alley nearly to the corner of Cherry street on the south side of Second. We have attempted to be explicit in our description of this old stamping ground of Jamestown's early youth, hoping that our description will induce some home painter to commit it to canvass. There is one whose father well remembers what we have here attempted to describe. Get him to assist you. The following anecdote of this locality is brought forcibly to mind:

ALLEN'S WAGONS.

Elisha Allen lived in a large house * at the south-west corner of Main and Second streets. Samuel Barrett lived on the north-west corner of Cherry and Second streets, and in the house now standing there, and Wilford Barker boarded with him.§ Mr. Allen kept many horses and wagons, and usually half a dozen wagons were to be found at any time in Second street, between Main street and the bridge spoken of above. One dark night as Barrett and Barker were going home, they fell over the tongue of one of the wagons, prone into the filth of Allen's cow yard, for he used the street for his cows as well as for his wagons. Pro-

* This house (the old Cass tavern) was removed west to the alley when A. F. and D. Allen built their brick block at the corner of Main and Second streets in 1836. It formed the kitchen part of the Jamestown house, and was lately torn down.

§This house has been much changed in appearance by additions and repairs.

voked by the fall and the soiling of their clothes, they ran the wagon down an almost perpendicular bank on the north side of the bridge into the mire twelve feet below. Several days after this, Barrett needed to use a wagon and went to Allen to borrow. "H—l, Mr. Barrett," said Allen, "I am very happy to lend you a wagon. There is no better religion than that which leads us to be kind and charitable, and forgiving to our neighbors. I have always found it best to repay evil with good." He remembered the transaction of ten days previous and a glance at Allen's smiling face was sufficient to prove that he was in a scrape. "Which of the wagons shall I take, Mr. Allen?" "H—l, Barrett, the one you pushed over the bank," was the quick reply. "You will find it just where you and Barker left it." "H—l, Sam, I knew that you would have to pull that wagon out, but thought I would not ask you to do it until it had gone clean out of sight. 'Old Argue' * saw you when you pushed it down there." There was but one way out of the difficulty. Securing a stout rope and several men, Mr. Barrett succeeded after two hours of hard work in withdrawing the wagon from the mire into which it had sunk nearly out of sight. We witnessed the pulling out of the wagon, as did a score or more of men and boys, and frequently since have heard the Major tell the story, with the addition, that the expense to himself was $2.40. "It cost too much to interfere with *Old Lisle's* wagons," he would say, and never repeated the exploit.

HOW THE VILLAGE WAS NAMED.

Perhaps the present will be as convenient time as we shall have to give the principal doings and

* A character we shall speak of hereafter.

sayings at a meeting of a few gathered for the purpose of giving a name to the hamlet of the rapids. There was much ill feeling at the time, and words were spoken which we do not transcribe from the record. During the summer of 1815, frequent mention was made of giving the town a name, especially by the *junto* as it was called, which consisted of five or six individuals opposed in all things to Judge Prendergast. Some good, as well as some astounding names had been proposed. In the fall of that year a few friends of Judge Prendergast, fearing a name might be foisted upon them in the establishment of a post-office, through the legislature, or otherwise, that would not meet the views of most of the inhabitants, came together in the office room of Dr. Hazeltine, in his residence (the Blowers house) which up to that time had been a usual place for such gatherings, to consider the subject. Nine persons attended this meeting, and all agreed that it was best to have a name other than "Prendergast's Mills" or "The Rapids," the names then in use.

It certainly is strange that in a small hamlet containing but thirteen families, located in a wilderness and almost cut off from civilization, should thus early be divided up in to *cliques* and *juntos*, and quarreling with one another worse than a pack of wolves over a half-picked bone, and that this quarrel should continue unabated for 15 or 20 years and until the principal personages should be removed by death or otherwise from the scenes of their bickerings and turmoils. And yet, for the most part, we are convinced that these very persons had in view the best interest of the little town in which they were the leading and most important citizens. The truth is that at that early day,

not only the citizens of Ellicott but of the county, believed, and this belief extended beyond the county to the eastern portion of the state and into New England, that the little hamlet of the rapids was to become a place of importance in the not far distant future. The forests were not only vast in extent, but the trees were larger than any ever before known. Its pineries were the wonders of the day and their fame had extended even to Europe. The great wealth which they represented, the vast water powers which everywhere penetrated these forests in every direction, rendering their conversion into lumber and shipments to market easy, by continuous water way through the great Mississippi valley. The conversion of this water power when the lumber was gone, into power for factories of various kinds which even then had entered the minds of the settlers in their dreams of future greatness and prosperity,—the beautiful Chautauqua lake, distant but a midday walk from the greatest chain of inland lakes in the world—this lake bordered by the richest agricultural lands in the state, and itself a vast reservoir of water power. All these things had passed through the minds of the early settlers at the rapids, and filled their brains with ideas of future greatness. Our fathers were the "*Creme de Creme*" of the emigrating classes of those days and in prophetic vision saw these things nearly as clearly as we, their descendants, see them after the changes of two-thirds of a century have stamped themselves on the country. The truth is, those strong, sturdy men were fighting for leadership in the grand movements soon to follow. It was a praiseworthy ambition that gave origin to the junto, nevertheless we must confess that their ambition was not without alloy. Human nature

is prone to stoop to the basest trickery, deceit and falsehood, to accomplish her ends. As a record of this meeting, by one who was present, says: "The junto intends to rule us. The Judge is opposed and vexed on all sides, in the most trivial things, and his friends are prompted to work against him, not knowing that they are doing so; The devil is surely here; some think his headquarters are on the Stillwater, but Uncle Solomon Jones says we need not travel so far as that to find him." "Forbes says *Jakins* is full of tricks but harmless. Why is somebody so anxious to have a post office here? I tell you they have got it all cut and dried to name the town and intend to use the post office as a handspike to raise themselves up to the top of the heap. *Akins* was over here yesterday and the junto had a meeting. * * * * * * know that we intend to give this locality a name to-night; they are troubled but dare not interfere." "Captain Forbes," said Phin Palmiter, "they take off scalps about as savage as they did over on the *'Conjockety;'* but you remember that it was Stillwater, not the Rapids that run away there; we are to be depended on every time."

"And Stillwater will run again now—not us. You stand by us as you stood by me at Conjockety and if we don't whip the junto I'll foot the bill." "These two sallies caused a great laughter which brought several to the door; Forbes went out but soon returned saying they were sawyers and he sent them about their business, if any of the Akins' crew had been there I should have brought them in." The document from which I have taken these extracts is too long for our present purpose.

Several names were suggested in which the name of

Prendergast was used; all of them with a suffix of town, or ton, berg or ville, &c. It did not appear to have entered the minds of our fathers that Prendergast would have been an appropriate name, for that was not according to the fashions and usages of those days. It was decided that any name containing Prendergast would be "too long for so short a town." They then took up the word James and hitched all kinds of suffixes to that. Finally the majority favored Jamesville as the name but Dr. Hazeltine opposed it because there was one if not two towns by that name in the state already, and favored the name of Jamestown which was finally decided upon, although the majority were in favor of adjourning a few days before the name was fully adopted. Hazeltine and Forbes declared that any name they chose would have the approbation of the Judge and that no one would dare to attempt a change; and declared for immediate action. Blanchar declared that it was time to go home, that he should take the responsibility of naming the town himself, and that if they would examine the grist mill door in the morning they would find the name there. That if the "junto" wanted to shear their goats they would find him and Walt at the grist mill, and they would grind their grist or pick and card their wool, he didn't care a cuss which—that he had lived at the Rapids too long to be whipped by Stillwaters and old Jacob's boarders. True to his word there was found on the grist mill door next morning an advertisement of Simmons & Blanchar, done with pen and ink on half a sheet of fools cap paper, calling for wool to be cleaned, dried, picked, oiled and carded into rolls if delivered to them at their carding works in the village of JAMESTOWN, formerly known as the

Rapids. The junto declared that the advertisement was in Dr. Hazeltine's handwriting; that it was a miserable hoax which Simmons & Blanchar permitted fearing that Prendergast would make them take their carding machines out of the grist mill if they did not submit.

During the winter they attacked the new name with all kinds of ridicule, giving the town all sorts of ridiculous or sarcastic names instead, such as Pendergasses dam town, Martinsburg, Jeddediasville, Blowerstown, Hezzletonsburgh, etc. Their plan at the time appeared to be to defeat the name by ridiculing it, but they continued the method too long. Within six months the name was used by all except the junto, and during the following year through the influence of the Prendergast party, a post office was established at Jamestown, Chautauqua County, N. Y. The opposition afterwards declared that they favored the name from the beginning, but did not wish to have *Hote Blanchar* go wool gathering from the office of Jim Prendergast's pet doctor. Thus it was that the city of Jamestown of to-day received its name and the junto of the Stillwater beat in their first engagement at the foot of the Rapids 81 years ago.

CLOTH DRESSING AND MANUFACTURING.

The first carding of wool in the town of Ellicott was done by Simmons & Blanchar on a small single machine built for them in Sheridan and erected in Prendergast's grist mill in 1814. In 1812 Solomon Jones wrote to his nephew, Daniel Hazeltine, then 17 years old, residing in Wardsboro, Vt., advising him to learn cloth dressing and come to Ellicott and set up his trade; that there was then no such establishment in this region of country and one was sorely needed. He

acted on the advice and immediately commenced an apprenticeship at an establishment not far from his home. In 1816 he came to Jamestown with Samuel Barrett. He immediately erected a small building, where the west end of Broadhead & Sons' worsted mills now stand, for cloth dressing and the next season a much larger one for his carding machines and dye works.

In those early days nearly every settler kept a few sheep, as many as he could protect from the wolves, and in nearly every log house was a spinning wheel and a loom. The most of the cloth for both men's and women's wear was made at home. In May and June nearly every farmer coming to the grist mill, brought with him one or more big bundles of wool. This was carded and made into rolls which were then taken home and spun into yarn and the yarn woven into cloth. In the fall the cloth was brought to the factory, scoured, fulled, colored, napped, sheared and pressed, then taken home and made into garments. Madder red and London brown were the favorite colors for women's wear. In imagination we can see a woman clothed with one of those dresses now. High in the neck and fastened together by hooks and eyes along the back, very short waisted, very narrow sleeves, skirt narrow and short, reaching to the ankle. A woman was seldom seen who was not clothed in one of these home-manufactured dresses. Calico was sometimes used, by those who could afford it, for "*dress up*" occasions. The more frequent colors for men's wear were black and dark brown.

The largest portion of the wool grown in Chautauqua county was made into rolls and the cloth dressed at Daniel Hazeltine's factory in Jamestown. In 1823

Hazeltine added weaving and built an addition to his factory, and soon after took Robert Falconer into partnership, who furnished additional capital but otherwise had nothing to do with the work or management of the factory. In 1830 they added a large stone building, increased the machinery and manufactured cloth quite extensively.

In 1827 W. W. Chandler and his brother-in-law, J. W. Winsor, built a carding and cloth dressing establishment at the lower dam. In 1836 Daniel Hazeltine bought Chandler & Winsor's establishment, enlarged it and continued manufacturing cloths with his sons or other partners until he retired from the business. Not long after his retirement the establishment was sold to Allen, Grandin & Co., and now, after several changes in ownership, it is the property of Allen, Preston & Co. The business in the old stone factory was continued for a time by Daniel H. Grandin. About 1847 the large frame building on the south side of Brooklyn square was erected by Allen & Grandin and used for the manufacture of cloths until Allen, Grandin & Co. bought the Daniel Hazeltine factory at the lower dam.

In 1818, Daniel Hazeltine married Mehitabel Bemus, the youngest daughter of William and Mary (Prendergast) Bemus. After their marriage they occupied apartments in an addition made to the factory buildings. When the stone factory was built in 1830 this portion was torn down to make room for the new building. Previous to this, he bought the property on the northeast corner of Pine and Third streets, on which was a large one and one-half story house with a basement, built a year or more previous by William Knight. On this lot Dr. Laban Hazeltine cut his fire-

wood in 1818. Daniel Hazeltine lived in this house until he bought the cloth dressing establishment at the lower dam, when he removed to the house belonging to the property, which was located about forty feet north of the present factory of Allen, Preston & Co. They had two sons and three daughters: Susannah, the eldest of the daughters, became the wife of William Post, Esq., who was for many years a business man in our village. They had but one child, Daniel Hazeltine Post, who was educated at Williams College; and was secretary to Gov. Fenton when sent to France as a Commissioner to meet the Commissioners of European Powers to regulate the currency. He was for some time before and after his return from France, associated with John A. Hall in editing the Jamestown Journal. A year or more ago he married Evelyn Newland, only daughter of Robert Newland and Evelyn (Patchin) Newland and is now a partner in a large manufacturing establishment in our city. His father and mother are both dead. The other daughters of Daniel and Mehitable Hazeltine died in childhood. The two sons are both living and each at different times were associated with their father in the manufacture of cloths and each have conducted that business on their own account. The youngest son, George, is still engaged in the manufacture of cloths, his factory being at North Warren, Pa. William Bemus Hazeltine has begun to experience the inconvenience of old age and has retired to his farm at Bemus Point, which is a part of the William Bemus' purchase of 1806, and was his mother's portion of her father's property. He still remains however a partner in the Iron Manufacturing Company, in Youngstown, Ohio, of which he has long been a member.

Daniel Hazeltine when living was loved and respected by all classes and conditions of men; he was considered as the exemplar of a truly honest man, and of the true spirit of Christianity. He was truly good without ostentation, truly religious without bigotry; his benevolence was bounded only by his means to aid the suffering and the needy; and it is true that he used means that he needed himself, in order to extend his charities to their utmost limit. He became a member of the Congregational Church at its organization in 1816. The Church was the apple of his eye, he lived for its welfare, and continued to be one of its most active and useful members up to his death August 3d, 1867. His last words were, "I have tried to follow Christ, on him I rely." Mehitable (Bemus) Hazeltine, his nonogenarian wife still survives him, with faculties unimpaired. Her personal remembrances extend from the time that her father came into this country in 1805 up to the present.

Hazeltine & Falconer's woolen factory brought many new settlers into the country. Some of them remained for many years as operatives, and after they left the factory remained in the country and followed other pursuits. A few more prominent among the latter, we mention below.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Kinney.—The following statement was mostly furnished by their daughter, Mrs. J. W. Upham. "Nancy Crapsey came into the county in the year 1818. She was then nineteen years old. In the year 1820 she was residing in the family of Daniel Hazeltine in the factory already mentioned, and continued so to do until 1823. Hiram Kinney came to Chautauqua in 1820. For the first six months he worked on the farm of Dr. Laban Hazel-

time. Afterwards he was employed in the woolen factory of Daniel Hazeltine. In 1850 he removed to a farm on what is known as English Hill. On New Year's Day, 1823, Hiram Kinney was married to Nancy Crapsey at the residence of Daniel Hazeltine, Samuel A. Brown, Esq., performing the ceremony. This was among the first marriages in Jamestown. There were present at the wedding, besides Daniel Hazeltine and wife, Dr. Laban Hazeltine and wife and their son, Gilbert, (then about six years old,) Judge Prendergast and wife and their son, Alexander, and Robert Falconer, Esq., of Sugar Grove, who *carved the turkey*; Charles Bemus and wife and two or three others. Some time after their marriage they removed to Pomfret but ere long returned to Jamestown. When Mrs. Kinney returned she brought with her a set of small sauce dishes. Her old friend, Aunt Nancy Prendergast, almost immediately called on her, and Mrs. Kinney exhibited her little dishes. They were the first seen in town. Mrs. Prendergast viewed them admiringly, and then reproved Mrs. Kinney for introducing articles of luxury into the town. 'You must remember we are all poor, and you are setting a bad example to those who are poorer than we.' Mrs. Kinney put her little dishes aside and did not exhibit them again for many a day."

The Kinneys were always earnest and active workers for the advancement of the new settlement. Mrs. Kinney is still living, at the age of nearly ninety years, but with faculties unimpaired. Nothing delights her more than to meet some one who can talk with her of the early days. She is a fountain of anecdote and early reminiscences.

Mrs Kinney often refers to her remembrance of the

sermon preached at the dedication of the Congregational church, January 1, 1830. One sentence was, "In fifty years from now where will be the people who tread these aisles to-day?" Fifty-six years have passed and Mrs. Kinney and three others are the only ones who can be brought to mind, now living and residing in Jamestown, who were present on that occasion.

Of the children of Hiram and Nancy Kinney but three are living; viz: Judge John J. Kinney, one of our prominent citizens; Harriet, wife of one of our principal artists, Mr. J. W. Upham, and Hortense who married Mr. Lynch and is now residing in Erie, Pa.

Chileon C. Washburn was for many years in Daniel Hazeltine's factory. He took a great fancy to Thomas R. Hazzard, an uncle of Robert P. Hazzard of our city, and who came into the factory when a boy. Washburn was a bachelor and it is said educated him. He was prepared for college at Jamestown academy, graduated at Allegany college, studied law in Meadville and located at Monongahela City, Pa., and died there several years ago

Edwin Hazeltine a brother of Daniel Hazeltine and the only one of seven sons of Daniel and Susannah Hazeltine living, was for many years in the factory. Having accumulated a sufficient amount of wealth he bought a farm in Busti, on which he now resides. He married Polly Abbott, another worker in the factory, and the daughter of one of the early settlers of Busti; they had a large family. Herbert, the second son, who received the flag presented by the ladies * of Jamestown to company B., the day they started for the front, lies in our cemetery, a victim of the war. His

* For an account of this presentation see Appendix No. 1.

eldest son resides in Warren, Pa. His third and fourth sons and two daughters reside in the west.

Alvin Pennock, father of Jonathan P. Pennock, was among the early workers in this factory. He came to Jamestown in 1827. His wife was a sister of the late Ezbai Kidder.

Henry C. Arnold, entered the factory when a boy. He soon evinced great genius as a portrait painter; the white-washed walls in all of the rooms were soon covered with charcoal portraits of the proprietors and the principal operatives in the factory. An eminent portrait painter once said of him, "that he was the best uneducated portrait painter he ever knew, and that if he could spend a season or two in Europe, he would become a prominent artist of that class in the United States. Poverty prevented the consumation so much desired, and produced in him a misanthropy which at times was pitiable. Arnold was a gentleman in the true and highest meaning of that word during his whole life.

He married Eliza, the youngest daughter of Samuel Knight. He followed portrait painting for a livelihood, and it afforded him barely sufficient means to live in genteel poverty. He had four children, but one now living. During the latter years of his life he thought he was a firm believer in the doctrines of the German Atheistical School but it would be nearer the truth to call him a Transcendentalist; he certainly was an Idealist. He was a great reader and a fine conversationalist. The writer was one of his chosen friends and sat beside his bed side when he died. He said to me: "You well know what my belief is:—*that death is an eternal sleep.* A few moments ago you told me that you did not think I could live

until morning. Doctor, I am dying now, I shall not live two hours, but I am as calm and collected as if I was going to sleep." Finally he said to me: "I am admonished to make haste in what I wish to say to you. You know I am no hypocrite, and therefore it is my desire that there be no prayer or church singing at my burial. As an old friend I have a request to ask of you, will you grant it?" If in my power I will. "I wish you to break the silence over my grave. When my coffin is placed in the ground I wish you would come forward and tell my old friends just how I stood. That I have tried to do my duty as a neighbor and as a man, but I could not believe different from what I have. I die with charity towards all, calm, happy, in full belief that death is the end of all things, of all life, of all thought, of all pain and of all pleasure." A few minutes later he said, "I must say good-bye, I am going," and quickly he was gone. I was placed in very peculiar circumstances, but bravely fulfilled my promise and have always felt glad I did so. There was a large assemblage at the cemetery to observe how things were managed at an Atheist's funeral.

Many others were operatives in this factory, that we well remember, but the most of them have been long dead, or many years ago removed into the great west.

Alvin Deland, a son of Deacon William Deland, and father of Mrs. William Mace of our city, was for many years an operative in the factory and died several years ago.

George Caskey, the old Scotchman from the banks of Ayr, the neighbor of Robert Burns, and who was well acquainted when a boy with *Jeanie* his wife. Caskey sorted more wool in Daniel Hazeltine's factory

than any other man, unless it be Hiram Kinney. He is still living, a resident of our city, and is as thoroughly educated as any one born at the foot of the Grampians can be, as to the length, breadth and thickness of wools, whether grown on the backs of sheep or goats, or picked up under the *shearing table* orge knows what shoddy is, but does not deal in it himself. The old operators in the factory always spoke of the "*canny*" Scot as, "all wool and a yard wide."

Daniel H. Grandin, the miller in the old stone mill built by James Prendergast in 1833, may be found daily at his place of business. He came to Jamestown before he was fairly out of his boyhood. For many years his face gave light in the old factory of Hazeltine & Falconer. When Daniel Hazeltine went to the lower village he continued in the old stone factory under the hill. Then the big building was erected on the south side of Brooklyn square, it was Allen & Grandin and Allen, Grandin & Co. They bought out the Daniel Hazeltine factory at the lower village, and not long after the company bought Grandin's interest—*gladly we presume*; but he was not quite ready to retire, and bought the old grist mill and was soon at work again. D. H. Grandin, carded, spun and wove at least three-quarters of his web of life in the old factory and is now grinding away on the last quarter in the old mill. Some years hence, *the longer the better*, some one will write his obituary and his epitaph; they can add whatever we have omitted.

Without reference to chronological order, which a few persons have desired us to follow with great care, there comes to us the memory of an industry which has ceased among us, but was one of the earliest established here and for a long time one of the most

prominent. We refer to the

MAUFACTURE OF HATS.

We do not think a hat has been made in Jamestown in forty years, yet hatting was one of the first and most important of the industries established here. Hats were made it is said, by a man by the name of Clark in the town of Ellery before any were manufactured in Jamestown, and later Daniel Sherman, sheriff of Chautauqua county in 1826, made a few hats in Busti.

Rufus Pier and Elmer Freeman came to Jamestown in 1816 and built a two-story shop on the south side of First street fronting Cherry. If the old building was now standing it would be in front to the north of the west end of the railway passenger station, and about twelve feet in the air. Freeman built a house on the northeast corner of Cherry and First streets, and Pier, two years later, on the southwest corner of Cherry and Second streets on the lot afterwards owned by Benjamin Budlong and now occupied by the residence of Judge Richard P. Marvin. Pier's house was built in 1818; in that year he married Katharine Blanchar, a sister of the wool carder previously mentioned. Freeman brought his family with him and built his house in 1816. Soon after he moved to the Crossroads, and resided there two or three years, and returned to Jamestown; (Samuel Barrett occupied the house a part of the time during his absence.) They manufactured hats of all kinds quite extensively, employing several journeymen hatters and apprentices. They made wool hats of all qualities, and fur hats from the common 'coon and muskrat to the finest beaver.

In those days fur-bearing animals were abundant. Wharf rats were never more plenty in any locality

than muskrats in the outlet, along the side of the lake, and especially about the mouth of Goose creek. The best of muskrat skins were bought for ten cents each. Mink were plenty, and beaver and otter were quite frequently trapped Freeman & Pier were succeeded by Strickland & Sayles and they by Jacob Rice and later by Phineas Barker. In 1830 Freeman built shops on Main street just below the Tew buildings which stand on the southeast corner of Main and Fourth. The front shop is now standing and is occupied by Dr. Frank Ormes as an office. For several years both Freeman's factory and the old factory at the foot of Cherry street were in full operation and the manufacture of hats was one of the industries of which Jamestown boasted. In those days the trade in not only furs but peltries was mostly connected with the hatting establishments, although the stores also bought furs and peltries. This business sometimes required considerable capital. Dealers in eastern cities were constantly sending agents into the wilderness to buy up this class of merchandise and made large advances in cash, thus enabling the earliest makers of hats to make purchases when otherwise they would not be able. Furs were among the first cash producing articles of the country. All kinds of fur-bearing animals found in this locality were constantly represented at these establishments. Foxes of all kinds, from the common grey to the valuable black; the pelts of the wolf, the deer, the bear, and at first, of the panther, were seldom absent. The 'coon and the wildcat (lynx) were abundant. The pelt of the lamb went, of course, to the hatters, and "deacon skins" were then cured with the hair on and used in covering trunks. At an early day plenty of Indians could always be

found lounging about the hat shops, bartering pelts, especially that of the wolf. After his wolfship (they were obliged to bring the entire animal) had been shown the Justice, the ears cut off by him and the twenty-five dollars bounty paid, the pelt was then removed and sold. *

Septimus Perkins, W. W. Lathrop and W. H. Whittaker were the last of Jamestown's hat manufacturers. Perkins was in company and succeeded Freeman in the business. He manufactured largely but soon began to introduce custom hats and other goods. He married Eunice Crosby, a sister of the late Samuel Crosby and niece of the late Samuel Barrett. When it became apparent that it was cheaper to buy hats in New York than to make them here, Perkins ceased to be a hatter, but he still lives and prospers in our midst as a dyer and reviver of old coats and dresses. He has had much experience over the dyer's vat, and whatever he undertakes he generally does well, and probably will continue to *dye* as long as he *lives—it will never be too late for him to die.*

Lathrop came to Jamestown a young man and a hatter by trade and married a daughter of the late Wm. Willson. Miss Florelle Lathrop, one of the teachers in our union school, is a daughter of his. Perkins and Lathrop were lively competitors in the hat trade and for several years they made the "fur fly." Lathrop enlisted as a soldier in the Mexican war and never returned. He fought his last battle at Chapultepec. We do not think that Whittaker ever made hats, he probably was the first of the hat merchants.

In early days the skins of the bear and the wolf

* The premium for wolf scalps varied from $10 to $15, even up to $35 at one time.

were in common use in the place of Buffalo robes, and always brought good prices, and these animals, although not then abundant, were not uncommon as late as 1839. Fifteen years earlier, and previous to that time, the swamp along the outlet seemed to be their favorite rendezvous. In the spring of 1839 a large bear entered the pig pen of Loring Johnson, located on the northwest corner of Third street and Prendergast avenue, and carried away a hog which, it was said, would weigh nearly two hundred pounds. Up near where M. L. Fenton's residence now stands he halted and made a meal of pork and then proceeded on his way. Next morning about a dozen of us sallied out in pursuit. We expected his bearship would make for the swamp, now Marvin Park, and from there by one of three routes for the great Conewango swamp. Jacob Rice, our most noted hunter, and myself were directed to go to the *log slide* on the south side of the outlet and there remain. This slide was down from the most prominent and highest portion of the ridge, about midway from the Steele street bridge to the railway bridge. We had been there not more than twenty minutes before the bear came crashing along through the underbrush below, and between us and the outlet. He passed just five rods from us and for the distance of seventy feet was in plain sight; and as he passed he stopped and looked up at us. Jacob although an old and experienced hunter would not fire nor permit me to do so. When we got back to the Main street bridge Jacob said he never felt so ashamed in his life. He would not cross the bridge with me but went down stream several rods where the stream was shallow, waded across and went home. His house was where Institute street commences at Second street. He was

not seen for several days. The bear slept that night at home in the Conewango swamp. We may be mistaken but do believe we could to-day boast of shooting an enormous black bear, had we been able to wrench our rifle from the firm grasp of Jacob Rice, the oldest and most experienced hunter in the country.

We have a better bear story, and although contrary to chronological rules, our friend is so anxious for us to follow, we shall have no better opportunity than the present to relate it.

It must have been as long ago as 1822, that Gen. Thos. W. Harvey, for a long time, had a pet black bear chained up in his blacksmith shop. Chubby was a comical fellow, and had many romps with the boys, who would stop on their way to the Pine street school house to play with him,—and many a *ferruling* did those same boys receive from Henry Gifford, the teacher, for being late to school. Chubby was as much of a gentleman as any of his kind, whether walking on two or four legs, and it is certainly the correct thing to rescue his memory from total oblivion, although we must confess, there is little use in trying to civilize and educate a bear. Chub became unusually tame, and when permitted would follow the General wherever he went. One day he allowed him to follow him to the woods—not far from the south end of Lake View Avenue—and near where he was captured the year previous. He suddenly disappeared and never returned; it was supposed that there was some relative of his near watching for him who took him home.

The following is the history of his capture. In returning home one afternoon from an excursion into the forest, Jehial Tiffany saw a bear and cubs climbing into a large hemlock. He came immediately to

town for his rifle, and Gen. Harvey, Samuel Barrett, Phineas Palmiter and others, with their rifles, started out in pursuit. Arriving at the place, a cub was discovered on one of the branches; the crack of Palmiter's rifle and the falling of a dead bear almost instantly followed. Presently Harvey brought down a second young bear. The party waited and watched the thick clump of hemlocks for a long time, but the old bear could not be discovered. Tiffany was of the opinion there were no more cubs, and that Mrs. Bruin had taken a walk down the hill into the swamp. All of the party returned excepting the persons we have named. After a time another cub was discovered by Mr. Barrett in a hemlock tree near by, and he claimed it by the right of discovery and forbade any one pointing his gun in that direction. "Mr. Barrett, is it your intention to whistle him down?" Tiffany inquired. "Major, do you expect the enemy to advance by a forward or flank movement, or do you expect him to come to you, as Carpenter would say, cabin ee'nd formost?" was the enquiry of the General. "He is going to put salt on his tail," was the reply of Capt. Phin. "Gentlemen you are very military in your language, and not to be beat I will say that I am preparing to storm the enemy's position," at the same time pulling off his boots. "Any corporal can shoot a cub if he has a good chance, but it takes a Major to take one prisoner," and proceeded to climb the tree to shake him off, directing that no one should shoot him without it was likely he would escape. "Advance forlorn hope," cries Harvey. "Yes, you make a splendid captain of a rifle company in time of peace, but in time of war I would rather trust Capt. Phin.; he has smelt powder and fought for his *hair*. You are too big a coward to lead, and too big

in body to run. A squaw would tomahawk you before you could turn around," was Barrett's tart reply. "I give in Major, you carry too many guns in your mouth for me. Hurry up that tree and throw down that bear. I will catch him as he comes down," replies Harvey. The cub had crawled out near the end of one of the uppermost branches, Barrett followed, and soon shook him off, but he caught to a larger limb below. He tried to shake him from this but the limb was too large. At this time he espied the old bear letting herself down from the branches of an adjacent tree. "Look out, boys, I see the old bear on the next tree. She is coming the way Carpenter talks about. Be ready for her." Mrs. Bruin seemed to be aware of her danger and scrambled back again into the top of the tree. Barrett, with a stout jack knife, finally succeeded in cutting the limb so that the weight of the bear bent it down sufficiently to cause him to slide off. Before he recovered from the stunning effects of the fall, Harvey and Tiffany succeeded in securely tying together his bearship's handy paws with the cords of their powder horns, and Palmiter had buckled the leather guard cap of his flint-lock gun around his jaws. During the time they were thus engaged, and Barrett was making his way out of the tree, the old bear took the opportunity to back down from the tree and make for the bushes at the moment she was discovered. Barrett claimed the young bear as his own, but declared he would surrender his title, and give each of his companions a dollar for the old bear's hide. He had had her in plain view, she was very large and intensely black. "Put on your boots and get your gun, and I will call her up for you," said Harvey. The hunters having taken the stations assigned to them, Harvey carefully removed

Palmiter's lock guard from the young bear's mouth, and by pinching him tried to make him squeal. Harvey declared that the little brute rather enjoyed it, and was more inclined to play than to either scratch or bite or squeal. They began to despair of procuring the desired pelt for Barrett, when a happy thought arose in Mr. Tiffany's mind. "Capt. Harvey, the ear is a very tender part of animals as well as of human beings. You have good teeth. Permit me to suggest that you bite the young bear's ear. I think it will incline him to ask the assistance of his doting mother, who, I doubt not, is near at hand, watching the opportunity of affording assistance to her unfortunate offspring." "A good suggestion, Jehial, and expressed in your usual laconic style. You never use any unnecessary words. I will try it." In a moment the beast howled with pain, and Palmiter caught an uncertain glimpse of her in the bushes and fired, with the effect of bringing her in full view of Barrett, who brought her down. One of the balls had taken effect in her head and the other in her neck, either of which would have proved mortal in a few minutes. The bear was an unusually large one, and more than three men could conveniently carry. Harvey carried the cub down in his arms and became much attached to him. The old bear was very fat as well as the cubs, and was not the mother, as they had supposed. Nearly every one in Jamestown was remembered in the distribution, and had either bear or cub meat for dinner. Harvey treated his young bear with great kindness, and was grieved when he gave him the slip. Barrett boasted having the largest and best bear skin in the country. Two or three years afterwards it was stolen from his cutter, and although he was confident he knew who stole it, he never recovered it.

CHAPTER V.

Rapid Advance of the Arts and Sciences—Tanning and Tanners—Stevens, Grout, Barrett, Barker, Foote, Fenton, Hutton and Others—Logging Bees—Black Salts Asheries—Cross Bows and Chipmunks — Pottery — Fenton, Whittemore—A Valuable Calf—Axe Helves and Ox Yokes—Joseph Smiley, Jeremiah Griffith—Saddles and Harness—Silas Shearman.

WE frequently have rung in our ears, "*the rapid advancement of the Arts and Sciences,*" and in our own day their advancement has been truly astonishing, and they have become so intimately connected, that it is difficult to point out the exact boundaries of either. Science, on which all arts so intimately depend, is of modern origin, and yet many of the more useful arts were brought to the greatest perfection in ancient times. The urgent necessities of mankind, called out man's inventive genius, to supply what now, Science gives us. The arts of the tanner, the potter and the dyer, were at first rude, but by constant practice they

were brought to the greatest perfection, although the artizans were ignorant of the scientific fact, on which those arts are based.

Arts are scientific knowledge applied to useful purposes. Science discovers and teaches us the causes,—art elucidates the effects. Science inquires into the properties and actions of natural agents, and art uses them for the comfort of man. On the basis of previously acquired science, man has invented hundreds of new arts, impossible to his unaided genius. With its aid he ascends above the clouds and descends into the abyss of the ocean. He has annihilated time and space, and more quickly than the earth can turn on its axis, sends his messages to its remotest bounds. Man's genius 3,000 years ago built a wooden horse, filled it with soldiers, and drew it, a deceitful gift into ancient Troy, and thus caused its downfall. In our own day, the arts of man, guided by science, imprison water in an iron horse, harnesses it to a train of his cars which will carry a thousand soldiers; tortures it with fire, and compels it to drag the huge load a distance greater than that from ancient Athens to Byzantium between the rising and the setting of the sun. Modern art, aided by science, has caged the lightning, and made it his servant. He compels it not only to turn his wheels and to light his cities, but to carry his messages in a few moments to the remotest parts of the earth, and to bring back the answers. It has become so obedient to the art of man, that now it conveys our spoken words, our own voices, our own songs, to friends hundreds of miles away. Truly may we say that the advancement of the arts and sciences has been rapid. The truths of to-day far exceed the wildest dreams of all past ages. If the Science on which

these arts are founded was unknown to us, the miracles of to-day would far exceed the miracles of the past.

TANNING AND CURRYING.

In 1816 a man by the name of Burget laid down some vats and put up a bark mill near where the water tank at the railway station now stands, west of the west line of Cherry street, if extended to the race. This commencement of a tannery was bought by Phineas Stevens, who in the fall of 1817 completed a tannery and currying shop on that location. He also built in 1817 a fair sized story and a half house on the south side of Second street precisely where the Ahlstrom piano factory now stands.

Samuel Barrett came to the Rapids with Daniel Hazeltine in the summer of 1816, and returned east in 1817 with Royal Keyes; both came west again in 1818 from Wardsborough, Vt., with their wives. Salmon Grout became this year the partner of Stevens, and Barrett worked in the establishment. During the next winter Barrett bought out Grout and became a partner of Stevens in the tannery, and placed Wilford Barker, a younger brother of General Leverett Barker of Fredonia, in the tannery to look after his interests. Wilford Barker and Isaac Boss were the first to learn the tanning trade with General Barker in Fredonia. Boss settled in Forestville in this county, and Barker came to Jamestown.* Barrett and Barker afterwards bought out Stevens. The latter with Grout, his former partner, then built a large tannery on the high bank south of Stevens's house on Second street. We shall always remember the big ox horns on each end of the roof of that large three-story building.

* The writer married the only daughter of Isaac Boss in 1843.

Speaking of this tannery brings to the writer's memory the first gymnastic performances he ever witnessed. Sol. and Phin. Stevens and Sol. Jones (our present respected citizen Solomon Jones, Esq.,) rigged up a curtain in the currying room, behind which they would dress up in Indian and other fantastic styles, paint their faces and then appear and perform Indian and gymnastic feats much to the astonishment and edification of their audience which consisted generally of Gust. and Dasc. Allen, Niles and Ben. Budlong, Mart. and Ebe. Forbes, Hull and Horace Freeman, the writer, and occasionally a few others. We considered the performance astonishing.

Stevens removed from town at least fifty-five years ago, and Grout a few years later moved to Kalamazoo, Mich., and there started a tannery. Capt. John Frank established the first tannery in Busti at what was formerly called the Frank Settlement, and Capt. John Brown one at Sugar Grove. The tannery at the foot of Cherry street was sold in the year 1828 to James Clark, at which time Barrett permanently retired from the business. The Stevens and Grout tannery passed into the hands of Titus Kellogg and Elias Havens and later into the hands of N. K. Ransom & Co. That building was abandoned as a tannery in 1837. In the fall of 1830 Wilford Barker and William N. Eddy formed a copartnership and built a tannery on the south side of the stream at the lower dam, on the west side of the road. This tannery had several owners and finally fell into the hands of the late Richard W. Arnold (better known as Blind Arnold.) He was an energetic man and conducted the establishment successfully up to the time of his death. For several years he had as a partner Lewis Hazzard, now de-

ceased. In 1833 Titus Kellogg built a tannery on the opposite side of the road from Arnold on ground now occupied in part by the Breed furniture manufactory. This was sold five years afterwards to a firm composed of Elial T. Foote, R. Fletcher Fenton and Wilford Barker. The latter sold his interest to M. W. Hutton in 1850 and in the fall of that year all the partners sold to Hutton, Bradley & Co. The same year Gen. Horace Allen erected a large tannery on what is Allen street on the site of the tannery lately owned by the Barkers. In 1855 this property was purchased by Wilford Barker. It was totally destroyed by fire in 1857 and rebuilt the next year. It was conducted as a tannery by the Barker family until a short time ago. Several tanneries were erected in this vicinity between 1815 and 1825, the most prominent of which was Frank's, a mile this side of Frewsburg.

Soon after Hutton, Bradley & Co., bought the tannery above spoken of, one of the former owners paid Hutton a visit. They had angry words and by accident the visitor stepped into the lime vat. Hutton hooked him out as speedily as possible and pushed him into what tanners call the pool, a vat of clean, fresh water. After being drawn from the pool the person was very angry, and accused Hutton of pushing him in, and threatened to prosecute him. Hutton told him he did not push him into the lime vat, that his foot slipped and he fell in, but that he did push him into the pool to wash off the lime; if he had not he would have had no hair and little skin remaining. Said Hutton, "if you would use less angry words, and be more careful where you placed your foot, when you come into this tannery, you would be drier than you are now; you won't prosecute, you would not have this

known for all you are worth. I shall never speak of it, neither will you."

ASHERIES.

When the country was new the hard wood timber was cut into twelve or sixteen-foot lengths, put into log heaps and burned on the ground: the ashes were leached, and boiled down into a black, more or less solid mass called "black salts." This was one of the industries of the country. Logging bees, as they were called, were times of jollity and were frequent sixty years ago or more. A settler would cut down the forest on from three to ten acres, cut and pile the brush and cut the trunks into suitable lengths for logging. On a certain day by invitations previously given out, his neighbors for miles around gathered together with their teams and put the logs into heaps for burning. Certain persons who were experts at this business were always invited and seldom absent. The logs on a fallow, as it was called, of five or ten acres, would be put into heaps in half a day or a little more; then the loggers held high carnival—*had a "high old time"* as they express it nowadays. Several enormous Johnny cakes baked on boards, split, and raw fat pork cut thin, sandwiched between, a roast of venison, or of bear's meat, washed down with corn juice, softened by a tub of water soured by vinegar, and sweetened by maple molasses, was the evening feast. These logging bees generally terminated in a scene of gluttony and drunkenness, heavily spiced with log rolling bragging, stories of wolf or bear killing, wrestling, and not unfrequently in a fight. The ashes remaining after the burning of the heaps were collected, leached and boiled down into a black, caustic, villainous mass to handle called black salts. At the asheries it was

converted into pot and pearl ashes, and these were sent east and made into saleratus. The first ashery in this section was erected by Jediah E. Budlong, a little north of Parks & Hazzard's boot and shoe factory. The second and most important one was erected by Alvin Plumb in 1824 on the southeast corner of where First and Washington streets would be if that locality had not been left high in the air by the deep cut for the railway.

When the country was new, black salts were a very important article of trade, and the only cash article the settler produced. In those days nearly all trade was what was then termed "*barter*;" that is the settler took the merchant's goods at the most fabulous high prices, and paid for the same with what he had, at prices as fabulously low; but taxes, if nothing else, required the cash, and black salts would always command cash at some price. We have seen black salts of all consistences, from a soft mass like fresh putty up to the hardness of stone; that which was neither soft or hard was the most esteemed.

On the field where the ashes were leached and the lye boiled down, the salts were generally poured from the kettle while hot and fluid into troughs 10 or 12 feet long, dug from a log with one end deeply notched to receive a chain. When all was ready a yoke of cattle would be hitched to the trough and away it went with its contents to the nearest ashery. At the ashery this black mass was placed in large, low ovens and subjected to an intense heat for several hours. When the heated mass put on a certain greyish hue it was hauled out of the ovens and left to cool on the broad brick hearth. When cold it was pearly white and received the name of pearl-ash. In early

days pearl-ash was used for the same purposes in cookery as saleratus or baking powders now are. A very small portion of what was manufactured was used in the country but was placed in large heavy barrels and sent to New York. During the years this country was being denuded of its heavy hard wood forests, pearl-ash was the most profitable of the cash products of the country. Many a settler would have failed to pay for his farm had it not been for the black salts.

Speaking of Plumb's ashery brings to mind Horatio Dix. * William Blanchar and Charles Barnes had made for themselves crossbows with which they could kill a chipmunk nearly every time. Asahael Scofield, who was the pearler of salts in Plumb's ashery, undertook to make one for the writer that would equal those owned by the other boys. He worked upon it for nearly a week. † Price, one fip—if we would bring him three chipmunks shot with it by us during the afternoon. We went over near the locks where Warner's saw mill now stands and in less than two hours returned with several of the striped rodents as trophies of skill with the crossbow. A few days afterwards we were induced to sell the crossbow to Charles Barnes for two shillings, who sold it to Gust Allen for a dollar. Scofield asked two dollars to make another as good, and declared it was worth three dollars. General Thomas W. Harvey learning how we had been swindled, made two steel bows, one for Hull Freeman and one for myself; Scofield neatly stocked them and Elmer Freeman, (Hull's father,) donated first quality catgut strings. Each crossbow was accompanied by a dozen straight, ironwood, pewter-pointed arrows. The

* Son of Captain Horatio Dix; he was killed in the Mexican war.
† Six and one-fourth cents.

presentation took place about two weeks after, with a handsome speech from Mr. Freeman, in which he set forth that it was necessary that the country have defenders; that but a few years ago we were at war with England, and soon might be again; and that crossbows were as good as muskets *provided we were near enough*; that if there should be no war, the woods were full of "*varmints*" of which it was expected Hull and myself would kill our full share when driving the cows to and from the pasture, and if we saw a bear to be sure and bring him in. Chipmunks soon became scarce at the locks and along the roadside to the pasture. Sometime after this some Indian boys learned the town boys the use of the bow and arrows and crossbows were supersceded by them; they cost much less, and were fully as effective, after the skill to use them had been acquired. For three or four years they were all the rage and the boys were constantly having shooting matches. The side that got beat had to dress the game and get their mothers to cook it for the party. We had game suppers for a long time as often as once a week. At first red and chip squirrels were the game killed, but after a time black squirrels, partridges and other game showing the use of the rifle came in and our mothers "*came back on us*," refused to prepare the meals, and our shooting matches came to an inglorious end.

POTTERY.

The manufacture of earthenware was one of the earliest industries at the Rapids. Wm. H. Fenton came into this country in 1814 with his father, Jacob Fenton, and established a pottery, between First and Second streets. Potter's alley took its name from this pottery. Wm. H. Fenton is still living, in the eastern

portion of our city and, although over ninety years of age, is smart, active, in good health, and enjoys life as well as he ever did. We met him a few days ago, walking erect and with firm steps in our streets. In reply to our enquiry, "Does not walking weary you?" he replied "Weary me? I have walked all the way from Dexterville this morning and am not weary yet, and I do not expect to be, until I have walked about town a good deal in the accomplishment of my business and then walked home. When I get home I may feel a little tired, but not before. I come up town frequently, and always walk and never think of being tired." Fenton has been among the foremost and most active men of Ellicott, in looking after and caring for its welfare. He has filled many prominent positions in the gift of the town and if any one needed counsel or advice he would go to Fenton, and that advice would be founded on what he considered strict justice. We may now write him down "Father of Ellicott" with the honorable affix—*Emeritus*.

After the death of his father in 1822, Wm. H. Fenton removed his pottery establishment to what is now Fluvanna, to be nearer the clay used. The Fentons, father and son, were engaged in the manufacture of this ware from 1814 to 1826, at which time W. H. Fenton took as a partner Samuel Whittemore.

In a letter received from Henry A. Whittemore a short time since, he states that "My father and family arrived in Jamestown at noon, May 5, 1822, and stopped at a tavern kept by Solomon Jones, for dinner, and at evening they reached the Point (Fluvanna) where W. H. Fenton was carrying on the pottery business and where a Mr. Smith was keeping tavern. Mr. Fenton soon learned that Mr. Whittemore was a pot-

ter, and insisted on himself and wife being his guests for the night. The next morning Mr. Whittemore found his horse was very lame, and was detained several days on that account. Fenton had a kiln of ware nearly ready for burning, and as his help was sick, induced Whittemore to remain a few days longer and assist him to complete and burn the kiln. Before the kiln was completed Fenton and Whittemore entered into a copartnership which continued nearly twenty years."

To illustrate a very common way of settling accounts in early times, H. A. Whittemore writes: "During the twenty years, Fenton and my father had but three settlements of their accounts, and that by the shortest method, by 'jumping,' which was satisfactory to both parties." During their manufacture of pottery they kept men on the road peddling the ware after the manner of our tin peddlers of to-day, taking in exchange anything that the farmers had to spare.

An anecdote is related of Whittemore personally, which shows that he had the true spirit of a Yankee peddler—to trade for anything, no matter what, and trust the result to luck. One day he stopped his crockery wagon before a farm house not far from Westfield. After looking over the ware the farmer offered Whittemore a calf three days old for six milk pans. "Bring an your calf," says Whittemore, and deposited six pans on a bench near the house. The calf was brought and placed on some straw in the wagon. Whittemore said he had a friend living three or four miles from there who he thought would care for the calf for the time being. If not, he would make him a present of it. His friend took the job of keeping the calf alive and well for five weeks for ten milk pans. The farm-

er who sold Whittemore the calf was noted for having the best stock in the county and selling it for enormous prices. The man who had taken the infantile beef to wet nurse, made inquiries and found that the specimen in his charge was of the best blood in the country. The farmer had especial reasons for not wishing to raise it, and sold it to Whittemore for little or nothing, supposing it would die before he got home, or would shortly be slaughtered for veal. About four weeks after, Whittemore wrote to his friend, inquiring after his calf. In a few days he received a note saying the calf was doing well and was a good one; that he would give him five dollars for it, or would deliver it to him at Fluvanna for three dollars. Whittemore said he thought five dollars was enough for sixteen milk pans and let his friend have the calf; but would add, "I was a little sorry afterwards when I learned the facts in the case, and also that, when three months old, my calf was sold for $50."

Fenton & Whittemore turned out a kiln of ware worth from $200 to $250 every two weeks. The clay of which they made their ware was dug from the bed of the lake about 300 feet above what was then known as Sammis's Point, now as Prendergast's. Fenton and Whittemore having given up the pottery business, Fenton returned to Jamestown in 1839, and for many years was the principal Justice of the Peace of the town. Whittemore built a hotel which from time to time he enlarged. It was strictly a temperance house. Whittemore may be called the originator of the idea that Chautauqua lake is an excellent place for a summer retreat. His house was in summer filled with guests for many years before any one else entertained the idea. This pioneer summer resort on Chautauqua lake, since

the death of Samuel Whittemore in 1874, has been conducted by his son. Samuel Whittemore was postmaster at Fluvanna for nearly forty-eight years.

AXE HELVES AND OX YOKES.

There are two small industries of an early day that we particularly desire to mention, not because of their importance, but as illustrating the vast superiority of some persons to others in the manufacture of very simple articles of trade. We have reference to axe helves and ox yokes. The Indians were among the earliest axe handle makers, and several early settlers gained some reputation as makers of good helves; but not until Elvin and Thomas Hunt came into the county, was any particular preference shown. They very soon educated the chopping community to use no other than a Hunt helve provided they could obtain one, although they sold at a higher price than others. We know not in what this superiority consisted, but even a boy who knew nothing about chopping would at once perceive that they were a beautifully finished, smooth and handsome stick, when compared with others. We notice that lately some one sent Gladstone several American axe helves, and that he gives the English helve the preference because the end of the American helve was sloping. If he had seen one of Elv. Hunt's handles, we believe he would have come to a different conclusion. Hunt has been dead many years; we have not as yet learned that any one fell heir to his art and method of making axe helves.

Joseph Smiley.—Very much the same might be remarked about ox yokes. Joseph Smiley (who came into the county in 1809, and was noted for his strength) was considered the only man who could make a good yoke. Any one having a pair of oxen expected them

to crowd, or brace and pull against each other, and otherwise act badly, if not harnessed with one of Smiley's yokes. We know not who makes ox yokes now, or during the many years since Smiley's death. Perhaps some one makes a yoke equal to Smiley's, but we very much doubt it.

A son of Joseph Smiley now lives on the farm taken up by his father nearly eighty years ago, when the wilderness with which Chautauqua lake was then surrounded was almost unbroken by the less than half a dozen settlers on its banks. For over seventy years he has lived on the shore of the lake, he has seen the wilderness converted into cultivated fields. He can look back and see the Durhams from Pittsburg slowly and wearily plowing their way to Mayville. Afterwards the flat boats with their small sails, then the logy old horse boat, and the saucy little Mink under the command of the jolly Capt. Carpenter. Then came the steamboats. He has stood on the banks of Smiley's bay, near the old home of his stalwart father and witnessed the panorama Chautauqua has furnished during the period of seventy years.

Jeremiah Griffith.—As we shall have a no more convenient opportunity, we propose here to place in the same yoke with Joseph Smiley his old friend and neighbor, Jeremiah Griffith. True, both of these men and Wm. Bemus, of whom we have spoken at some length, belonged to the town of Ellery, nevertheless a history of Ellicott that did not mention them would be incomplete. It is true they lived a mile or two beyond the east boundary of the town, but they were part and parcel of those early settlements and neighborhoods of which it has been our intent to speak of as among the early settlers of the town of Ellicott. We cannot con-

fine ourselves too closely to the limit of a town line.

Jeremiah Griffith, whose wife (Mary Crapsey) was an aunt of Mrs. Hiram Kinney, already spoken of, was a native of Connecticut. He came west when a young man, stopping first in the valley of the Mohawk, but during the first year of the present century became an inhabitant of Madison Co. In the winter of 1805 and 1806 he left Madison county with his wife and large family of children, on a sled drawn by oxen, in search of a more congenial home in the great wilderness of the west. With no location especially in view, he did not intend to stop until he had reached the state of Ohio. Being a native of Old Connecticut, it would be natural if he had fixed his mind on the New Connecticut, as the Western Reserve was commonly called. Arriving at Batavia, that border town, in which so many had already been influenced to turn aside from and shorten their course, he was advised, when he arrived at the cross roads, to stop two or three days and take a look at the lands bordering on Chautauqua lake, one of the most beautiful bodies of water on the continent. There he would find the richest soil and one of the most healthy of locations; superior in every particular to any thing of which Ohio could boast.

Arriving at the cross roads he left his family at Widow McHenry's tavern, and, with his eldest sons, passed over the ridge into the valley of the Chautauqua. Traveling on the ice of the lake they followed down near the shore looking at the land. Arriving at the Narrows they found Wm. Bemus and his family, who had been in their new log-house home only eight or nine days Mr. Bemus advised them to visit an old Indian camp about three miles down the lake from his house, and which he pronounced the most desirable

location on that side of the lake, next to his own. He said that near a small prominence jutting into the lake was a grove of second growth chestnuts, and a partial clearing of several acres, on which were old corn hills and other evidences of cultivation. That the place undoubtedly marked the location of a former Indian village, and that he had already learned to his satisfaction that Indians never made mistakes in locating their homes. That there was now no snow upon the ground, and that the ice was yet strong enough to make traveling on the lake with a horse safe, and that he would hitch up one of his horses and accompany them to the place indicated. The offer was accepted and the location examined, and Mr. Griffith decided to there make his home immediately, as his family were with him and he was compelled to have a home somewhere. He returned to the cross roads, and in two or three days had his family, his ox team, and five head of cattle, among which were three cows and a few sheep, on the bank of the lake at Mayville. One of the boys drove the oxen and other stock along a trail near the beach to the Narrows; while Mr. Griffith and other children large enough, drew the sled containing the mother and smaller children and the household goods down the lake on the ice. The weather had become extremely cold and stormy, and the undertaking proved a very arduous and perilous one. The snow storm was unusually severe, and they considered themselves extremely lucky in finding the shore,—whereabouts they knew not. By the side of a fallen tree they kindled a fire of brush and there camped for the night. The next morning they reached Mr. Bemus's house, and he, with all the forces at his command, turned out and

assisted his only neighbor to reach his new home in the forest, and to build for him a shelter of hemlock brush, all they could then do for his comfort, except that one of the men turned hunter and brought in a fine fat deer, which was a great addition to their scanty means of subsistence. That night they occupied their brush shelter. It protected them from the severe cold and the heavy snow that had fallen. They were all alone in the dense wilderness, their nearest and only neighbor was three miles away, nevertheless they were contented and happy. After the day's hard labor the "wolf's long howl" was as soothing to the weary wanderers as is the mother's soft lullaby to her infant child, and they slept soundly. They, unaided, built a log cabin into which at evening of the third day they moved from their shelter of brush. Although wanting many of the comforts of a good log house, they were happy and thankful after so many days wandering on an ox sled in an inclement winter, they were once more seated by their own protecting fireside. The thankfulness of present contentment beamed in every face, and they retired to their humble cots to dream of other comforts to be added in the near future, as the rewards of their industry and perseverance.

They had already most clearly perceived, that if they were to live and prosper in their wilderness location, a herculean labor was before them. They accepted the situation and went cheerfully to work. Stout arms were moved by brave hearts, and during the short time intervening between their arrival in March and planting time, they cleared and made ready over six acres of the land for seed. Whether this was all or in part, on the partially cleared indian portion we are not informed. In due season corn, potatoes and

other vegetables were planted, and a couple of acres were sowed with oats; and a large garden was not forgotten. They planted with the full trust and expectation of reaping a rich autumnal harvest which would bountifully supply their wants during another winter. But starvation was already staring them in the face, a fact of which they did not seem conscious until its near approach. True, their three cows were furnishing them milk, the forest gave them venison, and the lake yielded fish, but to live without either bread or potatoes was a contingency they had not weighed. They had become acquainted with the men who made occasional trips with Miles' canoe, and also with some southern boatman. They learned that potatoes and corn were procurable at Franklin and other places on the Allegheny river, and that furs, peltries and maple sugar could be sold at those places for fair prices. This information was not lost on the new settlers. In the spring Mr. Griffith and his sons had made a quantity of maple sugar, and could spare about fifty pounds of it. Being expert woodsmen they set themselves at work, and in a few days had a long, slim canoe added to their possessions. The sugar was placed in the canoe, and Mr. Griffith and his eldest son started for Franklin 120 miles distant as the water runs. Fifteen days afterwards a canoe was seen coming up the lake, and soon the voyagers stepped ashore at what is now known as Martha's Vineyard. They had been successful, but they had made a voyage which they believed could never be successfully repeated, they had endured hardships they never had endured before, and the thoughts of the needy ones in a wilderness home, had stimulated them to feats of strength and endurance which they would not believe if they had not experienced

them. But success had crowned their efforts, they took away with them 50 lbs. of maple sugar and brought back thirteen bushels of good hard corn, more than enough to furnish them all with *hulled* corn and milk and cracked corn pudding until their own crops yielded a supply. The autumn harvest was most abundant. Of sound corn 220 bushels were put into the rick. Of potatoes they had double the quantity their own wants would demand. The product of the garden was nearly enough to supply them a year. Of oats in the bundle enough to keep the stock through the winter with a small allowance of browse. Their rifles gave them plenty of venison, and an occasional roast of bear's meat. Millions of the finest ducks swam on the bosom of the lake, and abundance of fish, the best in the world, inhabited the deep waters below. Plenty of hard work, years of toil, was still before them, but haggard want was then and there banished from that home forever. When the chill November blasts began to blow, and the lake tossed as if by a tempest was covered with white caps, everything was genial warmth, peace and plenty, at that log house, for the cabin had been converted into a house during the warm season, the cattle and the sheep housed and protected from the howling wolf, and the brave settler and his family, seated around the warm, blazing hearth, gave hearty thanks to Him from whom all blessings flow.

I have given nearly a full history of Mr. Griffith's moving in and of the early hardships experienced, because he was one of the earliest comers, and settled by the side of the lake, and because with slight variations it would be the history of hundreds of our best, most determined, laborious early settlers.

SADDLES AND HARNESS.

We shall glance only at the commencements of this industry. How many harness shops we have to-day in our city we are not informed, but dare assert that fifty years ago there were fifty saddles made where one is now. Nearly all the traveling was on horseback previous to 1835. In 1820 William Knight opened a shop for the manufacture of saddles and harness in a small shop on the east side of Main street between Second and Third, near the center of the block on the lot where Broadhead & Sons' store now stands which is occupied by Whitley & Son. The next year his brother, Day Knight, worked with him and in the succeeding year, 1822, a dapper, pleasant young man came to town as a journeyman saddler and was employed by Knight. We shall always remember the advent of Silas Shearman into town, for about that time our mother had wound a ball out of good yarn with a cork in the center to make it bound, had given us a "fip" and sent us to Knight's to get it covered. Arrived at the shop Knight was out, but this nice-looking young man was there and very pleasantly asked what was wanted. "I wish my ball covered and here is a fip to pay for it." Silas took the ball and sixpence, and said, "You come in to-morrow morning and I will have the ball ready for you." The next morning we were there, promptly on time. He handed us the finest, best-covered ball ever seen, and we went out in front of the shop and "played catch" for several minutes. Finally "Sile" said to me, "Do you like raisins?" to which we replied, "Yes Sir." "Take this fip and go to Tiffany's and buy some raisins, and whenever you want a ball covered come to me." Shearman told us but a few

days ago that he well remembered covering the ball; we always have, and never shall forget it.

Silas Shearman is still living, smart and active, but no longer harnessed to the saddle-making business. He is now, as he always has been, one of our most busy active men. He has always been watchful of the interests of Jamestown. If any new scheme or project came up for the advancement of the town, Shearman was always on hand. If he thought it would benefit, it had his active support, if on the contrary he thought it would prove injurious, it had his unqualified opposition. He has always been active politically, although he has never held, and so far as we are informed, never sought office. He has held many military commissions, from that of Captain of cavalry up to Major and Lieutenant Colonel of the 162d Reg., 43d Brigade of N. Y. State Militia. He was what was termed a *rabid* Abolitionist, at a day when it was very unpopular to be an active opposer of slavery, and was a conductor on the *underground* railroad. He has from the first been active in the temperance cause and to speak the plain truth his aggressive, energetic support of what he considered right made him unpopular, with many, although as a citizen of Jamestown but few have been more respected. He was never a bigot or unreasonable, always social and brimfull of kindly feeling. Shearman has lived to see slavery abolished, and those who opposed him, his warmest friends. As he looks young and is still active, we hope he will live until the last drink of whiskey has gone down a fool's throat. He could then afford to lay quietly in mother earth up to that time which his religious views, set for the general awakening.

Afterwards a building was erected below Elisha

Allen's tavern which occupied the southeast corner of Main and Third streets, where now the Gifford building stands, and this building was on the lot where Marble Hall stands. The front of the lower story was used as a horseshed, which was afterwards enclosed and made into two rooms facing the street. In the south room, Loring Johnson had his tailor shop, and in the north one James Harrison commenced his watch repairing business. A pair of stairs on the north side of the building between it and the tavern led into the second story which was divided into two fair-sized rooms. To these rooms Knight removed his shop and took his brother Day in as a partner. Afterwards Shearman opened a shop of his own, and married Miss Marsh, a relative of Samuel Barrett, Esq. In 1832 Alvin Plumb and N. A. Lowry built a large three-story brick building on the northeast corner of Main and Third streets. This building consisted of two stores fronting on Main street, with a passageway between, leading to the offices above, very much as the new building now there, is arranged. Silas Shearman at the same time erected a two-story brick building where Maj. H. Smith's insurance building now stands, with the second story extended east over the archway which gave entrance to the vacant space behind the Plumb & Lowry stores. This two-story building was at the same time extended east by Wm. Hall to Potter's alley. John P. Shearman who learned his trade with Silas, married Lamanda Marsh, a sister of his brother's wife, and in 1838 opened a shop in the Hawley block where the Hall block now stands. This block afterwards burned and William Hall erected the present building. During the next year J. P. Shearman moved his shop into a building which stood on

the site of the upper store in the present Prendergast block proper, not including the store next to Dr. Ormes's. Charles Kennedy (afterwards sheriff of Chautauqua county) and James Dimmin, Jr., (afterwards major of the 9th New York cavalry) and others commenced the manufacture of saddles and harness in Jamestown as successors to John P. Shearman. We will now follow the subject further.

In the spring of 1841 the writer returned from New York city, a full-fledged M. D. John P. Shearman made him an excellent saddle and the finest pair of *pill bags* that ever a doctor straddled. One of the doctor's first calls was to see a child of Daniel S. Williams. Dan then lived in a house located near the west side of the Presbyterian church. The old house has been moved about fifty feet further west and is now used as a paint shop. As we went into Williams's house we saw a small and not very expensive nag hitched at the door. The saddle attracted our attention more than the power; horse. We went in and visited the child who was not very sick. We gave no medicine but promised to call again in the morning, (quite an usual custom among physicians—two fees are better than one, you know.) As we left the house Williams wished us to look at the horse, and finally to take a ride. We did so and rode to Lafayette street where we met Henry Baker and N. A. Lowry, both praised the horse and desired to know the value. We rode back and Williams asked how we liked the animal. We repled, "He is an easy saddle horse. How much do you ask for him?" Williams replied, "I will make you a present of that horse if you think he is good enough to start with." We accepted with thanks. John P. Shearman stepped out of Williams's house with a

new pair of pill bags which he laid across the saddle and said, "Doctor, there are the saddle and pill bags you ordered me to make." Looking towards Main street we discovered our father, Major Barrett and several others standing near the present postoffice building enjoying the fun. We did not ride up Main street as we had intended, but turned down Cherry and made all haste to the barn on Mechanic's alley, between First and Second streets.

Instances similar to this are not uncommon. There are but few who cannot look back to something of the kind in their first start in life. In after years, when the toils of life are nearly ended, when we look back upon the long landscape of the past, such occurrences appear, as it were, mountains in the background, speaking of good will to us, wishes of Godspeed in the long journey on which we had entered, and we remember the actors with holy love and veneration. How pitiable it is that so many of us fail of any honorable distinction in making this journey, and as life draws to a close can say "Life has not been worth the living."

CHAPTER VI.

THE PICTURES OF MEMORY—DR. FOOTE'S PURCHASE OF A RESERVED SECTION.—EARLY BICKERINGS—BLACKSMITHS—THE HARVEYS—FATHER CRANE AND OTHERS—MANUFACTURE OF SCYTHE SNATHS AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS—CHAIR MAKING—CABINET WARE—MILL WRIGHTS—FANNING MILLS—WAGON MAKING—TAILORS—SHOEMAKERS—THE CRATE LAW—LABOR AND CAPITAL—CARPENTERS AND JOINERS—COOPERING—SHINGLE-WEAVING—MANUFACTURE OF AXES AND EDGE TOOLS—GUN SMITHING—THE CHANGE FROM RIFLES TO SHOT GUNS.

EVERY man's memory is a depository into which no other man can look; a depository of pleasures and pains, joys and sorrows; precious to their owner because they are all his own. Whenever the mind becomes excited, there are memories, which rise unbidden, and with them come up from the heart, fears, hopes and affections, as peculiar as the character and fortunes of the individual to whom they belong. And in like manner in reviewing the transactions of past years, especially if also engaged in writing them out, we find ourselves again in the company of individuals

whom we had ceased to hold in memory. As we ponder over the incidents of the past, and recall scenes over which the passage of a half century of time has drawn its dark and heavy drapery, blotting from the mind seemingly, all but the faintest outlines of those scenes, the thick drapery begins to grow thin before our rigid scrutiny, and Memory from her deep recesses brings before our startled gaze pictures of hundreds we knew in the long ago; faces once familiar, at one moment wreathed with the old accustomed smiles, at the next covered with frowns that fifty years have not been able to obliterate from the tablets of the mind. As we ponder more deeply, hundreds of familiar voices salute our ears, the old peculiar laugh of each forgotten one, vibrates in the air, and we again take the places we occupied when but children in age. The graver of time has cut deep furrows on our faces, but the heart is again young as in childhood. Those faces beam upon us with all their ancient kindness and cheer. The long journey of our life, with all of its vicissitudes and changes, its joys and sorrows, its pleasures and pains, its successes and its failures, is forgotten, and we live only in the long ago; the reality of the present becomes only a memory, and the pictures and voices of the imagination caught from Memory's archives, become the reality.

The year 1822 was an unfortunate year for Jamestown and its inhabitants.

At an early day Joseph Ellicott reserved certain sections on which were water powers; deeming it might be to his interest to dispose of them afterwards, perhaps to the numerous members of his own family. The section east of the one sold to Judge Prendergast, on

which was the water power at the lower village, the Tiffany section, the Works section, and others on the waters of southern Chautauqua, were among these reserves. Judge Prendergast was negotiating with Ellicott through Judge Peacock for the section between his purchase and the Slippery Rock (Dexter's) in order not only to give to the town increased water power, but also to permit the growth of the town in that direction under his supervision. It had already become apparent that the land available for village purposes west of what is now called Prendergast avenue, a few rods east of which was his eastern boundary, was insufficient. While the negotiations were being made, Dr. Foote quietly went to Philadelphia and bought this tract east of Prendergast's purchase of Paul Busti, who was higher in authority in the Holland Land company than either Ellicott or Peacock. Foote and Prendergast, we may add, had become noted for their disagreements. A difference of opinion and an unconquerable dislike had grown up between them. Judge Prendergast could not extend his map of the village east beyond the boundary of his own purchase, and on this line was met by counter plans. Second street instead of continuing east in a direct line was there bent to the north, and between it and Fourth street the land was sold in a large block, on which barns and some residences were built in the line of Third street.

It was alleged by Foote that Prendergast would not sell water power and for this reason he was induced to purchase the reserve. The truth is that by the first sale of power to the cotton factory and the arrangement for using the balance, there was no water power for sale. That was one of the reasons for Judge Prendergast desiring to obtain this reserved section, and he did not

desire to adopt the plan afterward used at the lower dam, by which waste water privileges were sold to an extent that all the water running in the outlet during the highest flood would not be sufficient to turn all the wheels. The sale of waste water privileges was selling, in fact, something which did not exist. Judge Prendergast did accommodate everyone with water power who applied, much to his own inconvenience, plainly telling them that all power and even more was already disposed of, but so long as not in use, they could use it. Passing over the ill feeling produced at the time, the blocking of Third street, but a few years ago, gave rise to the fierce war waged at the opening of Third street, east from this avenue, causing the land to be bought by O. E. Jones, W. D. Shaw and others, and the street opened at their expense; and afterwards the fight over "Sine" Jones's barn when the town wanted the street but did not wish to pay for it. The notch on Fourth street, east of Prendergast avenue, bears testimony of this feud of over sixty years ago, and always will remain an everlasting monument to the parties engaged and a staring disgrace to Jamestown. One of our prominent citizens, Sidney Jones, Esq., whose residence is opposite to the notch, says he has been frequently asked; "What was the meaning of that notch"—"Why is one portion of this otherwise beautiful avenue wide and the other narrow?" He says, that while his face mantles with shame, the only answer he can make is—"It is a monument." The quarrel about the location of the academy many years ago, the singular location of the old Methodist church and the clause in its deed intended to keep it on that ground, and very many more of early village bickerings in which the inhabitants warmly took sides, had their origin in that

transaction of 1823. What was of importance to our fathers and to the infant village is of less consequence to their children and to the city of Jamestown, but the cause of this blemish in a beautiful street should be recorded. With this slight historical notice we will leave the subject, and put aside the old bone over which our fathers contended.

BLACKSMITHS.

After two-thirds of a century have passed away, it is difficult to say of that necessary worker, the blacksmith, who was the first to strike hot iron on an anvil; who made the first horse shoe, fashioned the first crane for some rude stick chimney, or turned and formed the trammel which attached the kettle of the early housewife to that crane; but we can come near enough to satisfy the most exact and particular seeker after facts.

In 1813 Capt. Forbes built for Prendergast a large, high, well-framed, clap-boarded blacksmith shop on the west side of the Blowers house, next to the alley and over the gully of the swamp stream. If that shop was now standing it would be on the alley directly west of John M. Grant & Son's store and about twelve feet in the air; the ground has been graded down at least that much. In the fall of that year Eleazer Daniels came over from Cross Roads and made mill irons for Prendergast in this shop and continued to work there until in April 1815. Daniels in the summer of 1814 bought property on the Brokenstraw in the neighborhood of Youngsville and moved to his new home in the following April. About six weeks after Daniels left, Patrick Campbell came to the Rapids by the procurement of Martin Prendergast of Mayville and set up a forge in a slab shanty on the side of

the race south of the present passenger station of the N. Y. P. & O. railway. This was the only man so far as our knowledge extends who in early days was *hired* to settle at the Rapids. Prendergast gave Campbell $75 as an inducement to come. Not long after James Portman came in and for a time worked with Campbell, making and repairing mill irons, but when Elisha Allen's shop on the north side of Third street, between Main street and Potter's alley, was built, he took possession of it.

Thomas W. Harvey, (afterwards Gen. Harvey) then a young man and an excellent blacksmith, came in the next year under engagement to set up machinery for the cotton factory—machinery which was never bought and consequently could not be set up. Harvey married Melinda Hayward, a sister of Mrs. Solomon Jones and Mrs. Samuel Garfield, in Wardsboro, Vt., and immediately started for Chautauqua to fulfill his contract. On his arrival in Jamestown he found an enormous building called the cotton factory, but was given to understand that the building had been sold for debt and that there was no machinery to set up and never would be. He remained a while in Jamestown, repairing machinery for Daniel Hazeltine, and set up a forge and did some blacksmithing in the Allen shop, intending soon to return to Vermont. He was fond of hunting and remained so long that it was too late to return that season, and went into winter quarters at Sears's (Kiantone) and there remained undecided, and as game was plenty, until it was too late to return the next fall. Finally, at the urgent solicitation of his brothers-in-law, Jones and Garfield, and the promise of much work and support from Daniel Hazeltine,

who wanted him to build him a carding machine immediately, he concluded to come back to Jamestown and build a house and shop, Judge Prendergast having offered him any lot he might choose. He finally said, "Friends, I have made up my mind to remain with you for better or for worse ten years, but I do not promise a day longer." He chose the lot on the northwest corner of Pine and Third streets, and built a very good story and a-half house, but which was never painted. I think the ground where his house stood has been cut down full twenty feet if not more. He built a shop on the west end of the lot on Potter's alley.

In 1820 his brother, Charles R. Harvey, also a blacksmith, a good mechanic, a genius, and at last a noted inventor, came to Jamestown with his family and built a house where S. S. Cady lately resided on the east side of Pine street, sixty or seventy feet north from Second street. Several years after this house was removed around into Spring street, just north of Mrs. Z. G. Keeler's residence, and is still standing although greatly changed in appearance. Harvey built on the site of the old house a large two-story house in which he resided several years. He removed in 1836 to Poughkeepsie and afterwards to New York. His residence on Pine street became the property of Adolphus Fletcher, afterwards of E. A. Dickinson and later of S. S. Cady; the house has lately been removed.

The Harveys worked together for several years in the shop built by Thomas W. Harvey. Charles R. Harvey afterwards built a shop for himself on the corner of Second and Spring streets, where Jason Palmeter's house now stands. The Harveys being superior mechanics and men of great genius, built much ma-

chinery for the factory of Hazeltine & Falconer, and for others, and for a time occupied rooms in the basement of the woolen factory for machine building. But Thomas W. Harvey had remained not only the promised ten years, but nearly another ten years upon that. He had already invented two very important machines which were in successful operation at Ramapo, near New York, but he had others yet more important, which required him to spend so much time in New York that he finally removed to that city in 1832. His brother Charles in 1836 followed him as far as Poughkeepsie, where he put in operation two or three valuable inventions, and a couple of years later to New York, where he rented a very large building which he filled with machinery of his own invention for weaving stocks for the neck, (much used fifty years ago,) out of pigs' bristles, and cloth out of pigs' hair. The writer in 1841 was in this factory and in one room there were in operation forty looms on hair cloth. The inventions of the Harveys have added largely to the industries of the world. The first machinery for turning screws was the invention of Gen. Thomas W. Harvey. The first pin with a solid head was turned out by a machine of his invention, and now there is not a pin machine in the world that the principle of action did not originate in his active, inventive brain. Many are the inventions now in use, which originated in the inventive minds of the brothers Thomas W. Harvey and Charles R. Harvey. Col. C. R. Harvey expended his inventive genius on machines of present utility; Gen. Thos. W. Harvey's mind penetrated deeper and interested itself in subjects from which he could not expect to reap a present reward.

He sought fame more than riches. He greatly improved upon the methods of making steel, but another appropriated the idea he originated, carried it to completion and reaped the immense reward. He was almost a fanatic on the subject of electricity and spent fortunes in making machinery and experimenting with it as a motive power. The writer frequently heard him say in 1841, when a member of his family, "If you live to the ordinary age of man, you will see electricity the great motor power of the world." Its present uses as a motor power and otherwise are but in their infancy, and yet we think exceed the General's wildest dreams. He had in '41 a large building full of machinery, some of it costly, which he had invented and found inadequate and then cast aside, in prosecuting his experiments on this subject, and what is strange he did not strike a single principle involved in the electro-motor machines of to-day.

It has been said that invention is a normal function of the American brain. The American invents, as the Greek chiseled, as the Venetian painted, and as the Italian sings. It is only necessary to go to the patent office at Washington to prove that the power to invent is inherent in the native of New England. It is possible that this trait of genius may have had its origin to some extent in the wants and the conditions which surrounded the early settlers of New England, and as we have so often heard, that it is strictly true that "necessity is the mother of invention." Some have thought that this genius to invent was spurred into action by the desire universal of gain, and the protection given by the government to the inventions of American genius.

Certainly this is not the whole statement of the

case, for the disposition to invent was prominent and marked in the New Englander before the system of legislation was inaugurated for the protection of the products of his genius. If we would inquire into the genesis of this American trait we should first note that the country was mainly settled by men of that race, respecting which Prof. Thorold Rogers has said that he has been unable to find any one notable invention for saving human labor, originating elsewhere, excepting the solitary instance of the carding machine, the invention of a Frenchman. And of this great inventive, Teutonic race, it was the most ingenius branch, the English, which contributed chiefly to the settlement of the Atlantic coast.

Whether it is attributable to heredity, or to climate or necessity, or to all, we will not undertake to decide, but it is certainly true that the early settlers of New England and their descendants are the most inventive people in the world.

The Harveys during their residence in Jamestown were among its most useful citizens, not only on account of the labor they performed and the machinery they built, but their prominence in all things touching the good and welfare of the village. They were men who should be gratefully remembered as long as Jamestown shall remember any of its founders.

Gen. Harvey was thrice married. His first wife, (Melinda Hayward) the mother of all his children, we have already spoken of. His second wife we did not know. His third was the widow of Alpheus Hawley, who was a merchant in Jamestown as long ago as 1838. The last Mrs. Harvey was a victim of the railway disaster several years ago at Norwalk, Ct. The general died soon after. Charles R. Harvey was first married

in Vermont to Olive Willard, a sister of Harmis Willard. She died in Jamestown in 1829, loved and mourned by all. He afterwards married Rebecca Hayward, sister to Matilda,* the second wife of the late Abner Hazeltine. Both wives bore to him large families of children, twelve I think in all. Of this numerous family but four, we are informed, are now living. We have not been able to obtain the dates of the death of Col. Harvey and of his wife Rebecca, but they died several years ago. We shall speak of General and Colonel Harvey again when we write up the general muster, "general *trainings*" as more commonly called, of early times.

LYMAN CRANE.

Lyman Crane came into the southern Chautauqua settlements previous to the Harveys, but came to Jamestown in 1823 and worked with John Portman in the Allen shop. He afterwards built a shop on the west end of the lot on which the hotel on Second street now stands, between Prendergast avenue and the alley. He was a good mechanic, and, what was more, a most excellent man. Lyman Crane will be remembered as long as a Methodist church exists in the city of Jamestown. The person never existed who knew Father Crane, who did not believe he was a Christian. His influence over the sick, especially those who did not belong to any church, was extraordinary. He was a plain spoken, uneducated man, pleasant but not gifted in conversation. During the earlier years of professional life the writer frequently came in contact with Father Crane in the sick room. If seen com-

* These were daughters of Charles Hayward who came to Jamestown from Connecticut, and were not related to the Vermont Haywards.

ing out of a house in which there was a sick person, that alone was *prima facie* evidence that another jewel had been added to Father Crane's crown,—another soul safe within the Christian fold. We could relate numerous anecdotes illustrating this remark. Although a man of but few and plain words, his power over the human mind was extraordinary and seemingly irresistible.

Although we believe we have written all that can be said of any man as a Christian, nevertheless we had a feeling that more might be expected in the case of Father Crane. We therefore consulted tho Rev John Peate, D. D., who had for many years known him intimately. His reply was, "You have said nothing you should not say of Father Crane, and surely you cannot say more. I think he was one of the most extraordinary men I ever knew. Although plain in person, slow in speech, below the medium line as a conversationalist, he was a vast power. When living I made the man a study, and I have studied him since he went away. I am confident that his great strength consisted in his *unbounded faith*, and he conveyed his message to heaven in behalf of the sinner on the perfect wings of that faith. He was gifted in prayer if not in the ordinary speech, and when his prayer was finished he had the perfect assurance that God had heard him; and the sick for whom he was praying felt the same assurance. The sick man felt, as it were, that he had been dragged by main strength over the battlements of heaven, and that, too, by one authorized to scale their golden heights." Elijah Bishop, who was present, remarked; "I can in fancy see him now, a humble worker in iron, pounding away and with each blow sticking his tongue out of one corner of his

mouth in a most comical and laughable manner. His influence in the church and especially in the sick room was never excelled if ever equalled. It did seem to me he could gain admission to the court above when no other man could. I viewed him as one of God's especial agents." Those who ever knew Lyman Crane, will remember him as a hard worker, genial, kind, pleasant, and as a Christian something different from what he ever knew before; he would not dare to speak disrespectfully of religion in the presence of Father Crane, and the secret wish would always arise in the heart, that he was as good as Father Crane.

The blacksmiths in the country increased fast. The mills of various kinds for a time multiplied with wonderful rapidity, wherever there was a water power; giving an immense amount of work to this class of mechanics. Safford Eddy, a son of the Rev. Isaac Eddy, and Samuel Garfield, a son of Deacon Samuel Garfield, succeeded Gen. Harvey in the shop on Third street. Col. Harvey's shop on the corner of Spring and Second streets changed hands frequently. Father Crane, Marenus Hart, Obed Chase and others by turn occupied it. Chase afterwards built a shop on ground now occupied by a portion of the Tew block, corner of Main and Second streets. Lewis Taft and Jason Hazzard built a stone shop on the southwest corner of Third and Spring streets. Joslyn Butler built another next the alley on the east end of the lot now on the north side of Third street between Pine street and the alley, and Sanford Holman another on the south side of Third street and on the east side of the alley between Cherry and Washington streets. Blacksmith shops have become numerous, it will not be profitable to follow them farther.

In a new and wilderness country, just receiving its first few inhabitants, unused and unaccustomed to the surroundings in which they found themselves placed, among the various mechanics that by chance strayed into their midst none was so warmly welcomed as the blacksmith. He was an absolute necessity. A new settlement cannot prosper if the blacksmith is not in the wilderness with them, all others are luxuries; at least, settlers of a new country can get along without them. In moving in, a horse has cast a shoe, a tire has given out, a bolt broken; the first call is for a blacksmith. Unless one can be obtained they are in the midst of a dire calamity. After he has arrived at his new home, he has immediate and most constant use for a blacksmith. If there is no blacksmith in the new settlement, the settlers are uneasy until they obtain one. We could relate several anecdotes of the early settlers walking through the wilderness fifteen or twenty miles to get a small, indispensible job of blacksmithing done. If, by chance, a blacksmith happened to come along, all sorts of promises of aid and support were made to induce him to remain. And if perchance he should conclude to seek some other place, there was mourning and trouble in that community until another was found to take his place. At least in the early settlement of southern Chautauqua the blacksmith was found to be the most important, the most indispensible member of the little communities in the wilderness. Old Father Spencer used to say, that a man to make a good pioneer preacher should first learn blacksmithing; that that would be the best recommend he could carry into the wilderness.

SCYTHE SNATHS, ETC.

Among the dead industries of Jamestown is the manufacture of scythe snaths and grain cradles. This industry was introduced by Deacon Samuel Garfield, a man of strong and superior natural intelligence, inventive mind and was in many ways identified with the early welfare of Jamestown. He was born in Worcester, Mass., removed with his father, Eliakim Garfield, who was a Revolutionary soldier, in 1803 to Windham County, Vermont. He there married a sister of Mrs. Solomon Jones and of Mrs. Thos. W. Harvey, and emigrated to Chautauqua in 1814. He purchased a farm in what is now Busti, (lot 46, tp 1, r 11) on the top of the hill, beyond Abraham Pier's, now the Jenner place. He was a carpenter by trade, a farmer from choice, and an inventive mechanic by profession. He built a shop near his house and worked in iron as well as in wood. His first mechanical work furnished the country with grain measures, nested from a half-bushel down ; rakes were a product of his Busti shop and soon, if a farmer needed a grain cradle or a cradle of any kind he could procure it at Garfield's. The bent snath which afterwards became so immense an industry in Jamestown, was a product of his inventive genius. He manufactured them at his little shop on the hill in Busti until the demand far exceeded his ability to produce, and he was forced to seek a larger field for his operations. The Stevens' tannery at that time was not in use, he purchased that and soon was engaged in manufacturing scythe snaths on an extended scale. The name of Stevens' tannery was soon forgotten, and the building was afterwards known as Garfield's scythe snath factory.

Immense quantities of these "crooked sticks"

were here manufactured, supplying the whole country and taken to the southern markets by boatloads. At first scythe snaths only were manufactured; afterwards grain cradles also. At one time as many as three of these factories were running at the same time. A. B. Cobb & Son, who I think were the third firm to engage in this business, and who bought out Garfield, manufactured grain cradles and rakes extensively. Several of these establishments from time to time burned down, the old Stevens tannery among them. Cobb & Son were burned out twice and, I think, three times. Soon after Garfield had established the business in the Stevens building, Ezra Wood became his partner. Afterwards, Ed. Reynolds, then the Cobbs and Broadhead were prominent men in this industry. Afterwards Simmons & Tyrrel built a factory at the corner of Second and Cross streets and manufactured largely. This establishment also burned. Ezra and Nathan Breed occupied a large factory on the west side at the lower dam and manufactured extensively not only scythe snaths but also other agricultural implements. According to my recollection Harmis Willard, Wm. Broadhead and W. R. Denslow were moderately engaged in this business at the lower village as late as 1870. In 1871 it became a dead industry in Jamestown; why, we are not informed. At one time it was by far the most extensive in the town. At an early day, before the establishment of these factories, the most of the hay rakes in use were made in Busti by Palmer Phillips, a celebrated local Methodist minister fifty years ago or more. He also made a few grain cradles. Rakes were also made by the Marshes at what was called the Marsh Settlement on the Stillwater near A. M. Kent's farm. Samuel Garfield and

wife died several years ago. They had a large family of children, all I think, now dead, excepting Lydia whose first husband was a Dilno and who is now the wife of Amos Palmer; and Benjamin who now lives in Salamanca. Fred Garfield, our energetic railroad man, is a son of Ben's.

CHAIR MAKING.

The chairs used in the settlement at an early day were of the splint bottom variety and mostly made by the Marshes. There were others who made a few, but I do not remember them. There was a man named Nash who lived on Oak Hill who was an adept in putting in flag seats, and I think he made a few chairs of this variety. Many in town employed him to renew their chairs with flag seats when the splints were worn out or broken. Phineas Palmeter in the year 1827 commenced the chair making business here, building a two-story shop on the tail race of the grist mill not far from the east end of Broadhead & Sons' worsted mills. In this factory they manufactured wood seat and flag seat chairs. The power for running the factory was gained by a large, long wheel which was turned by the mere force of the current of water in the race as it passed along. The next year Palmeter brought from Pittsburg our townsman, Robert V. Cunningham, of whom we have already spoken, and Benjamin T. Morgan who two or three years later married a daughter of James Hall, Esq., of Kiantone. Soon after his marriage Morgan left chair making for farming. The Kiantone Morgans, Delevan, Benjamin and others were his children. Morgan died many years ago. I cannot say whether or no Cunningham bought out Palmeter, but this tail race water power was found inadequate and Cunningham commenced the manu-

facture of chairs elsewhere. He built a residence and shop on the southwest corner of Third and Cherry streets, now occupied by Mrs. Andrew Smith as a residence, and their continued the manufacture of chairs. I have flag seat chairs in my house to-day manufactured for Dr. Laban Hazeltine, by Robert V. Cunningham fifty-five years ago. Cunningham afterwards erected the building now standing, south of the Sherman house and used as a boarding house, and there manufactured chairs. I well remember the first power used by Cunningham. It was a foot lathe and most thoroughly was his right foot educated to the business. Afterwards he had lathes in a room in the lower part of Prendergast's saw mill. Cunningham is yet, I believe, connected with a chair manufactory. His wife, the eldest daughter of Elmer Freeman is still living.

Afterwards chairs were manufactured more extensively by a man named Bell, and others, at the lower dam, and afterwards still more extensively by George A. and Nat. Flint and L. B. Warner, also at the lower village. Chairs by them were sent in quantities to the lower market. The Flints and Warner afterwards erected a large building below Allen street, near the lower pond. They may have manufactured chairs in it, but I think it was used for the most part for sawing and planing lumber. This large building and much property were finally destroyed by fire. We have now in our city an immense factory for cane seat chairs of all styles which are sold in all sections of the United States; also an immense factory for wood seat chairs, quite as extensively sold. In addition to these we have smaller establishments in which are made heavy splint seat chairs and rockers; and other establishments for

fancy seat chairs. We merely mention these; the early industries only come within our plan.

CABINET WARE.

There is to-day standing on the south-west corner of Main and Fourth streets a small one-story house which for several years has been used as a millinery establishment. This house, with its woodshed extension, originally reached nearly to the alley, and was built by Royal Keyes in 1818, and was for many years his residence. Keyes by trade was a carpenter and joiner, and came into the country from Newfane, Vt., with Elisha Allen in 1815. In the fall of 1816, assisted by Captain Horatio Dix, he erected a two-story workshop south of this house. There was a space of eight feet between the buildings, and the front of the shop was about five feet farther from the street than that of the house. During the winter of 1817—18, he returned to Vermont and married Amanda Kidder, sister of the wife of Abner Hazeltine, and then returned in the same sleigh to the Rapids with his wife, together with Samuel Barrett and his wife. Keyes himself was for several years actively engaged in housebuilding, but used his spare time in making cheap articles of cabinet furniture in the shop mentioned. Finding ready sale for all he could make, he employed a traveling journeyman to work constantly at the business. During the winter of 1816—17 a school was taught in the second story of this building by Abner Hazeltine. William Breed, a cabinet maker, came to Jamestown in the spring of 1820, and as Keyes was at that time engaged in erecting a mill for Nicholas Dolloff he permitted Breed to occupy his shop while absent, with the agreement that they should form a partnership as soon as Keyes completed his present job. The part-

nership commenced during the fall of the next year, 1821, and a couple of months later, January 1, 1822, John C. Breed, a brother of William, arrived and was given employment in the shop at Keyes & Breed.

While the types are being set for this page, Mr. Breed is being borne to his long home. He died on the 6th day of December, 1886, aged 82 years and eight months. A good man has fallen.

John C. Breed was born near Schuylerville in Saratoga county, N. Y., in the year 1804. He was the sixth child of a family of twelve children. Thomas Breed, his father, afterward moved to Cayuga county. In 1822, two years after he came to Jamestown to reside, which at that time had not outgrown its hamlet condition, there were but few families here and the whole country was a wilderness. There was then but one church organization in the town, and all of those religiously inclined on Sunday met at the old Prender-gast academy for Divine worship, which usually consisted of the reading by some one of a sermon, of singing and prayer. John C. Breed immediately identified himself with this band of worshippers which consisted of members of all denominations of Christians. He established and was the superintendent of the first Sabbath school organized in Jamestown. He was the first Baptist resident of the village, and one of the originators and organizers of the First Baptist church here in 1826, and is the last one of its charter members.

John C. Breed has been a true and faithful exemplar of orthodox Christianity in Jamestown for a period of 65 years. There has been neither spot nor blemish on his Christian character during that long period. He was one of that small band at which the

world points, and inwardly confess in their hearts and openly with their lips—*they are Christians*,

In November, 1827, he married Olive, the fifth daughter of Solomon Jones. For over 50 years he resided in the house in which he died. John C. and Olive (Jones) Breed had four children, of whom but two are now living—Judson W., the eldest son, is a resident of Cincinnati; Charles A., the youngest son, resides in Jamestown. Olive, his wife and companion of nearly 60 years of earthly life, tarries.

His father Thomas settled in Saratoga county on the farm that was noted for the surrender of Gen. Burgoyne and his army in the war of the Revolution. This farm was situated about one mile from Schuylerville where he was born. His father's family numbered twelve children. The most of them afterwards settled in Chautauqua county. Aurelia Breed, who married Luther Botsford, is the only one of the family now living, and she came to Jamestown to attend her brother's funeral. She lives now in Salamanca with her daughter, Mrs. Benjamin Garfield.

At a meeting in Jamestown a few years ago of the Breeds from various parts of the country, Deacon John C. Breed, in a very interesting address made on that occasion, closes with the following eloquent words :

"Our ancestors landed in this country 240 years ago. Eight generations of them have been born, most of them have passed to their long rest. They contributed to the general good, they helped the nation to establish itself, as we are now helping to maintain it. They did their part. Are we doing ours as well? These are momentous questions. The gray hairs gathering on my brow, and whitened heads of others I see here to-day, together with our failing vision and failing

strength, impressively remind us that we shall soon join the large circle who have passed on before. As we have so good evidence of the Christian character and integrity of so many of our ancestors who now sleep in the grave, my prayer to God is that ourselves, our children and our children's children may all meet with the redeemed family in heaven where its collected members shall be scattered no more forever."

Before proceeding farther we wish here to record a few more recollections of the Royal Keyes family. We have elsewhere recorded the return to Vermont of Royal Keyes and Samuel Barrett, their marriage, and their long sleigh ride with their wives, in returning to their home in the wilderness. Most thoroughly burned into our recollection, is that happy, delightful home of an early day? on the corner of Main and Fourth streets. A home of which not one of the occupants remains in Jamestown to-day; all gone, nearly all "in the church yard lie," three or four, perhaps, yet living, but scattered in far distant localities. This is my recollection of that home twenty years or more after Royal Keyes's return from that long, dreary sleigh ride, as we have seen them seated together many an evening, Royal Keyes and his wife Amanda Kidder Keyes, and their six daughters. It was one of the calling, one of the visiting places of the young people of Jamestown of both sexes for a number of years. Sometimes when we reflect upon the long ago, it seems almost impossible that so great a change has taken place. Mary was the oldest daughter. She married a Presbyterian clergyman named Miles, and is, I am informed, still living somewhere in the west. Melissa married Lysander Farrar, the first principal of the *Jamestown* Academy. Mr. Farrar studied law in S.

A. Brown's office. He made Rochester his home, and was successful in his profession. He died several years ago. His wife is still living. Alsey married Charles Kennedy, who at an early day was a saddler in Jamestown, he was afterwards Sheriff of the county. For some years he has been a resident of Washington, where himself and wife and family now reside. Philinda married George Blanchard, and died soon after. Lydia married John B. Forbes, and shortly died. Forbes afterwards married Sarah, who is, we are informed, still living in Fredonia.

Last summer a young lady called upon us and was introduced as Miss Farrar, a daughter of Lysander and Melissa Farrar. She brought me a long letter, all about the early days, from her mother. From this letter we make a few short extracts.

"I used to love to hear my mother tell her experiences when moving into the country. She and my father and Samuel Barrett and his wife were married on the same day, and expected to start the morning after the ceremony, Feb'y. 8th, 1818, on their wedding trip to Jamestown, which was to be their future home. But a furious snow storm came on in the night and in the morning the roads were impassible. They were delayed several days, but finally started in two sleighs, one covered and containing the two brides and grooms and a chest in which was packed the provisions for their long journey. The other sleigh was laden with their earthly possessions and driven by Levi Sherwin,* who was a carpenter and joiner by trade. The sleigh-

* Levi Sherwin was a brother of Milton Sherwin. He built the large frame house on the south-west corner of Layfayette and Third streets, which was lately removed, and died there about fifty years ago.

ing was good, and they were about three weeks in making the trip.

My father built his house on the south-west corner of Main street late in the fall, and could not finish it until next season. When my sister Mary was born mother said the snow sifted in between the boards and covered the bed on which she lay. Our parents, Dr., must have experienced some hardships we know nothing of—they were noble men and women. We shall never see their like again. I am proud of my New England parentage."

Mrs. Farrar gives some very interesting accounts of some of the first houses built in Jamestown by her father, viz.: S. A. Brown's, E. T. Foote's, Sam'l. Barrett's, Thos. Harvey's, and others, but is too long for our purpose.

She continues—"When our house was first built, the pine trees were so near it, that I used to lie awake in mortal terror when the wind blew, lest they should be blown down on the house and crush us."

I should have mentioned Royal Keyes as one of the captains of the old steamer Chautauqua towards the close of her career, and believe he became the sole owner, and at one time he was Major of the 162d Reg. of N. Y. S. Militia. He built the house still standing on the south-east corner of Fifth and Cherry St. in 1849, into which he removed, and there died July 1st, 1852. Sarah and her husband, John B. Forbes, about that time moved to Fredonia, and took their widowed mother with them, and the Keyes ceased to be inhabitants of Jamestown. Mrs. Keyes survived her husband several years.

In 1825 the Breeds built a shop on the west side of Pine street between Third and Fourth, employed a

couple of journeymen and increased the business. The front portion of the house now occupied by Mrs. Ellick Jones as a boarding house was constructed out of the shop put up by the Breeds in 1825. The Keyes shop some years afterwards was occupied by a man named Todd, and later by others, who built some cabinet ware and other household furniture. The upper room of the shop was for two or three years occupied by the Rev. Mr. Smith, a Baptist minister, for a continuation of Abner Hazeltine's Prendergast academy. It was afterwards occupied as a select school by a Miss Farnham of Ellington. In 1833 the Breeds erected a larger shop on the southeast corner of Pine and Third streets. Almon Partridge afterwards became a partner and they built a factory at the lower dam at the east end of the large factory at present operated by a son and grandson of William Breed. This industry, which commenced in the small way described above, is now one of the vast industries of our city. "Pearl City," for the writer takes upon himself, he will not say the honor, but the distinction of giving to Jamestown the name of Pearl City. How many cabinet factories, table factories, bedstead factories, lounge factories there now are in our city the writer is not informed, but he does know that the first pine and whitewood furniture made in this town, the boards were planed and nailed or glued together by Royal Keyes, and that as a business to be followed William Breed planed the first cherry and black walnut boards and fashioned them into tables, bureaus and other ware which we call cabinet. Although furniture in small quantities was from time to time manufactured by others, mostly transient persons, the Breeds have been the autocrats of the furniture business for a period extending over more than sixty years.

In a country in which even at an early date there were so many mills and so much machinery of various kinds, one would naturally expect to find many educated millwrights, mechanics skilled in hydraulics and strength of materials. One of the earliest workers of this class was Phineas Palmeter, a man of great genius and a superior mechanic wherever placed. Nevertheless, he was accustomed to say that he was not a millwright, that the business was distasteful to him, and he would not engage in mill building if he could avoid it. The earliest millwrights of the county were Capt. Horatio Dix, Milton and Levi Sherwin, Capt. William Forbes, Royal Keyes, and a man by the name of Spafford. Probably the first and the last named were the only ones who claimed to have received education in this employment. There were others, but these were the leading and the best until Elijah Bishop came in the fall of 1829. The first work in the line of his "*profession*" was to build and paint a *pulpit* and do some other work on the first Congregational church which was then nearing completion, and was finished in the middle of December of that year, and dedicated January 1, 1830.

Among the first of Mr. Bishop's work was the putting in of new water wheels and building other machinery for Hazeltine & Falconer. The burning of Judge Prendergast's big cotton-factory flouring mill gave Mr. Bishop an opportunity for showing his unusual skill as a millwright, for the Judge determined to replace the old mill, which was a good one, with as good a flouring mill as could be built. Mr. Bishop introduced in this mill superior machinery for smutting and cleaning the grain, and many improvements in the bolting apparatus. And what was of great and

permanent value, he put in improved water wheels, giving more power, together with a great saving of water. For many years Mr. Bishop *par excellence* was the millwright of this section of the country. It was during the period he was actively engaged in this busines that the rude "water-devouring" wheels of the past gave place to the economical and scientific structures of the present. In an early day economy of water was little thought of. Under Bishop's *regime* the economical use of power gave positive existence to a few of the many waste water privileges which previously existed only in the deeds describing them.

Henry Crippen was for several years a millwright here. I do not remember whether he came before or after, but I think he learned what he knew of mill building of Bishop.

A ludicrous anecdote of Crippen I cannot avoid relating. In 1852 the buildings on the east side of Main between Second and Third streets burned down. The old Allen Tavern on the corner of Main and Third streets, built by Capt. Dix and Jesse Smith in 1815, was included in this fire which originated in the store of Higley & Kellogg, situated about the center of the block, on ground occupied by a store owned by William Broadhead and occupied by Whitley & Son. Crippen slept with a dozen others in the ballroom of the tavern at the time of the fire. The other occupants of this *bedroom* had been up and in the street nearly an half hour, but Crippen continued to sleep. Finally they commenced removing the furniture, as it had become evident that it would be impossible to save the building. Crippen awoke in a crazed condition, poked his head out of the window and cried "fire! fire! fire!" with all his might; and then, much

to the danger of the many skulls congregated below, threw out of the window a looking glass and several frangible articles of furniture. Having performed this feat of a too quickly aroused mind, he poked his legs through the arm holes of his vest instead of putting on his trousers, and thus equipped made his appearance in the street below, carrying an enormous pair of iron firedogs. The fire was not so far advanced but that he was able to rescue the balance of his clothing; but the laugh was greater than Henry could endure, and soon after he went west.

John Phetteplace, our present experienced mill builder, I think was a pupil of that autocrat, Bishop. Ben Nichols is the prince of the present millwrights, but we are profoundly ignorant as to his "hat measure" and will drop the subject.

We would further remark of Bishop that for many long years he has been Jamestown's "poet laureate." Who among the old citizens does not remember "Florian" of fifty years ago? But one other could have presumed to dispute his precedence. Our late townsman, the amiable, gentle and good Dr. Asaph Rhodes, was the only poet who ever gained the reputation of being able to compose a poem, the sense and beauty of which would not be lost whether the reading was commenced from the middle or either end. Whenever a new hymn was needed in this locality for some special occasion, we generally find that Elijah Bishop or the gentle doctor was the composer.

FANNING MILLS.

Walter Stephens came to Jamestown as a fanning mill maker about the year 1832. He took for a factory a building previously used by Cyrus W. Jackson as a gun shop, and which was situated about the cen-

ter of where the Bush block is located on the north side of Second street between Main and Pine. After pursuing this business for two or three years, he formed a copartnership with Alonzo Kent and went into the dry goods trade. Afterwards he removed to Jacksonville, Fla., and erected large saw mills. He died in Jacksonville. Stephens married Matilda Tew, sister of Geo. W. and Wm. H. Tew. Three of his children are living—Emily, wife of Nat. Flint who now resides in Fairbault, Minn.; Antionette Stephens, who resides here; and Edgar W. Stephens of the Columbia grain drill company of this city.

Ed. Reynolds, who afterwards engaged in the scythe snath business, succeeded Stephens in the manufacture of fanning mills. Since Reynolds, we know of no one engaged in the fanning mill industry or any other wooden machinery directly for the "raising of the wind;" other methods are now in use.

WAGON AND CARRIAGE MAKING.

Wagon making was not among the earliest industries established in this region. The wagons employed in bringing the pioneer settlers into this country for several years supplied all the conveyance of this kind needed. In winter and, in truth, in other seasons of the year, home manufactured sleds of the rudest construction were much used. When there was no snow, the deep, thick mud of those early times was more easily navigated by the broad-runnnered sleds than by any wagon ever built. The settler would go into the woods and select two small saplings with a similar crook, and from these he cut his runners, peeled of the bark and, if he had a shave, flattened the bottoms so that they would present a broader surface to the mud. An axe, a shave, an augur and a jackknife were all the

tools absolutely necessary to make for himself this primitive conveyance. It was the remark, of Phineas Palmeter, that the settlers as a class never went into any new country so well prepared with mechanical implements as those who came to this. In nearly every log house might be found a small but fairly filled tool chest.

What were termed "jumpers" were very fashionable in an early day—as a stylish one-horse rig in winter. The runner and the thill were made from a single pole; the pole was half shaved away for a couple of feet where the forward end of the runner was intended to be so that the longer remaining part would bend upward to form the thill. Into the runner portion of two poles thus prepared two or three holes were bored, into which were driven pins about a foot in length. Two or three strips with holes at the ends for the upper ends of the pins fastened the runners together and made the foundation for the box, for which a crockery crate was the orthodox thing. A young man who had a good horse, a good jumper with a crockery crate for a box, a good buffalo robe or a couple of Indian blankets, with a string of enormous bells to scare the wolves away, was happy—the envy of the whole neighborhood. He could give his sweetheart an extra fashionable ride to the nearest neighbor's, perhaps five miles away, or to the nearest log tavern to a New Year's dance. But the young man generally took his rifle with him, for there were bears as well as wolves in the woods, and he did not care to meet any competition in the hugging business, in the deep forest through which he would have to pass. A very common, all-the-year-around, go-to-mill conveyance, was a small crotched sapling. A board, perhaps a box,

was made fast to the crotch, in which the grist was placed. The oxen were hitched to the butt end of this machine, and the crotch end dragged in the mud. From experience we must declare that it was an easier thing to ride on than some of the elliptic spring buggies of present times.

The first wagon shop in Jamestown was erected by a Mr. Welch, just above Mrs. Jones's boarding house on Pine street, between Third and Fourth streets, in 1824. The same building was many years ago moved to the side hill near the boatlanding just above Captain Murray's residence, where it yet stands. Patrick Maher lived in the building several years before erecting his present residence on the corner above. Several persons occupied this shop, each for a short time, after Welch abandoned it. Bradford B. Burlin commenced the wagon-making business in this shop. The firm of Burlin & Forbes afterwards removed to a large building which they erected on Third street. Nelson Woodford's "white horse" blacksmith shop now occupies part of the ground once covered by this factory. They manufactured carriages and sleighs for many years. Isaac Forbes finally retired from the business and Royal D. Warner took his place, and later John B. Rawson, our present Surgeon Dentist. Various persons and firms, one after another, succeeded Burlin & Warner in the wagon business. The building finally disappeared in one of our numerous fires. Dana H. Allen, a son of Gen. Horace Allen, and others for several years manufactured wagons and sleighs in buildings on the corner and west side of the present Institute street. Since that time this industry has been carried on at various points in our town. The business has from the first gradually increased in importance until

it has reached its present dimensions. It should be borne in mind that many wagon shops during this time have sprung up in the surrounding country. The most important and deserving of mention are perhaps those of Busti Corners, Frewsburg and Fluvanna.

TAILORS.

James Dinnin, an Irishman, father of the late Col. James Dinnin of the 9th N. Y. cavalry, and of John Dinnin of Boston, was the first of the clothes-making fraternity to settle at the Rapids. He had not been here long before he erected a building for a shop and residence on the southeast corner of Main and Fourth streets. Before this building was completed he married a daughter of Elias Tracey the celebrated old hunter, and a sister to the wife of Wm. H. Fenton, Esq., and soon after removed to Warren, Pa., and resided there several years, and then returned to Jamestown. Several years ago he removed from Jamestown to Panama and from there to Michigan, where he died. Dinnin in early life was dissipated, but reformed and joined the Presbyterian church. He built and resided for many years in the house now occupied by E. H. Danforth, on Fourth street, between Lafayette and the alley.

Loring Johnson was the second of the craft to settle in Jamestown. He resided here for many years. Between 1840 and 1845 he removed to Stockton where he died. Johnson resided on the northwest corner of Third street and Prendergast avenue. He built a small residence on that location, and also the pen, from which the bear the writer did not kill, stole the pig.

Noah W. Harrington was the third come-to-stay tailor, and who came to town in the year 1822. Harrington was by nature as much a comedian as was ever Burton or Emmett. Before he came to James-

town he was at one time a member of a theatrical troupe. He trained a couple of Jamestown girls and twice the number of young men into tolerable actors, and in the winter of 1824 they gave, in the ball room of Ballard's tavern a most excellent theatrical exhibition. Harrington's personification of Robin Roughhead in a celebrated comedy, the name of which we connot recall, we shall never forget; and there were those present at that early backwoods performance who had seen good acting in New York and elsewhere, who declared they had never seen any one do Roughhead better justice. In 1823 or '24 there was built on the west side of Main street, fifty feet above the corner of Third street, and adjoining the north side of the building which was first known as Jones's tavern and finally as Shaw's hotel, a two-story frame building, with a wide platform in front of the second story, which was reached by a flight of stairs from the street. We think, but have no positive information, that Harrington erected this building. He had not long been a resident of Jamestown when he chose Capt. Horatio Dix for a father-in-law. Keziah would naturally desire a house of her own, and Capt. Dix being an indulgent father and a good builder would naturally suggest to Noah the building of the *Ark*, as it was called in those days. About the year 1828 Ira Couch came to town, and for a time was in company with Harrington. He was a resident of the town several years, and at the close opened a shop on the east side of Main street, in a building still standing, the third above Fenner's shoe store. This house in 1821, and for several years afterwards, was occupied by Joseph Waite, Esq., as a residence and law office; then by Couch as a residence and shop or store. Still later it was purchased by Dr.

Asaph Rhodes, who occupied it as a residence and an office. First and last the building has had many occupants and is now divided up among several tenants. It is one of the landmarks of the early days which would benefit our most prominent street were it obliterated. Couch, after his removal to this location, purchased a quantity of cloths and ready-made clothing, and was the first to advertise as a "merchant tailor." He not long after failed and left Jamestown and went to Chicago, which just then was looming into importance, and where within the next ten years he made a large fortune. He became one of the richest among Chicago's monied men. He built, owned and managed the Tremont house and another large hotel, and built a block of stores and several residences.

Belvin B. Mason, father of Levant L. Mason, comes next on our list of garment makers. Where he first commenced business we do not clearly recollect. He at one time lived in a house on the southwest corner of Pine and Fourth streets, known as the Pearl Johnson house. We distinctly remember that he resided here when Levant left home to learn the jeweler's trade in Rochester. He may have had a shop in the long building then extending west from the house to the alley. Afterwards he had a shop in the second story of the brick block burned a few years ago, and owned by William Hall and others, situated on the north side of Third street, between Main street and Potter's alley. After Mason came Henry Herrick, who advertised to cut pants for 13 cents, coats at 25 cents and overcoats at 30 cents, and to make up the garments in the best style possible, at the same proportionate rates. There were several others who might be mentioned, but the above are the principal ones,

and as we have followed the business down to a period when just and honest profits *apparently* had to give way to ruinous competition, and, judging from the advertisements in the newspapers of to-day, the ruinous competition still continues, we will give the tailors a rest.

SHOEMAKERS AND COBBLERS.

In the settlement of a wilderness country where at least one-half were cobblers, and made, after a fashion, their own foot gear, it is quite impossible, after sixty years and more have passed away, to state who was the first builder of boots and shoes, without some special circumstance transpired to fix it in the mind. We well remember that the early tanners had a room for shoe making, and employed one or more men to make boots and shoes. Abram Frank, the Busti tanner, was the great boot maker of the country at an early day and employed several workmen. That Barrett & Barker employed at least two we can give positive testimony. Barrett and Barker's shoemakers had bought two bushels of chestnuts from an Indian, and had spread them out on a side of sole leather on some loose boards above their work room to dry. Ira Russell and Niles Budlong, two boys twelve or fourteen years of age, found the chestnuts and, believing they were for any one to eat who desired, filled their pockets and went away. They stated to their fathers that they carried away their pockets full two or three times —which probably was the truth, for several young men also found the chestnuts, and testified that they thought they carried away as many as two or three bushels. The shoemakers finally missed their chestnuts and learning that Ira and Niles had taken some of them, coaxed them into the shop and administered

"strap oil" in dangerous doses. The boys were laid up a week or more because of the fearful flogging they had received. The affair caused considerable excitement and Budlong was about arresting the men when Niles requested him not to do so. "Gust" and "Dase" Allen, Mart Forbes and Uncle Ben (Benjamin Runyan) had a confidential talk with Niles, and Budlong suspecting the boys were going to settle it in their own way let the matter drop. A few days afterwards early in the evening Runyan was seen sitting with the shoemakers on the edge of the platform which ran along the south side of Tiffany's store. A signal was given and almost instantly all the boys in town were in the street with Carpenter at the head. Two stout crates which were kept back of Tiffany's store and used to crate drunken men through the streets, and to the bridge, where they were hung off the side until morning, when the occupants were found quite sober and ready to go home to breakfast, were quickly on hand. They were placed by the side of the platform and as quickly there was a shoemaker in each and tied fast to it by strong ropes, and the crates started down Main street for the bridge, the shoemakers swearing fearfully. In case of a drunken man, undergoing the crate, it was a rule that if he used any profane language, any boy having an "elder squirt" (and on these occasions every boy had one) might squirt pure cold water from Tiffany's spring into his face until the profanity ceased. The elder squirts were immediately brought into requisition. The shoemakers begged; promised to swear no more, and the irrigation ceased. They were soon hanging over the side of the bridge. Some friends soon released them; they started imme-

diately for Warren—went down the river on a raft—and never returned.

The practice of crating drunken men in Jamestown began about the year 1822 and was continued for several years. With whom it originated we cannot say, although a shrewd guess might be given—surely not with the boys, although they were the executioners. We do not wish to implicate Silas Tiffany or any other prominent citizen of the olden time, in originating the "*crate law*," therefore will pass it over. The squirting of water into the face soon sobered the victim of the crate law. A drunken man was not tied fast to the crate; the hinged cover was closed and the crate made fast midway between the floor of the bridge and the swift water below. Frequently sawyers in the mill, who, as would be said now, were in "cahoot" with the boys, or other friends would draw up the crates and release the occupants, but it was seldom that a person once in got out until perfectly sober. With few exceptions it was seldom that a man was found in condition to undergo the crate after the second time, for the most part once sufficed. The method was cheap and effectual. If help was necessary Carpenter was generally at hand to aid the boys. We shall always remember his once presenting himself to undergo the punishment himself. He repaired to Tiffany's corner and gave the usual signal, and the boys were soon there. He said he was "half seas over," "three sheets in the wind," "water-logged," inclined to "go with the wind," "too lubberly sea sick to trim ship" and would soon be on his "beam end" if the boys did not give him a lift; wanted to be put into the crate, have water squirted over his heated "figger-head," and put over the side of the bridge to dry.

He was partially accommodated; we put him in the crate and wet him down with water from Tiffany's spring;—the crate was then placed on two handsleds and *Guinea* was escorted home by all the boys in town. On reaching his domicile he was perfectly sober, and before entering the house made a speech to the boys (he was a fluent speaker) which was greeted with cheers and the boys went home.

About 1825 Deacon James Carey and Deacon Loring Shearman opened a shop in what had been Titus Kellogg's residence on the north side of Second street between Pine and Spring streets where is now a long brick building, which as strange as it may appear, was erected by Kellogg, and intended for five fancy dry good stores of the village of Jamestown. Six steps in front led to the store rooms. They were never occupied for that purpose. Soon afterwards Wm. M. Eddy and Joseph Merrills opened a shop in the second story of Higley & Kellogg's store, before mentioned. Long before this time Hiram W. Curtis was making shoes in the building erected by James Dinnin for a tailor's shop, previously mentioned. In 1827 R. W. Arnold, Lewis Hazzard and Joseph Merrills built a small shop calculated to accommodate four workmen, just east of where Gron's livery stable now stands on Second street. In the year 1831 Ezra Wood came to town, entered into partnership with H. W. Curtis, and put a stock of Boston made boots and shoes into a building on the southwest corner of Third street and Mechanic's alley. This was the first regular boot and shoe store established in Jamestown. This building became quite prominent in the business affairs of the village and will be spoken of more fully hereafter.

In early days we had a sufficient supply of small

shoe shops to supply the local demand. Now we have immense five-storied factories, employing hundreds of shoemakers and sending their products far and near through the United States. Then we went direct to the shoemaker for our shoes, now the only shoes he could sell us, possibly, are the ones on his feet. Then the shoemaker made shoes; now it takes a dozen shoemakers to make one shoe. Then the shoemaker with his hammer struck heavy blows on the soles of his shoes forming them to his last, now he strikes heavy blows, which trouble the soul of the manufacturer, when he reflects how rich he has become, and how much poorer are the shoemakers who do his work, than were the shoemakers of sixty years ago, when each worked for himself in a little shop of his own. Then boys were sent to the shoemaker for "strap oil;" now the poor shoemaker is more frequently "strapped" than the boys. Then every man who was considered worthy to live was a laborer, and every one who worked had plenty to eat, for the laborer was considered worthy of his hire. Now we have Knights of Labor. "Knights" originated in the Dark Ages, and with them came the Crusades. Darkness again broods over the nations. Now is the Night time of Labor. The sepulchre of independent labor needs rescuing from the barbarous control of the Saracen monopoly of the manufacturer. This monopoly has crushed the business of the shoemaker, cheapened the price of shoes, and compelled the laborer to work for him at unremunerative prices, whilst he, the manufacturer, lays up his thousands yearly. Wealth and monopoly forbid the shoemaker to live by the sweat of his brow. He may not breathe the pure air of heaven; the impure air of colossal manufactories is good enough for

him and his children. He may not eat the rich fruits of God's earth; pulse, lentels and husks are good enough for him. Darkness broods! Shall chaos come again?

If labor joins hands with anarchy the worst is to be feared; but if labor joins hands with capital, on the reasonable basis of live and let live, then the future will be brighter than the past. The two cannot be divorced without destruction to both.

CARPENTERS AND JOINERS.

Sixty years ago and more, when every board used in building was planed by hand, seemingly every person who had the muscle to drive a plane was a carpenter. They were only machines; what they accomplished is now done by mill work. The early builders in Jamestown were Milton and Levi Sherwin, Capt. Horatio Dix, Plinny Cass, Ezra Marvin, Abraham Staples and perhaps a few others. The first structures erected for residences were not large but respectable. The farm houses and barns nearly all of them were built with logs; but five log tenements were ever erected at the rapids and they were cabins, not houses. The first mills and factories were large, well-built structures put up by educated workmen. As timber and boards were cheap, the early houses in town were generally made of superior material although plain in appearance. The scarcity and great cost of nails and hardware was among the greatest drawbacks to building. Many a good house we remember in which the floors were fastened with wooden pins instead of nails. * Nearly all the glass was of the 7x9 variety. When 10x12 and somewhat larger glass came in, some would not use it

* This was the case in the house in which we spent our childhood's days.

for fear their neighbors would think they were becoming proud. Our early blacksmiths made some hinges and door latches, but a majority of those were the handiwork of the carpenter. We well remember a set of wooden door hangings for a nice door in a nice house, that then we thought were the finest, most artistic of any in town, and have not lived long enough to change our mind. Hickory and ash made the best of door latches and catches.

Who has not read of the "latch string hanging out?" If the string was pulled in, the house was locked. We have knocked at many a door when a boy, and heard the loud salutation from within "walk" or "come in," both meaning the same. "Walk" meant walk in, not to walk away. Then a good pull at the latch string and a push on the door and you were in; no one to salute you, all sitting or attending to their business. "How d'du? draw up a cheer and sit. How are you getting on to yure house? right smart I suppose. When you start hum want yo tote a hunk of nice venison hum for your folks? 'Bill' this morning knocked over a big buck up on the wheat patch. Confound the deer, they will ruin us yet. They're worsen the wolves. There was near onto an acre and a half of that foller and we got it in airly and all in first rate style with best Mohawk seed brot in by old Jo Loucks, but the deer have eten it nigh all up. Well, 'Bill' must try and take pay outen their hides. But Freeman and Pier don't 'low to a white man near as much for a good pelt as they gives to the pesky, dirty Injuns. I'me near mind to go back to old Harkimer, and let the new country die out." The above is part of a composition written in 1828, and as transpiring in 1825.

In early times the fashionable color for a house was that of the original wood ; the more stylish houses, however, received a coat of Venetian red mixed up in sour milk. We remember two painted white, but the owners were considered extravagant and as setting a bad example. Henry Baker used to say that the first keg of pure white lead ever used in town was put on his house on the north side of Third street between Washington and Lafayette streets, which was built in 1827.

There has been as great a change with the carpenters as with the shoemakers. Fifty years ago, if a man was going to build a house, the first thing to do was to draw upon the ground a number of large timbers. There the carpenter had to lay out the frame, cutting a tenon here, and digging out a mortice there, in one place for a post and in another for a joist. In those days it took a learned man, at least in old Pike's or Daboll's Arithmetic to be a carpenter. When all framed, the sticks were put in their proper places and pinned together in what were called bents; then all the neighbors for miles round were invited to the raising. A "raising bee" was somewhat similar to a logging bee, leaving out the eatables. We have none of these pleasant social raisings now, where some giant of the neighborhood could show off how much he could lift, and another how readily he could handle a pikepole ; and where the important boss, standing in some conspicuous place, swung his arms in a circle, squatting low and then quickly regaining the perpendicular, and crying with all of his might, "he ho, he, up she goes." The children do not build as the fathers built. It now requires but two men to put up the frame of a large house. Then it was the labor of months to put up an ordinary

house; every board used had to be planed and sawed and fitted by the joiners. Now nearly all is done at the mills, there are no heavy timber frames, and all the carpenter has to do is to put the various parts in their proper places.

COOPERING.

Coopering was one of the industries of early times. Many who had settled as farmers were mechanics, and especially coopers, and employed their spare time in making pails, wash tubs, etc., which they would sell to their less mechanical neighbors or barter at the stores for tea, tobacco, cotton cloth, or other necessaries. Jesse Carrier was the first to set up coopering as a business in Jamestown. His house was on the north side of first street about equi distant between Cherry and Washington streets. The street that once existed in that locality was destroyed by the excavation for the railway. He built a shop facing Cherry street on the northeast corner of the lot now occupied by the W. D. Shaw residence. The demand for such ware was not great, and Carrier eked out a living by building skiffs for use on the lake.

SHINGLE WEAVING was a common industry among the early inhabitants of Ellicott, not only among the farmers but among the towns people. The timber cost only the sawing into bolts and hauling to the *shanty*. If a person had nothing else to do he would shave shingles. Shingles, next to Spanish coin, was the best article any one could have with which to buy the necessaries of life. In those days we had poor people, but no paupers. If one would eat he must work, and it was a poor specimen of humanity that could not shave a shingle. If there happened to be any lazy fellow in the settlement not willing to support himself, he was

sure to be hired in the spring to go down the river on a raft, and nine times out of ten he never returned. A walk through the wilderness from Pittsburg or Cincinnati would be more than such a person could endure. Southern Indiana sixty years ago must have had all the inhabitants of this class they could possibly desire.

In early times a bunch of shingles was legal tender at any store, shop, or place of business in Jamestown. It was formerly told of A. F. Allen and D. Allen when heavily engaged in lumbering and also selling goods in Jamestown, an old customer who had always paid in shingles made large purchases at their store and offered cash in payment which the Allens refused, saying, "We do not want your money, are you not going to let us have your shingles?" "Well, I don't know," was the reply. "Let old Guy (Guy Carl Irvine) have all we had at the shanty yesterday. He gives us ten cents a bunch more than you offered, delivered at Bucktooth." A F. Allen spent the whole day with that man and finally had a written contract for his shingles for three years, the first $300 worth of goods bought by him to be paid at the end of three years in shingles, the second $300 worth in two years in shingles, the balance of account at the end of three years, to be on the usual one-year time with interest, payable in shingles, and he to let the Allens have *all the shingles he made,* the Allens to pay ten cents a thousand more than Irvine would pay, and also pay the hauling from the shanty to Bucktooth; cash to be paid for one-half of the shingles each year in June. "By Goll, 'Dasc,' we will let old Carl know that he don't own the Allegheny river yet." "Mind your oar, 'Gust,' and keep the current. Old Jake will make nigh on to two millions this year, and they are the best hauled out on the Cincinnati

beach, and will fetch fifty cents a bunch more than any other. I can sell all you buy and not half try. I guess I will write down to York and have Connover & LeBaugh send us an extra thousand dollars' worth of Orleans sugar and molasses, and three or four more hogsheads of codfish, and get 'em through before the canal closes; and I will have Levi Cook send up $50 worth more of those beads for the squaws to put on moccasins, for Old Jake will put a draw shave into the hands of every Indian between Cold Spring and Tunamagwont."

AXES AND EDGED TOOLS.

Excepting the axes and edged tools which the settlers brought into the country with them—and that supply we have always understood was bountiful—all were made in the country. It was seldom that the pioneer brought with him into the wilderness less than two good axes and many of them half a dozen and even more. Broad axes and shingle shaves were also brought in liberal supply, but of the latter, it was soon learned that those made here, for the service required, were superior to those they had brought from Vermont and elsewhere. The Harveys especially, made very superior edged tools, and those who desired something extra were willing to pay their extra prices. They declared that facilities not within the reach of a wilderness blacksmith, were required to make the manufacture of axes and broad axes, a remunerative employment at prices at which the article should be produced. Father Crane devoted much of his time to the making of axes and other edged tools. Pearl Johnson, who came into the village somewhere between 1826 and 1828, devoted his entire attention to the manufacture of edged tools of all kinds. Butcher,

carving and chopping knives he kept constantly in stock of sizes and shapes to suit all, but shingle shaves were the articles produced by him in largest quantities. No shingle weaver would be long without one of Pearl Johnson's shaves if he could procure one. He advertised his shaves as the "best the world produced." "All those who want shaves of a 'superior article' will take care that P. J., is stamped on them, as no others are of my make." The first establishment for the exclusive manufacture of axes, I think, was at the head of the lake near Barnhart's by a man named Barnes. Edmund Edgerton, a workman of Barnes', and Lyman Crane afterwards built an axe and edged tool manufactory at Dexterville, East Jamestown. They not only supplied this country with axes, but southern and western wood choppers soon learned their superiority, and they were taken down the river in great quantities. Axe making still continues to be one of the prominent industries of Jamestown.

GUN SMITHING.

The making and repairing of guns was a flourishing industry in Jamestown sixty years ago. When Jamestown was but a small village there were two prosperous gun shops at the same time. Both establishments commenced business on Second street. That of Cyrus W. Jackson was across the alley west of Crane's shop and on the east end of Jason Palmeter's lot; that of Owen VanDyke on the opposite side of the street and a few feet farther east. Jackson's establishment was the most extensive of the two, employing at one time four journeymen gun makers and two apprentices, VanDyke having but two men besides himself. The last made but one quality of gun; they differed in size and appearance, but the price was the

same; with him $22 was the invariable price for a VanDyke rifle. These establishments for a few years did an immense business, not only in making new guns, but in changing old ones. At that time, first, pill percussion, but soon after cap percussion for priming became known. There was but one percussion gun in the town at that time and that was of the pill percussion variety and belonged to the writer and was well known in early days in Jamestown as "Old Kill Deer"—a name taken I believe from Cooper's Last of the Mohicans. The country was yet a wilderness and nearly every man in it, whatever might be his business otherwise, was more or less a hunter.

In nearly every house was a "stack" of old fashioned *flint lock* guns. Besides rifles there were a large number of United States muskets and old Queen Ann arms as they were called. The most of them were with broken locks, and all of them useless. The first great work was to convert the flint lock rifles into percussion guns and by the time this was accomplished, the owner generally imagined he wanted a new gun. *The gunsmith in changing the lock would find other things needed, and after making a bill of several dollars for repairs would find a flaw or imperfection somewhere, and of course a new gun was ordered* For the new gun from $25 to $40 was paid according to the number of pieces of silver (*pewter*) with which the stock of the gun was ornamented. Frequently the old gun on which had just been paid $10 or $12 in repairs was sold for $5 in part payment for the new gun, and this with a couple of days' labor was transmogrified into a new gun as valuable as the one for which it was exchanged. Up to the advent of the gunmakers a person would be laughed at if seen car-

rying a musket, especially if it was loaded with anything less dangerous than a ball or slugs. The woods abounded in partridges, squirrels, quail and other game, but no one was expected to shoot at anything smaller than a deer, a bear, or a wolf. After all the flint-lock rifles were converted into percussion guns and hundreds of new rifles sold, a new dodge was resorted to, and that was to supercede the rifles by shot guns. Jackson brought with him specimens of shot guns and old muskets done over into shotguns, and would go out and bring in great strings of partridges and squirrels. They were smaller animals to be sure but much more palatable than the coarse bear's meat and the too frequently poor venison on which we had been feeding. The woods were chock full of this delicate food, but we must have shotguns, *Jackson used to say*, if we would enjoy it: rifle balls left nothing but a mangled mass, unfit for food. Straightway all the old Queen Anns, and United States muskets were converted into shotguns, and the younger hunters were prouder of their fowling pieces than ever were the older ones of their rifles. As near as I can recollect these palmy days for gunsmiths ended about 1835. For many years afterwards there was no regular gunsmith in Jamestown.

This business has completely changed. Beyond repairing, few guns, perhaps not more than half a dozen, are now made in Jamestown in a year, and these are costly affairs not intended for hunting but for target shooting. The game once so plenty has nearly all disappeared.

I relate the following -which probably illustrates the "fool hardiness" of the boys of Jamestown in early times, quite as much as their steadiness of nerves and

their skill with the rifle. With all skill and steadiness of nerves had they not been "foolhardy" the story could not now be related. Hiram Eddy, now the Rev. Dr. Eddy of Connecticut, and the writer at an early day were noted as "good shots" with the rifle. Many years ago on Main street a short distance south of the cemetery was a deep gulf in which was a watering trough. Since that time the gulf has been nearly or quite filled and the watering trough, we believe, removed. Eddy and the writer had been out hunting with indifferent luck, in fact killed nothing, although Eddy had shot at a calf not ten yards distant without disturbing it. The shot was made under the outrageous banter of his friend, the writer, that he was no marksman, etc. The writer owned both of the guns and loaded them both. Eddy finally took up the writer's gun as if to shoot. "No, no. Use your own gun." He exchanged guns and fired. The calf stood unmoved. He turned towards me and leaning on the muzzle of the gun, said, "I was positive there was no ball in this gun when you would not permit me to use the other. I would not have aimed at that calf for fifty times his value if I had believed there was." We were on our way home and came to the watering trough. I picked up a small chip and gave it to Eddy and said, "You go up the hill and hold this at arm's length in your fingers and I will go up the other side and see how near I can put a ball through the center of it." He took the chip and started and the writer went in the contrary direction. It was eight or ten rods across the gulf. I drew up and fired. The ball pierced the chip to the outside of the center. Eddy remarked that he could beat that. I said to him that we could tell better after he had shot. He repeat-

ed that he could, but he wanted to shoot "Old Kill Deer;" that he would not risk the other gun. His ball was nearly as far inside of the center as mine was on the outside. We fired several shots in this way. Several years ago the writer related this story to E. C. Bailey, Esq., of our city, a son-in-law of Dr. Eddy. In reply he said, "I do not quite doubt your word, but nevertheless will write to Father Eddy and get his remembrance of the affair."

In early times there was quite as much shooting at a mark, target shooting as it is now called, as there is in these days, but of a very different character. Now guns of great accuracy, supplied with all the machinery for raising or depressing the sight, telescopes, etc., are used, and the distances between the marksmen and the tarket are almost fabulous. Then the longest distance did not exceed 20 rods; 15 rods was a great distance at which to fire at a deer, and in truth the distance seldom exceeded 8 or 10 rods. A hunter would not fire at a bear unless within 5 or 6 rods, and the most of mark shooting was 5 rods or less, and always at arms length.

In early times it was considered necessary to destroy the game as fast as possible, it was so destructive to the crops, and a person was considered almost a philanthropist who would go out and kill two or three dozen squirrels, which were left where they were killed. The writer has many a night, for an hour or so, watched a small wheat field now within the city bounds, on what was called the old fair ground, to prevent the deer feeding upon it. Now but a few wild animals and birds remain and we have stringent laws for their protection. The time once was when quail were abundant and the wood pigeons plenty from early

in the spring until late in the fall. Now there is not a quail in the country and the pigeon is seldom seen.

MACHINE SHOPS.

The first machine shop, so called, was probably the one started in the basement of Daniel Hazeltine's factory by the Harveys as before mentioned. In a country in which were so many mills, shops of this kind were absolutety necessary. Capt. Phineas Palmeter from the earliest settlement of the country was more or less engaged in the building and repairing of machinery in Jamestown as long as he lived, and his son and grandson have continued the business up to the present time. Many places in town have been occupied by machinists; even if we can remember where, it would not be profitable to point out the locations. Jason Hazzard, C. W. Jackson and others were among the earlier machinists after the Harveys. Over 50 years ago Daniel S. Williams came to Jamestown and erected the first foundry on the southeast corner of Washington and Fourth streets, in the swamp as it then was. Afterwards the foundry was removed to the east side of the alley into the buildings erected by Williams & Barrett, and which are still in use. They manufactured stoves extensively and added lathes for machine work. Two young men, Josephus Clark and Josiah Lincoln, went into the establishment as apprentices, and learned the business from the foundation up. They afterwards bought out the old firm and the establishment was known as Clark & Lincoln. In a year or so Lincoln sold out to his partner and went west. Josephus Clark has remained in it up to the present day, and from a poor boy has "*manufactured*" himself into one of Jamestown's solid men. A few years later another foundry was started not far from

Parks & Co's shoe factory, by Steele and others. This establishment was afterwards removed to the south side of the outlet to ground now occupied by a flouring mill on the east side of Main street near the bridge. The firm at one time was Steele, Tew & Sprague, and the establishment the most extensive that has ever been in Jamestown. James Sprague, a superior mechanic, died several years ago, and since his death there have been many changes in the firm, ending in the extinction of the establishment. The Ben. Nichols' establishment on the south side of the race I believe is the legitimate continuation of it and one of the important machine shops in Jamestown at the present time.

Possibly there may be some important industry of an early day that we have unintentionally passed over, but we believe we have mentioned the most important ones. It now occurs to our mind that at one time many knot bowls were manufactured here. We presume the knots were used up long ago, for we have neither seen or heard of a knot bowl in years. For two or three years we believe, hand sleds were manufactured in large numbers for the foreign market, but was discontinued several years ago. Jamestown is now a manufacturing city, and we number our manufactures by the hundreds. They may be interested in our account of the smaller institutions of Jamestown when it was a small village, and when everything manufactured beyond the wants of the people was carried "*down the river on a raft.*"

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY MANUFACTURES AT THE LOWER DAM—CHANGES IN THE OWNERSHIP OF THE SASH FACTORY—BIOGRAPHICAL MENTION OF THE MEN—THE PAIL FACTORY—TAKING GOODS TO MARKET—ANECDOTES—A TRIP DOWN THE ALLEGHENY AND OHIO FORTY-THREE YEARS AGO—THE SALE OF JAMESTOWN PRODUCTS ON THE OHIO RIVER.

When we were engaged in writing our series of articles on the early history of Ellicott for the Jamestown Journal, Mr. Nathan Brown at our solicitation wrote a number of papers, giving the history of some of the industries at the lower dam, especially of the old sash factory and the pail factory, with which at an early day he was connected. And also a history of the sale of these articles from flat boats, to the various towns along the Ohio river. Mr. Brown has now been engaged in this trade, to which he has added furniture and agricultural implements for a period of forty-four years and no man is better qualified to write up this history than he. The following chapter is made up from the papers prepared by him for our series published in the Journal. Some portions exceedingly interesting, but not essential to the history of Ellicott we have been compelled to omit.

The first sash factory in Jamestown and in the county, was built by Sedgwick Benham and Smith Seymour in 1826 and located at the lower dam, at what is commonly known as Piousville; and, as the greater part of the year was spent in building the factory and preparing the machinery, they did not commence business until the next year. In 1827 Smith Seymour sold his interest to a Mr. Goodwin, who only remained a year, selling to Wm. R. Rogers, and under the name of Benham & Rogers, they increased the business, and, there being no outlet for their goods except the river, they commenced building boats and running the goods south. Mr. John Scott, their foreman, managed the river business and the running of the boats. During the year 1829 they manufactured a surplus stock and built a large boat, and in the fall Mr. Scott coasted down the Allegheny, Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans. As this long trip was never repeated we concluded it was not remunerative. In the spring of 1831 John Scott bought an interest; the new firm being Benham, Rogers & Scott, under which name they continued the business, still marketing their goods south. In 1836 Benham retired, the firm becoming Rogers & Scott until Rogers sold his interest to Levi Barrows; Scott & Barrows continuing to sell their surplus stock south. At an early day there existed a prejudice against machine or "Yankee-made goods;" goods were consequently left on commission and credit and a ruinous system of making sales inaugurated.

In 1852 Nathan Brown, who was dealing in agricultural implements on the river proposed to buy their goods, take the bills and stock left on commission, and to buy and sell their goods in his own way. This

arrangement was entered into, and continued down to 1873, he selling in the aggregate $75,000 worth of the goods from this shop, and, at the same time, nearly the same amount from the sash factories of Wm. H Robertson, located at the foot of Main street, and of L. F. Merriam at Worksburg. Afterwards not being able to obtain goods enough in Jamestown to fill the large orders from the south, he was obliged to procure a large quantity of sash at Warren.

It was about 1845 that the manufacture of doors and blinds commenced, that of window sash alone being carried on previously. In 1856 John Scott sold his interest to his partner, Levi Barrows, who carried on the business alone until 1860, when his sons became his partners under the name of Barrows & Sons. From this time on there have been many changes in this firm and many different owners and partners. John T. Wilson is the present proprietor who, with improved machinery and better facilities for manufacturing, continues the business on the same site on which the sash factory was located over sixty years since.

Mr. Benham came to Jamestown from Penn Yan, Yates county, N. Y. After Mr. Benham sold his property the family returned to the east.

Smith Seymour was born in Camillus, N. Y., Dec. 17, 1803. He married Chloe Foote, sister of Dr. E. T. Foote, by whom he had four children, two of whom died in childhood; Emeline S. married A. J. Weeks and resides in this city. and Burritt G., lives in New York. His second wife was Lucy, widow of Henry Barrett. Seymour died several years ago.

Wm. R. Rogers married Sophronia Benham and their family consisted of seven children, five sons and

two daughters; two of the sons, Dorrance and William, died victims of the war of the Rebellion. Lewellyn and the two sisters Lucy and Harriet reside in Warren; Lewellyn married Louisa, the eldest daughter of Judge S. P. Johnson and Martha (Hazeltine) Johnson and resides in Warren, Pa. Lucy becoming the wife of Judge Wm. Brown of Warren, and Harriet the wife of Mr. James of Warren. Wm. R. Rogers was one of the original members of the Presbyterian church and was an elder until his death. He was also superintendent of the Sunday school for many years and was an active church worker.

John Scott came to Jamestown in 1828. He married Elmina, youngest daughter of Rev. Isaac Eddy. They had six children, three of whom died in infancy; their son Robert was drowned April 12, 1868 on board the steamer Seabird, which was wrecked in Lake Michigan. James B. enlisted in the 9th N. Y. cavalry, September '61, and died January 18, '63, a martyr to freedom and his country's cause. John W. is a physician in Jamestown. John Scott was one of the original members of the Presbyterian church, and an elder from the beginning until his death in 1873.

Levi Barrows was born in Luzerne, Warren county, N. Y., March 26, 1804. He was married July 6, 1828, to Abigail P. Ransom who died in September 1846. His second wife was Sally E. Canfield whom he married in 1847. She now resides in Jamestown. Mr. Barrows came to Jamestown in 1831. He was the father of twelve children, nine by the first wife, and three by the second, of whom four are now residents of Jamestown. Levi Barrows died in 1863.

Parley Smith, of Syracuse, a relative of Nathan Brown, came to Jamestown in 1830, and purchased a

large building which had been erected at the lower dam for a pail factory by Rowe and Dewey, who bought and tested to their sorrow the Miner patent for cutting pails in nests out of the whole log, each pail being but one piece, lacking the bottom. The patent was a failure. Smith induced his brother Levi and George Steele of Frankfort, N. Y., to become his partners. The firm was Parley Smith & Co. Nathan Brown came to Jamestown at that time in their employ. Two years later they sold the concern to Merrifield and Allen; and a short time after Allen disposed of his interest to Wm. M. Eddy. They had bad luck in boating their goods to market, but received good prices for the pails. They had Jake Rice for a pilot, but he was too heavily loaded with whiskey to take the proper care of the load committed to his charge.

In the fall of 1833 Ezra Wood bought the establishment, manufactured a boatload of pails, and Joel Partridge run them to market. Partridge sold for good prices and received a large sum of money which he carried in rolls in his pocket. He was followed by two suspicious looking men, all stopping at the Stone House, forty miles out from Pittsburg. All were obliged to sleep in the same room, and in the night the writer heard the men planning to rob Mr. Partridge; his wakefulness prevented the success of the plan.

In 1834 Joel Partridge became Mr. Wood's partner. About a year later one of the hands working in he early morning snuffed his candle and dropped the burning wick into the shavings. He kicked the chips over it and supposed he had smothered it, but it ignited the light material and burned the entire factory and warehouse and surplus stock, inflicting a severe financial loss. Almost before the embers had become cold

the proprietors commenced drawing lumber for a new building. Elijah Bishop put in the machinery and a 12-foot breast wheel, which the writer very distinctly remembers. In a remarkably short time the new factory was built and again turning out its pails and tubs by the thousands. One cold morning we found the wheel frozen fast. We took a lantern and axe, and going into the wheel, commenced cutting on one side, when the wheel suddenly started, throwing us and the axe backward and extinguishing the light. The first thought was that one of the hands had come in and hoisted the gate, and set the writer hunting for his prayers, apprehending that there might soon be one less of the Brown family ; but it was only the weight of the ice which had accumulated on one side of the wheel that had caused the start, and it soon stopped. Brown groped for the manhole, not waiting for any further ceremony about getting out. The first work of that morning was to send one of the boys up to Tew's hardware store to procure a lock, chain and staple, and he never again went into the wheel without having the gate locked and the key in his pocket, to avoid a repetition of what might have been a serious accident.

The firm carried on the business extensively, from 40,000 to 50,000 pieces of ware being manufactured a year, and employed a large number of hands. Girls were employed to do the painting. At that time it was the fashion for women to wear low necked dresses. The prepared paint was kept on a high shelf ready to be used when needed, and one of the girls, when reaching up to get a dish of blue paint, accidentally spilled the contents in the *shore* side of her dress. She ran like a blue streak over the bridge toward her boarding

place, leaving a blue trail as she went. She did not return until the next day, when she remarked that she "had heard of the blue laws of Connecticut, and of the blue Yankees, but had never expected to become a blue-breasted Yankee herself." In writing about the sash factory we abstained from anecdotes, knowing all the proprietors to be staid Presbyterians, from the dawn of its existence down to the close of its administration under Deacon Barrows ; but, as the pail factory was a Congregational institution, we have taken the liberty to indulge in a few remembrances of that character.

In 1839 Nathan Brown became one of the partners for a short time ; but he soon sold his interest back to them, preferring continuing as the foreman. In 1843 he purchased of Wood & Partridge a boat loaded with a miscellaneous stock, consisting of buckets, tubs, agricultural implements, etc., and soon after the company dissolved partnership, Mr. Wood engaging in the manufacture of agricultural implements, and Mr. Partridge in other business. Kibling & Peasley rented the factory for a short time, and it finally culminated in the pail factory at Dexterville under the name of Salisbury, Kibling & Peasly, which proved a financial failure, many of their friends losing heavily. The original pail factory was torn down, and not a vestige of the island or anything connected with the manufactory remains. Where, for so many years was heard the clatter and buzz of machinery and the hum of industry, naught now remains but the open, flowing outlet.

William Eddy was a son of the Rev. Isaac Eddy, the first pastor of the Congregational church. He married Sophronia Willard, a sister of Harmis Willard. Howard Eddy, who was for several years engaged in

the manufacture of carriages here, was his son. Mr. Eddy died several years ago.

Ezra Wood was a native of Westminster, Mass. He came to Jamestown in 1831 and established a shoe-store in company with H. W. Curtis; in 1832 he married Mary Williams in Westminster, Mass. In 1833 he built a house where now the Prendergast residence stands, cutting down a forest of second-growth pine trees; and on the north side of the house, where Mr. Newland now lives, was a hill as high as the second story windows. Where now is Fourth street was a narrow, uneven pathway through the woods to the Baptist church. They had one son, George, who died in Chicago in 1870. Mr. Wood was an active member of the Congregational church and an active man of business, until his death in 1884.

Joel Partridge came to Jamestown from Worcester, Mass. His first wife was Azubah Goodell, by whom he had six children, two of whom are now living—James N. Partridge, and Eleanor A., wife of Samuel Kidder, both of this city. His second wife was Mary R. Pennock, by whom he had six children, three of whom are now living—Dr. Joel Partridge of Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mary E., wife of D. D. Frank, and Frank E. Partridge, both of this city.

I ran my first boat down the river in the spring of 1843 and was obliged to take what was then deemed a bad claim—a crude, unfinished boat and cargo. It seemed to be that or nothing, and it consisted in part of 10,000 feet of maple veneering, 50,000 pine laths, also a lot of pails, tubs and scythe snaths. In the bargain one of the firm agreed to run the boat to Franklin. The steward and cook was Chilian C. Washburn, who for many years had been an operative in

Hazeltine's factory. Such biscuit and cornbread! and he knew just how to fry ham and eggs; in short what he did not know about cooking one needn't try to learn. For a cabin passenger I had the good-natured, fun-loving printer, J. Warren Fletcher; one couldn't be lonely with him for company. Having taken on board a quantity of household goods, he remarked that it was quite too bad he did not know we were so comforeable or he should have made it a wedding trip as well as one for pleasure. Everything went clear and smooth as a wedding bell. When we got stuck, which was quite often, we would partially unload, and with the help of skids and spikes would soon be afloat again. The cabin passengers seemed to vie with each other to see which could do the most effective work. We ran from Wilson's, just above Levant, down to Myers', which place we left at 10 a. m., reaching Pine Grove in the evening, and the next morning went over the rapids in good shape, reaching Warren without accident. The steward gathered in his stores, the cables were taken in and at noon we were gliding down the Allegheny, but at rather a slow pace, the river being low and the wind up. We made Tidioute at dusk, a run of nineteen miles; early next morning we passed Tidioute islands, and soon were in sight of White Oak islands and chute, deemed by pilots the most difficult place to navigate on the river. Our pilot did not do very judicious work. He ran too far to the left and stuck on a flat rock, the stern flanked to the right and stopped. We made up our minds that we had some hard work ahead, and took in the surroundings, concluding to remove the 50,000 laths out of the bow and down the river some five rods to a point where we could carry them on again and,

in addition, had to move some of the pails and tubs before we could start the boat. We engaged a pilot who lived near, soon had it afloat and our stock on board, our cabin passengers doing much to establish their credit as being ready to lend a helping hand whenever needed. The new pilot suddenly remembered that he had corn to plant and that he would have to quit, so the piloting fell upon me from Tidioute down. We passed Franklin bridge just at dark, the moon not yet up and, running farther, when we tried to land on the left we ran into an old tree top, then pulling out and trying the right bank with no better success we concluded to pound ahead all night. We could thread the channel nicely after the moon came up until about 2 a. m., when a dense fog settled down upon us and we could not tell in which direction we were running or where the shore was, and soon ran onto the head of an island where we lay until morning, when we found that we were on Mahoning island, and had another duplicate in the form of unloading. Mr. Orr, sheriff of Armstrong county, who owned the island, kindly brought over a number of his hands and for a small compensation helped us off. The cargo was soon in and we ran to Kittanning where the steward took on a fresh supply of stores including a large quantity of eggs at three cents a dozen. From there we ran to Freeport, tarrying but a short time, and the next point was Pittsburg which we reached in due season and our cabin passengers returned home.

At Pittsburg we found Levi Barrows, who had preceded us down the river with a boat-load of sash, about ready to start down the Ohio. He very kindly suggested that we should couple boats and run together, a proposition which we with no reluctance ac-

cepted, as he knew the Ohio and we did not. Schuyler Robertson was his pilot and Charles Parker mate, while I retained my own mate Lovell Hastings. We ran down to East Liverpool where Capt. Barrows had a good trade and I put off a part of my dead weight in the form of laths. From there we ran to Wellsville where we spent the Sabbath and were ready for business early Monday morning. I here put off 20,000 more lath and a few snaths, tubs and pails.

We were soon at Steubenville where I put off the balance of the laths, and was glad to see the last bundle go, as I had been familiar with it quite too long. I also sold a few snaths and pails, and canvassed the cabinet shops to exchange a lot of the veneering for furniture, as with the laths out, we had plenty of room for handling it. Deacon Barrows at the same time sold some sash, but put more out to his commission merchants which he continued to do all the way down. We stopped at Wheeling and then at Moundville, 12 miles below, where is an Indian mound, the largest in the United States, being seventy-five feet high, eleven rods long at the base, and seventy-five feet across the top. The owner, Mr. Tomlinson, made an excavation from one side into the center and arched it over inside, putting up an immense double door, and charged an admission fee of 25 cents. He then dug from the top down to the base where the shaft was on a level with the outside, and put up a winding staircase, building on top of the mound three platforms of graduated size, one above the other, continuing the winding staircase up through the center to the top. Each visitor was furnished with a candle and a match to light at the base of the shaft where was situated the museum, in which were two complete skele-

tons, one eight feet high, having on a necklace consisting of 1,500 pieces of mica the size of a dime. The smaller skeleton had a necklace of 600 beads, the same shape only thicker, probably made either of deer antlers or bone. I have a few of each of these beads. There was also a small Indian god of polished black stone. It was in a sitting posture, was about ten inches high with three rows of hieroglyphics on the back. In this I was much interested. It was stolen the next year, and, although the state offered a large reward, it has never been recovered. The archway gradually rotted away after the death of Mr. Tomlinson, and a part of the earth fell in, carrying the staircase with it; but recently the mound has been purchased by an enterprising man who has built a fence around it twelve feet high with a view to making his investment pay. Just below, near the mouth of Big Grave creek, is evidently an Indian burying ground, for as the bank washes away the bones protrude, and many a relic in the form of arrowhead and battle axe have I in my possession that I found there.

We landed at Captine, Sunfish, Marietta and Parkersburg; a mile and a half below the latter place is Blennerhassett island where we took the skiff and went ashore. The outlines of the residence were still apparent situated on the upper end of the island which is high, very beautiful and is never inundated. Partially around the front the foundation was built of brick which had been "packed" on horseback across the mountains from Philadelphia early in this century. I brought away two of the bricks which I still have. The celebrated well is eighty feet deep, five feet across, the wall of cut rock laid up in eight segments. The water is drawn up in a large bucket by a

windlass. I took a refreshing draught, and have stopped there many times since to enjoy a cooling drink from the old Blennerhassett well.

On Belpre plains at Cedarville, directly opposite the above interesting island is an ancient cemetery formerly used by the pioneer. In one corner of it, facing the river, were five graves of a mother and children who were murdered by the Indians near the close of the last century. A cedar headboard marked the spot, giving an account of the murder and the ages of the children; the letters being painted black, were protected from the weather by the paint, while the plank had worn with the corrosion of time, leaving the letters slightly projecting. Until recently it has been standing, but now nothing remains of it, as the bank has gradually washed away and carried the graves and monuments with it.

I next stopped at Point Pleasant which at an early day was an Indian settlement, but the savages were driven away by the English who took possession of the place. Near there occurred one of the hardest battles ever fought with Indians, lasting from early dawn till sunset, when the savages were flanked and had to retreat. The intrepid Col. Lewis was killed here, and was buried on the shore where the Big Kanawha intersects the Ohio. He had rested undisturbed until the centennial anniversary of the battle when his remains were taken up with appropriate ceremonies to be placed in a monument. For a century he had slumbered on with no requiem but the ripple of the beautiful Ohio and the Kanawha, and nothing to mark his resting place but the tall sycamore tree beside which he was buried.

The next stopping place was Pomeroy, a town extending several miles along the river and as far back as you can see. Fifteen miles below Gallipolis was a colony of Germans. Capt. Barrows sold them a lot of sash and I all the furniture I had in stock, besides a few pails.

At Portsmouth I sold all of my snaths and a part of the pails; I sold the last at Manchester.

At New Richmond a man offered me twenty-five dollars for the boat, which had been invoiced at $50; but after advising with Deacon Barrows I accepted his offer, transferring the remainder of my stock to his boat, and bade farewell to the old boat on which I had done so much hard work coming down the Allegheny. I am sure the man got cheated, and have felt a little guilty ever since.. It was sixty feet long, built mostly of hemlock, sided with no view to breaking joints, a ridgepole in the middle made of two basswood poles with the bark peeled off, studs on each of the girts, which were eight feet apart, a two-ply roof put on with earlings, the floor of horse boards. Just at the right of the stud that held up the ridge pole was a board chimney—box of earth with a few bricks for a firepiace and a lug pole across, on which to swing our kettle. The above is a sketch of the boat on which the writer spent three months, but did not get enough out of the venture into $200 to pay the claim. At Cincinnati, after completing the sale of the goods, I took the first boat back to Pittsburg, first coach to Erie and stage to Jamestown, where I landed July 3, and thus ended a voyage which occurred forty-three years ago, and was not altogether void of interest as being the germ of a business extending through as many years, and find-

ing a market for a vast amount of Jamestown's products.

In the spring of 1844 I came to the conclusion that with a good boat and judiciously assorted cargo, the river business might be made to pay, and decided to continue the occupation. I procured material of good quality to put up an eighty-foot boat, and commenced work on the first of April. With several hands I soon had the bottom on the pail factory stocks, planked, caulked, and turned in. I took on board the lumber with which to finish, and the oars ready to run the boat myself to Wilson's landing, as Jacob Rice, Guinea Carpenter and the other good pilots were away. This was always the time that the boys most enjoyed, when as many as the bottom would conveniently carry were allowed to take passage as far as Tiffany's. From there they would walk home. At Wilson's with plenty of help, we soon had the best finished boat ever built in Jamestown up to that time. There was a three-ply roof, two ridge poles, a cabin in the stern with cook stove, bedsteads, chairs, and all else needed for our comfort. For cargo I put in an assortment of agricultural implements, tubs, buckets and a lot of half-bushel measures, besides seventy-five dozens of cast steel hoes, crowding the boat full and investing about two thousand dollars in it. With two good hands I started from Myers's the 15th of April, doing my own piloting and safely passing the Conewango rapids to Warren, Tidioute, White Oak, Mahoning and other bad places to Pittsburg. I stopped at all the towns on the Ohio river above Cincinnati, selling goods at satisfactory prices, showing the people that all Yankees were not necessarily dishonest. We were absent three months, and at Cincinnati sold the boat for two hundred dol-

lars to Capt. Cowing formerly of Dexterville, he having an order to procure a good boat for a friend down the river. In the venture I cleared seven hundred dollars, returning home in better spirits than on my return the previous year.

The next year I built a third boat and ran it down to Fentonville below State Line bridge, in order to go below all the low bridges and at the same time get an early start during the spring freshets: having my lading, which consisted in part of snaths, rakes, cradles, tubs and buckets, drawn from this village and put into the boat there. In the meantime Joseph Waite, Esq., who owned a hay farm on the Stillwater, got S. B. Winsor to build two boat bottoms at Myers's, which he ran to State Line to finish and load, He completed the boats and then put in twenty-five tons of pressed hay without first caulking the gunwale seams, although I advised him several times, offering to assist him. His reply was that he had run his hay boat the previous year without caulking, and that he would again. The water falling, the boat careened over and sank, the water running in and ruining his hay. He said he did not care so much for the hay, as he had any quantity of that, but that he had been to much expense to have it pressed and hauled. With his team he drew out the bundles, raised, caulked and reloaded the boat. I had previously told him that his boat was too high to pass under the bridges, which he would not believe, but after we had both run our boats to Pine Grove, he finally concluded to follow my advice by taking a board the height of his boat and going on a raft through to Warren, measuring the heighth of the bridges as he passed under. He found that the boat was entirely too high, and employed all the men he could procure who

could wield a hand saw, to assist him in lowering the boat three feet, that he might be able to clear the bridges. He landed at Warren just above my boat at dusk, and proposed that we should couple together and he with his crew board on my boat, as he had made no provision for a cabin. I made ready to couple, and Hans Waite with B. B. Mason went on shore to take the line to a post lower down, while the writer climbed to the roof of the hay boat to help drop it down. Through their inexperience they failed to get a turn on the post, and away went the hay boat with only one oar shipped and a big river to contend with. I hastily shipped an oar which ordinarily takes two men to lift, and in the dark landed just above Mead's island, on the left, having then to walk about four miles through the mud, brush and pitchy darkness up to Warren, which place I reached after ten o'clock, and not in a very good humor. I was met by the old judge with the inquiry as to how the hay market was in Pittsburg. Upon which his son Hans gravely told his father that it was the last time he should ever show the light of his countenance on a hay boat. I finally agreed to help them through to Pittsburg by allowing them to couple their boat to mine. The judge sold his boat to good advantage, returned his borrowed money, paid his expenses by the way, and started for home, but fully determined never again to try hay boating.

I painted my boat a light chrome yellow above the gunwale plank, trimmed with white; the gunwale and plank were red. We had five windows on a side, with the name I had selected, "YANKEE NOTION" painted black in block letters between the windows, which were twenty inches deep, making the letter the same length; which being on a light background, read

well in the distance. In the above you have a sketch of my boats as they appeared from 1845 to 1861, when the rebels came down on me and the name, as they could not tolerate the "Yankee," and threatened to burn the boats if the name was not changed. I ran it through that year without changing, notwithstanding the threatening looks, but the next year adopted the name "N. Brown," abandoning the venerated name under which I had run scores of boats, which were scattered all the way down the lower Ohio, Mississippi and the intersecting bayous. They had become exceedingly popular with store boatmen in the south.

They felt if they had a boat with "Yankee Notion" on the side, endorsed "N. Brown, Jamestown, N. Y.," with stencil plate on the front end of the boat under the roof, (which they always looked for in buying a boat) they had a craft that would stand all the waves old Boreas could scare up along the Mississippi, having been truly tested in passing over the Conewango dams; word often being sent to that effect and orders for our boats.

Before the war, about all the business along the shores was done by what were then called storeboats. Ours were just right and adapted to that kind of business. Merchants would come up to Louisville and Cincinnati, buy the craft, fit it with shelving, counters, and all other appurtenances, investing from ten to fifteen thousand dollars in assorted goods. We regret to say that after our boats were sold a few of them may have taken some barrels of whiskey on board. At the plantations they were obliged to get a permit from the owner or overseer to sell goods to their darkies, but some would not allow them to sell their slaves whiskey; others would not give the privilege Saturday

night; alleging that if drunk all day Sunday they would not be worth much on Monday. The boat was always anchored out at the stern so that the darkies could only go aboard at the bow, and care was taken that only a few should go on at a time; when they would part with all the money they had, and all the cotton and sugar they could steal. Some storeboat men would anchor, out from the shore, using a skiff to bring customers on board, as the merchants had the opinion that few of them could be trusted. As these storeboat men bought cheap goods and sold them at fabulous prices it is no wonder that they got rich.

I once ran down to Louisville and landed just below some coal boats, where the owner of the boats had several slaves shoveling coal. One of them did not work fast enough to satisfy his owner who cursed him furiously, and then picking up a heavy strap or tug, beat him over the head unmercifully. The slave exclaimed, "You have beaten me for the last time," and preferring drowning to his severe treatment, jumped into the river where it was fifteen feet deep. He sunk, and then rose near the end of the boat, where the slave holder caught him by the wool and with the help of the other slaves, pulled him out, when he applied the strap with more severity than at first. One negro on each side then took him up to Walker's slave pen where he was told that he would be sold immediately and would be sent farther south as soon as able.

It did not take me long to sell my boat, as three customers wanted it. I put it up at auction, starting at three hundred and running it up to four hundred and fifty dollars. I took the Pittsburgh packet Farmer and ran through to Cincinnati, reaching there the 5th of July. On board were a number of emigrant deck

passengers who were just recovering from the cholera and were put off here. As the boat had to lay by till evening I strolled about the city. In passing through the deserted streets nearly all the vehicles I saw moving were hearses, as the cholera was raging and one hundred and fifty dead were reported that day. Leaving Cincinnati that evening I was much interested in a fellow passenger, a Mr. Lavaty of Allegheny City, with whom I became acquainted. Above Pomeroy I noticed his not being present at the breakfast table. I sent the clerk to inquire and found that he was in the last stages of cholera. He gave his personal effects to the clerk to be forwarded to his friends, and died below Marietta. He was rolled up in the sheets in which he died, placed in a rough box, and in the evening the steamer landed on an island just below Newport, Ohio, where a grave was hastily dug, and by the weird light of the torches he was buried by the negro deck hands, a feeling of gloom and sadness overspreading the entire boat. I reached Pittsburg without further incident, and Jamestown with thankfulness that I could once more breathe the pure Chautauqua air.

REMINISCENCE OF FOURTH STREET.

In writing up the streets the historian has omitted our beautiful roadway, which in 1834 was almost pathless from Main over to Second street. Dr. Foote, the proprietor of the east end of the village, objected to a road being cut through, on the plea that, in part, it would spoil his farm; and in order, as he thought, to block the game, he, "Sine Jones like," moved a house across the track just in front of where the Central school building now stands, causing quite a sensation in our quiet village. It stood there a week or ten days, during

which time it was an object of much interest, many parties visiting it, not with a view of renting, but to examine its stability. Finally, on Saturday night there was a furious cyclone, not unlike but perhaps not quite so intense as the one which struck the land office in Mayville in 1836. However, the house went down under the pressure of a score or more of stalwart arms, a shower of axes, hand saws, crowbars, etc., and it fell with a crash, the participants not tarrying long, thinking that some one watching might put in an appearance and perhaps scold a little. I went up the next day to view the remains. The demolition was complete; not a timber lay upon another. A second building could not be moved there on Sunday. Early Monday morning the commissioners were on hand, and as a result we have our beautiful Fourth, not quite as wide through what was once the old Doctor's land as it should be, but the gem street of the city notwithstanding.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Hotel Precedes Civilization—The Early Hotels in Jamestown—The Fenton or Disher House—An Early View From the Verandah—Brown's Factory Race Forgery—Ballard's Tavern—Elisha Allen's Tavern and the Blind Horse Ball—Elisha Allen and His Clerk—Allen Rents His Tavern to Solomon Jones and Moves Into the Cass House—Laying Out the Justice—A Noted Deer Lick—Hall Buys the Kidder Frame, Finishes It and Makes the Jones' Tavern, Afterwards Known as Shaw's Hotel—Fires on Main Street—Allen House—Stabbing of Nat Smith—Bales Fat Pine—Van Velsor's Triangle—Ellick Jones—Rufus Pier—Willard Rice—Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Kent—Distilleries.

May it not be truly said that the appearance of the hotel in a country marks its first step forward in civilization, enlightenment and education; its commencement in arts and sciences, its first introduction to literature. And as these increase in any country, in size, in beauty and in accommodations, do the arts of civilized life increase, and education spreads her wings.

We frequently hear it remarked that Christianity is the great forerunner of civilization—less often that civilization precedes Christianity; and furthermore that these must gain a foothold before history, science and literature can flourish within the confines of any nation. It has appeared to us that all important things inthis world originated in small beginnings, and not the smaller in the more important. As the world has advanced from its tribal condition into that of states and nations, do we not notice that the laws of hospitality must be observed before civilization commences. That the wanderer instead of having his throat operated upon by the sharpish, ragged edge of a flint, or his brains knocked out with a hammer of stone, must be kindly treated, entertained, fed, clothed, and sent on his way rejoicing. When the savage begins to entertain better motives, when his first rude ideas of law and order and community of interests have dawned on his mind, and he can view the stranger he chances to meet as not altogether an enemy, he erects caravansaries or places in which the wanderer or traveler and his beast may be partially protected, if not fed. This advancement marks the semi-barbarous condition of man, he has rulers and is subject to rude laws, cultivates rude arts and makes manifest that the first seeds of education are springing into life and will ere long bear fruit. But it is not until his savage and barbarous nature has been so far wrought upon and modified by the enlightenment around him, that he sees the advantage that may accrue to himself, by permitting his more civilized neighbor to travel unmolested and safely through his country, and has provided convenient places for his safety and entertainment, that he commences to reap

the true advantage of his presence. This is well exemplified by the present condition of north-eastern Russia and the steppes of Siberia. Houses for the entertainment of travelers, hostelries are erected in which the traveler may be comfortably housed and fed, and government provides a rude but safe and never-failing means of transporting him from place to place. As soon as this stage of advancement is reached, and not until then, the advancement in civilization, in the arts and sciences, of education, and the refinements of life, commences and advances with rapidity. Thus it appears that the hotel is the *avant courier* of civilization and of Christianity, of education and learning.

EARLY HOTELS IN JAMESTOWN.

Previous to the fall of 1814 traveling in the south part of the county was confined almost exclusively to those who were viewing the country in quest of locations for their future homes. At the rapids, these were mostly accommodated at the Blowers house.

Jacob Fenton with his family, settled at the Rapids in the spring of 1814. Mr. Fenton was a native of Connecticut, a potter by trade, and a Revolutionary soldier. During the summer of that year, with the assistance of Judge Prendergast, he erected—for those days—a large, two-storied house to be used as a tavern. It was located in the center of the half block on the east side of Main street, between First and Second, and opposite to the Blowers house. The location was a side hill and the house on the steepest part of it. The front of the building was to the south towards the outlet, and had a wide, two-storied verandah running its entire southern frontage.* The hill was so steep,

* The front of this building was about 50 feet north of First street, and the west end 25 feet east of Main street.

that on the north side of the building the second story was on a level with the ground. The house was commodious, containing two large rooms on the lower floor with a wide hallway, and stairs leading to the second floor between; and a deep cellar excavated into the hill and under a lean-to behind and to the north. which usually was well stored with whiskey, venison, a few potatoes, etc. There were three large rooms and as many good-sized bed rooms on the second floor, and an attic divided into two rooms with sleeping accommodations for as many as might apply. On the northeast corner of the lot adjoining Potter's alley and Second street was a 40x50 foot barn which it was almost impossible to reach on account of "The Quick Sand hole," which occupied Second street east from Main to Potter's alley; it was long and wide, and good judges of mud holes estimated its depth to be greater than its length and breadth combined. Fenton's tavern was not only the *drinking*, but the business center of the hamlet of the rapids.

Will the present inhabitant of Jamestown in imagination stand with us, in the open verandah of the Fenton house and view its surroundings as they were within our remembrance. To the south, no building whatever; a patch of cleared land on the opposite side of the outlet, (Prendergast's meadow;) beyond a dense forest. Between the house and the race are perhaps two or three hundred saw logs, sitting on which are a dozen or more of squaws and lazy Indians; their wigwams are on the sidehill and lowland, a little to the right you can see the smoke curling up in blue streaks among the trees and bushes. (Lucius B. Warner's grounds and fine residence occupy that location now.) You go and talk with that old Indian down there on

the logs and he will tell you that "the smoke of his father's wigwam went up among the trees on that hillside a hundred years ago or more, and that that side hill is filled with the bones of many warriors who started for the happy hunting grounds from beside the *runaway* waters of Jadaqueh." At an early day that locality was known as the "Indian burying ground." Down there to the southwest on the other side of the race is the saw mill, and that building in front (to the north) is the grist mill. The low building on the west side of Main street and below First street is the "mill shed," just above and across First street is Prendergast's store, immediately opposite and across Main street to the west is Dr. Hazeltine's house, and above it on the corner is Elisha Allen's tavern, by far the handsomest building in town, which until a short time ago was called the Cass tavern; and that building above, of which you can merely see the highest part of the roof and the chimney is Judge Prendergast's house; all beyond is dense forest. Now, look towards the east. That big building down there where Grandin's mill now stands is the "cotton factory" and the one beyond is Daniel Hazeltine's woolen factory and just across the alley between us and the cotton factory is Blower's slab shanty. The Judge has cut the pine trees along the side hill below Second street, to his east line and the woods you see over there belong to Dr. Foote. We are standing in the long two-storied verendah of Jacob Fenton's tavern which is on the south side of the house, if we were on the north side of the house we would see the big barn already mentioned, Tiffany's store on the corner of Main and Second, and Abner Hazeltine's house on Pine street, just back of the Bush block, where the big brick barn now stands

and beyond on the west side of Pine street are three small houses in which live Chas. R. Harvey, Wm. Breed and Horace Blanchar, and on Second street is Phineas Stevens' house. There are other houses in Jamestown but these are all that can be seen from where we stand. This is a true picture of my earliest remembrance, from the point spoken of, of my native town.

S. A. Brown, in his History of the Town of Ellicott, relates an anecdote of Fenton's tavern, somewhat as follows; During 1816 the race was dug, from the saw mill to Daniel Hazeltine's woolen factory. A dissipated man by the name of Osborne, commonly called "Mud Lark," had the contract and employed several men in doing the work. Jacob Fenton's tavern was but a few rods away, and he had plenty of the "good creature" which he dispensed by the drink to whoever called. Change was scarce and Osborne wished to run up a score. The question arose how the accounts should be kept and the following expedient was resorted to: Osborne should cut a stick of particular size and shape, which should be deposited for a drink. In this way Osborne obtained his drinks for a long time, and a large number of sticks had accumulated in Fenton's desk. The time finally came for Osborne to pay his account. "Honest Jacob was as much astonished as Osborne to find that four or five times as many sticks had accumulated as drinks had been furnished, according to the mutual opinion of the landlord and his customer. Fenton knew he had dealt out as many drinks as he had sticks, but was thoroughly of the opinion that Osborne had not had the one-half of them and probably not over one-fourth of them. It was finally ascertained, that the hands had noticed Osborne's method of ob-

taining drinks, and had cut sticks like them, and had got whiskey of the bar keeper without stint by the "forgery." Brown calls this the "factory race forgery," and quite unlike any he could find in the books; like the county, it was quite new.

The year following, 1815, appears to have been a remarkable one for erecting large frame buildings for hotel purposes. In the spring of that year Phineas Palmeter put up and enclosed a large two story building on the southwest corner of Main and Third streets, for a tavern, if any one desired it for that purpose; or for stores, possibly for a lawyer's office, or a doctor's office, or a printing office; he believed it would be a good place for a theatre; that if the place ever got pious enough he would put on a steeple and make it into a church. Palmeter lived to see that building used for all the purposes he had so jokingly enumerated years previously, and for many other purposes in addition. Soon after the building was enclosed, a room was finished in the northeast corner of it for S. A. Brown's law office. The building remained unfinished for two or three years and was then sold to Gilbert Ballard, additions made to it, and a large barn built on the corner of Third street and Mechanic's alley and a long shed south of it; the space between the house and the barn filled by a one story building for a dining room and kitchen, and the whole finished into a tavern. The house was opened as such by Ballard the spring of 1818.

In the summer of the same season (1815) Horatio Dix and Jesse Smith, erected a large building on the southeast corner of Main and Third streets for a tavern. Although this house was quickly, it was well built, and nearly completed that season, and a ball

was given in it January 1, 1816, the first ever given in Jamestown. The "ball room," so called, which in those days was considered as necessary in a tavern as a kitchen, perhaps not quite as much so as a bar room, they had not been able to complete in time for this *hopping* occasion, and Royal Keyes and Jediah E. Budlong although new comers got *dancing* mad over it. But they had sent out invitations for miles round, and those the most interested, *Deacon* Dix and his soon after son-in-law Jesse, were determined that those who desired to dance on New Year's day should be accommodated. So they *waltzed* around, removed a half-finished partition between two large rooms on the first floor and had a larger and better dancing room than they would have had in the regular ball room had it been finished. Everybody had been invited and everybody was there, but the persons mentioned. The ball room, as it was arranged, had a door at one end opening into the street, and a large fireplace, just small enough to escape the appellation of "Dutch" at the other. There was wandering about the town a large, white, blind, old horse, who went as led, or otherwise, by a slap on the haunches and the word of command, "go it blind!" While the company was busily engaged in the evolutions of that fine old country dance of "Money Musk," some one placed "Old Whitey" in position, suddenly threw open the door, gave him the slap, and the command, "go it blind!" He danced down the center, with a pace quickened by the music, in a straight line, with no *allemand* either to "the right" or to "the left," scattering the Terpsichorian performers, and brought up in the fireplace. "Old Whitey" was as much astonished as were the company he was in, but he found even there old friends

and acquaintances. He "changed partners," was quietly led to the open door, the slap was given, "go it blind!" uttered and he "*chassezed*" out into the open air, having attended his first and last dance. This celebrated dance was long known as "The Blind Horse Ball." *

This house was finished early in 1816, and sold to Elisha Allen, who opened it to the public during the summer of that year, and also a large room filled with all possible kinds of merchandise, excepting dry goods. The principal articles kept by Allen were whiskey, pork, cable, old and new; ironware, tinware, salt fish, peltries, etc. His clerk and general superintendent was Wm. Hall, (the late Wm. Hall, Esq.) a young man who two years previously had emigrated from Wardsboro, Vt., to the town of Carroll. Hall agreed with the proprietor to manage this multifarious establishment for him, to keep and settle the accounts, the proprietor agreeing not to interfere or meddle with the business in any way whatever. Occasionally the proprietor would undertake to settle an account himself, in doing which, he would pay no attention to Hall's additions, footings, credits, balances, red lines, etc., but would add all together, from the bottom to the top of the page, making an indebtedness that astounded even himself. But it was correct; there were the figures; "Hall made them, and you must pay immediately." The amount claimed frequently was hundreds of dollars, where but two or three dollars were due. Hall would try to explain to his principal that he was wrong, and that the

* Several years after J. E. Budlong was elected Colonel and Royal Keyes Major of the 162d regiment, and the blind horse trick they had played on others was repeated with interest on themselves at the Ballard tavern. See chapter on militia trainings.

red lines showed where payments or settlements were made. Allen, in his way, would reply: "H—l, Mr. Hall, (this was his one only, peculiar, swear word) "I don't know anything about your *red lines* and don't want to know; the figures must be right; you made them, and that is what the man owes; figures don't lie. When an account is paid the right way is to mark it out by putting a cross over it with a pen! But have it your own way, Mr. Hall, make as many red marks as you choose, *Bill* Hall. H—l, I can stand it, Hall, my name is Allen. Mr. Hall, my bookkeeper, who does all the business says you have paid your account. I will never trust you again as long as I live, remember that; but I'll treat, come on. Mr. Hall, *Bill* Hall, my bookkeeper don't drink. H—l, I would discharge him in five minutes if he did. No, no, I knew the Halls in *Wadsberry* before I came to this miserable swamp; the Halls are nice folks; I knew them in *Wadsberry*. Bill Hall was born in *Wadsberry*, and knows how to keep books, and don't drink."

Allen was a shrewd business man and usually kind and benevolent; but he became addicted to drink, after which he was shrewd enough to employ the best men to manage for him his large business. His appetite was his destruction; he died in the year 1830, still a young man. At the time of his death he was considered the most wealthy man in Jamestown, next to Judge Prendergast.

In the spring of 1820 Mr. Allen rented this tavern to Solomon Jones, and removed to what was then known as the Cass tavern, which at that time was not only the finest appearing but really the best building in the town. This house was on the southwest corner of Main and Second streets. Plinny Cass commenced

this building in 1817, but it was not completed until a short time before its purchase by Allen. He opened this house immediately as a hotel, consequently the little village of Jamestown at this early period had ample accommodations for "men and beasts" of all kinds. An energetic young man named Disher, who had been a clerk in Prendergast's store, had become proprietor of the Fenton house, which thereafter was known as Disher's tavern. Jamestown now had four fair-sized hostelries, Disher's tavern, Ballard's tavern, Jones's tavern and Allen's tavern, all of them abundantly supplied with "Solid food and liquid refreshments," as was chalked on the Jones house; "Venison and whiskey" as was chalked in large letters on the Ballard tavern; "Pork and Monongahela" was the legend done in coal on the Allen tavern. Disher displayed a regular painted sign, the first ever displayed in Jamestown. It was an unplaned 16-foot gang board, on which was scrawled "The Disher House," and was the first time any other word than *tavern* was known to have been used to designate a public house—or as we now say—hotel. S. A. Brown, Esq., in his History of Ellicott, relates the following anecdotes concerning the "Cass-Allen" tavern in the year 1820:

"In those days, taverns were haunted by magistrates as well as others. It was customary to appoint courts on Saturday, to the end that suitors and witnesses who chose so to do, might have a frolic on that day, and take the next to get sober and return home."

"Their resort with their retinue of pettifoggers, was often a tavern south of the bank which, with its long and lofty portico, was then much admired. The landlord was a large, bony, muscular man, and if he had a customer more impudent or abusive than him-

self he would 'conquer peace.' A noted pettifogger used frequently to be at this house, and on one occasion he was very saucy, as gentlemen of his profession were apt to be. For this offence the landlord chastised him severely. He came to my office for a warrant, very bloody and reasonably drunk, but being satisfied that the landlord had as much been sinned against as sinning it was refused."

"A certain justice used also to be at this house, who on one occasion, after having stayed about a week, some of the citizens thought they would give him a hint that his absence would be more agreeable than his company. In the center of the road opposite the tavern there was a large pine stump * against which an effigy of the justice was placed. When all things were in readiness the justice was invited hastily to go to the door, when he and his bar room companions rushed to the portico, and in a moment a slow match communicated with the powder, and scattered the image to the winds of heaven. The next morning a monument with a poetic epitaph beginning:

(Here lies the Drunken Squire) **

was seen reclining against the stump. It was said that this gentle rebuke did the magistrate a great deal of good, as he did not haunt the tavern here afterwards for some time."

After a year or more experience as a tavern keeper Mr. Allen closed his house as a dispensary of "Pork

* This stump was of unusual size, and stood on the east side of the street, about twenty feet below Tew's corner. It was smotly removed under the "stump law." See chapter on Temperance Societies.

** There was also, the next morning, near the stump, a board on two barrels, on top of which were two bundles of straw wrapped up in a sheet to represent a corpse.

and Monongahela," but made it his residence as long as he lived, renting the front rooms and all others he could spare to new settlers who wanted house room only for a few weeks or months. After 1830 it was again rented and used as a hotel.

In the fall of 1815 Seth Kidder, a young man from Wardsboro, Vt., erected the frame for a hotel on the northwest corner of Main and Third streets, making the third of these corners occupied that year for public houses; and the fourth, the northeast corner, was soon after occupied as a horse barn for the Allen tavern. The streets at this locality were in the midst of an almost impassible swamp. The lots on the north side on which Kidder had erected this frame and on which the Allen barn was built, were swamp lots. At an early day the largest "deer lick" in the country was at the junction of Main and Third streets, and deer were killed there as late as 1813. It is within the writer's remembrance that there was a road made of logs across this swamp at the east side of Main street for the passage of teams, and slabs laid along the west side for pedestrians. The frame erected by Seth Kidder remained uninclosed until 1822, when it was bought with the four lots on which it and the barn which was to be, stood, by William Hall for $300.* We now look upon that sum as a wonderfully small price for those lots. We must remember that this was 65 years ago, and what Hall bought was an old frame that had stood seven years without being enclosed, and lots which Prendergast gave to Kidder if he would erect the frame. Mr. Hall had the frame enclosed and finished in a manner suitable for a public house, and Solomon Jones

* Two of the lots fronted on Main and two on Cherry streets. All four of them were swamp lots.

and William Hall occupied it as such in the fall of that year. For many years it was known as Jones's tavern.

William Hall, in 1824, married Julia, the third daughter of Solomon Jones. In 1828 he built a house on his farm half a mile south of the village, to which he removed, and where he continued to reside for many years, a plain farmer. In 1846 he built a fine residence on the first bench of land south of the town, and which is yet occupied by his widow. Mr. Hall died on the 6th of July, 1880, one of the most wealthy men of the country.

Solomon Jones remained in the hotel for several years after Mr. Hall had removed to his farm. He retired from his publican pursuit in 1835, and for a short time, with one of his sons, was engaged in merchandising in the Hall building on the north side of Third street, but during the larger portion of the time he was the prominent justice of the peace, and continued in this office until age forbade his performing its duties. He died at the age of 87 in August, 1862. Clarissa, his wife, also died at the age of 87 in November, 1867.

We would record here that Main street, between Second and Third, has been the theater of three destructive incendiary fires. The first occurred in the spring of 1837, in a store situated on the east side of the street, where the store of Wm. Broadhead occupied by Whitley, now stands. Seven buildings on that side of the street were burned, viz: Silas Tiffany's store on the corner of Main and Second streets, his residence north and joining, Dr. Foote's drug store, the store of Barrett & Baker, the store of Higley & Kellogg, and what was known as the old Forbes house, then occu-

pied by Swift & Walbridge. The burnt district was soon rebuilt with better buildings, excepting the corner owned by Mr. Tiffany, which is now occupied by a large wooden building containing three stores.

In 1852 we had a second incendiary fire, commencing in a store occupying the same ground in which the fire of 1837 commenced. This was still more destructive, sweeping away all of the buildings on the east side of the street between Second and Third, including the old Allen tavern. The ground was a second time rebuilt with brick buildings. On the site of the Allen tavern, A. F. and D. Allen erected a large, substantial brick hotel.

Sam'l A, Brown, in speaking of the Cass house bought by Elisha Allen, thus compares it with the fine brick hotel built by his sons: "This house, with its long and lofty portico was then as much admired as the elegant brick building erected by the Allens, with its superb stone columns, its lofty attic and splendid observatory."

After the retirement of Solomon Jones from the tavern, for a few years it changed landlords frequently, but finally was purchased by Warner D. Shaw, who continued it as a public house for several years, under the name of Shaw's hotel. Finally he purchased the Allen House, and removed thereto and closed the Shaw Hotel as a public house.

In the winter of 1861 came the third incendiary fire in this devoted district, far more destructive than either of the others. This fire commenced on the opposite (west) side of the street, and directly opposite to where the others had originated.

All of the buildings on both sides of Main street between Second and Third were burned, including the

Allen house, the Shaw hotel north of Third and the buildings north of it, up to and including S. A. Brown's office; also the building on the south side of Third street between Main and Cherry streets. This was the most destructive fire Jamestown has ever experienced. It occurred in the winter and in the night, the destruction of property was immense, and the scene presented on that occasion baffles description. The Allen house was speedily replaced by a larger but much less substantial and cheaper edifice than the one destroyed and was soon found to be ill adapted to hotel purposes. Its history is an unfortunate one; it is not necessary to give it here. It was finally bought by Mr. Gifford, great and expensive changes made, and what was intended for a grand hotel has been converted into stores and offices much to the benefit of the present proprietor, and of the town. The Ballard having faithfully served its owners and the public "during its day and generation," was quietly dismantled and laid away. It was the only one of the many Jamestown hotels, early and late, that did not go up or *down* in a blaze. It was finally purchased by Mr. Hall who substituted for the old tavern a large wooden building containing three large stores with offices and lodge rooms for societies on the upper floors. This was erected in time to go down in the great fire of 1861, when Mr. Hall erected the present substantial brick block.

The Allen tavern, on the corner of Main and Third streets after Solomon Jones had removed from it to Hall's new house on the opposite side of the street, had many landlords. We shall not attempt to enumerate them. We will record two or three unimportant remembrances and leave the house and its

publicans to the long slumber upon which they have entered. Nat. (Nathaniel) Smith, grandfather of Judge Marvin Smith, succeeded Jones as the landlord of the Allen tavern. Indians were still more plenty in this section than white men, and although most of them were peaceable there were some ugly ones among them. All Indians are said to be fond of "fire water," and the best of them in those days would run great risk to obtain it. Old John Bale, the Indian spoken of in our second chapter and several other ugly savages were in Smith's bar room one afternoon, wanting whiskey. As they were already drunk Smith refused. Bale immediately kicked down the door to the bar, clutched two or three decanters and gave them to his companions. Smith seized the heavy fire poker but before he could strike, Bale stabbed him in the shoulder; before he could repeat the murderous act Smith dealt a blow which laid the copperhead sprawling on the floor. He laid still and quiet; his companions viewed him for a moment, put their hands on their knives, and in broken English said, "Smith kill Bale a good deal. Bale now kill Smith." But Nat. was ready for them. Although at the time he considered himself fatally wounded, he swung the heavy poker and a large piece of the speaking Indian's nose lay on the floor six feet away. Several at that moment rushed in and the Indians left, John Bale with them. Smith had received a severe but not dangerous flesh wound. The writer, then less than nine years old, may date his introduction to surgery to this transaction. Our father took up two or three small arteries in a long superficial wound on the back of Smith's shoulder, and a person whose name we will not mention was asked to tie them, but Silas Tiffany objected

to the person, and Smith said that the boy could do it best as his fingers were small. The boy tied the "strings" as directed, and so adroitly as to receive great praise from all for his dexterity; but it was a bad job for the boy as it caused him many a heart-ache and more than one fight afterwards. Nearly everyone knows that boys, in the country at least, receive nicknames, whether to their credit or not, that they hate with all their might, and soul, and strength. We shall always remember the first time "Gust" Allen called us "Doctor Pill Peddler." How many thousand times we were given this harmless, unmeaning title we do not remember, but we do remember how cruelly it lacerated our feelings, and we can now sit down and call up the quarrels and the fights by the score we have had because of that nickname. And we were not alone in this resenting of silly, meaningless, boyish nicknames. We know those who have been Judges, Members of Congress, Generals, Governors, D. D's., &c., who would fly into a furious rage and fight savagely because they were called by some supremely silly and meaningless nickname.

We take the privilege of relating another story, in which ourself and old John Bale are somewhat prominent. Six months or more after the stabbing of Nat. Smith, Benjamin Runyan, ourself and Eber Forbes, a boy of the same age, started out for a basket of fat pine for an evening's fishing on the rapids. Runyan owned the best light canoe on the outlet and had that day brought down from Crane's shop a new jack and two light spears. All was ready and the canoe drawn up on the race opposite to the present Erie express office. We started for the pine. Up near where the bedstead factory now stands, we found old John Bale,

Seneca Two Kittles, and another Indian and their squaws in camp. Seneca and Runyan were great friends, for Seneca had been a great help to Capt. Forbes who was a special friend of Runyan's on his retreat from Black Rock. Some one had given the Indian a small, poor, scrawny dog, with a very long tail. Seneca proposed to hold the dog, if Runyan would chop the tail off. "No Seneca, I hold dog, you chop tail." "Yes, me chop tail some," says Seneca. Runyan laid the dog on his side on a log, holding his hind legs in one hand and the tail in the other. Kittle raised his axe. Uncle Ben watched every motion and as the blow came down, he jerked the dog quickly towards him, and the axe came down on the side of the dogs neck, nearly severing the head from the body and killing him instantly. The Indian gazed for a moment with a look of astonishment, and then exclaimed, "Ugh! Ben Seneca cut him short; much tail, little dog." He then shook hands with Runyan, as much as to say, "I harbor no ill feelings on account of the trick you have served me." Learning we wanted "fat pine" Bale took the basket and went into the bushes and soon returned with it heaping full of nice pine, which he set down before "Ebe." Runyan held out his hand to shake. John shook his head and offered his hand to "Ebe" and then to myself, saying, "Bale's pine catch pile of fish." Turning to Runyan he said, "John know the boys. Cross Eyed Ebe, Captain Forbes's boy, captain brave man. John and Seneca see captain at Conjockity. Brought home two men for captain. Hurt some, well now." (This was after the battle of Black Rock.) "And John knows Doctor Pill, tie up Nat. Smith. Nat. well. John glad." Runyan then shouldered the basket and soon we had it stowed

away in the canoe and ready for a start to the rapids. John Bale's kind heart filled our canoe with the means of an evening's enjoyment; it was the whiskey that stabbed Nat. Smith.

In 1830 the landlord at the Allen tavern on the corner of Main and Third streets was a Dutchman named Van Velsor. He had a large number of boarders, and very much desired a bell larger than the hand bells then in use, but none could be found. Phin. Palmiter, who was always in the way when wanted, came with his inventive genius to the aid of a Dutchman's wants. He procured a large bar of steel and had it turned into an enormous triangle, which he had mounted in a frame on the roof of the house. Two pieces of heavy iron or steel bar were fastened to wooden arms and attached to the frame below the triangle. Cords fastened to the distal end of the wooden arms descended to the place where the operator of the machine was to stand. By pulling first one cord and then the other, a louder, clearer, sweeter tone was elicited than we ever heard from any ordinary bell. After the destruction of the Allen tavern it was the frequent remark of the old inhabitants that they sincerely mourned the loss of the triangle; they could scarcely keep house without it, for they regulated their own meals by it, and it made them sad to think they would never hear its silver tones again. Our advice to anyone wanting a first-class silver-toned "bell" is to get a triangle.

In 1828 Ellick Jones, the oldest son of Solomon Jones, erected a hotel on the south side of Second street, facing Prendergast avenue. It was here that "Sine" (Orsino E. Jones) spent his early boyhood days.

Mr. Jones's first wife, Louisa Walkup, died here in 1832.

It is fitting that we give a fuller account of Ellick Jones, for he was an important person in the early days of the town. He was born in Dover, Windham county, Vermont, in 1800. When less than 10 years old he drove a team, or did more rugged labor, when his father, Solomon Jones emigrated from Vermont to the wilderness of Chautauqua in 1810. His education was in part, that of our early common schools, but largely in the school of active labor, and worldly experience. A stouter, more rugged, useful young man never trod the wilderness of the rapids: he grew up energetic, inured to hardships, and with expectation of battling with them. He was scarcely 20 when he married and moved into the log house at Jones's landing, vacated by his father's moving into the Allen tavern in Jamestown. He was early made captain of militia in the 162d regiment, and for many years was known as Captain Jones. After the death of his wife he left the hotel and engaged for a time in the grocery trade, but after the failure of Elder Trumbull * in supplying the village with meat, he went into that business and for many years kept the principal meat market in the village. *He was a very prominent, active, necessary man in Jamestown, far more so than what we write of his pursuits would indicate.* He had six children by his first wife who arrived at maturity; five of whom are now living.

* Elder Trumbull had been a Baptist minister. He built the first slaughter house in Jamestown and sold his meat in the slaughter house. This slaughter house was on the southeast corner of Second street and Potter's alley. Wellington Griffith afterwards used it as a barn. Later it was moved back and brick portion added in front for a livery. I believe a portion of the old slaughter house is included in the building now standing there.

Rufus, his eldest son, became a prominent man in the south. He died many years ago, the awful loss of his family, subsequently, in a burning steamboat on the Ohio is not for us to detail.

Orsino E. Jones, everybody in Chautauqua county and in the *surrounding states* is well acquainted with. Years hence, somebody will write the "Biography of the Hon. O. E. Jones." If any who now reads this history live until that time, we advise them to buy and read that interesting volume.

Rinaldo was the third of the sons. He enlisted into Company B. of the Excelsior Brigade as a common soldier and was among the first to answer to the country's call. He became a Lieutenant, but he was not spared to enjoy his honors. It is on Decoration day that we most acutely remember that he gave his young life to his country.

Richard, the youngest son, is in business in Jamestown.

Calista the eldest daughter has been a prominent teacher in the Union School from its commencement. For over 30 years she has been a favorite teacher in the schools of Jamestown. If she should live to double her age, we doubt not, she would be found "teaching the young idea how to shoot."

Sarah (Jones) Hall is also a teacher of the Union School of whom about the same might be written as of her sister Calista. Her husband, Samuel Hall, died many years ago.

Elvira (Jones) Sterns is the last of this family. Her husband, who died a few years ago, was a most excellent man— a man of intelligence, well educated, a ready writer, a great reader. He was a particular

friend of the writer, and it would please him to insert a memorial of Charles Sterns, but space forbids.

Ellick Jones for a second wife married Harriet De Jean, by whom he had several children, daughters. He died of cancer of the face in 1866. His wife is still living.

During the next few years this hotel had several landlords, the principal one of whom was Rufus Pier, Esq., one of the earliest settlers and previously spoken of as a hatter. Mr. Pier afterwards bought the old residence of Dr. E. T. Foote, together with about ten acres of land. Here he resided up to the time of his death. Katharine Blanchar, his wife, died there in 1859; Rufus Pier in 1862. The property was afterwards sold to the Union School board and the first Union school buildings erected in 1864. The hotel was finally sold to H. H. Loucks, and was destroyed by fire, as Jamestown hotels had been in the habit, in 1862. Mr. Loucks immediately built a new and larger house, reversing, however, the order of things. He erected the house on the opposite side of the street where the barn had been, and the barn where Ellick Jones had placed his hotel.

For several years there was a hotel on the south side of Second street, where Ahlstrom's piano factory now stands. We will record that it was second class, had many landlords, and finally burned up. There was also, several years ago, a hotel on the south side of Warren street opposite to Harrison street, of which also may be recorded—second class, many landlords, destroyed by fire. We might mention other and less important hotels of early days, the most important, perhaps, being the Wilcox house at the boat-landing, which for several years past was the residence

of Cap't J. M. Murray, chief of police, and upon the location of which his present residence is built. Enough has been already written to show, that from the first year of its existence, Jamestown has been amply supplied with that forerunner of civilization—the hotel.

After the death of Elisha Allen in the summer of 1830, the house which he had for ten years made his residence (the Cass tavern) was rented for hotel purposes, and like the other taverns frequently changed landlords. The only one we wish to especially mention in these remembrances is Willard Rice, the man who demonstrated the practicability of running a hotel in Jamestown on strictly temperance principles. Although there was considerable opposition and some grumbling all around, Mr. Rice kept a strictly temperance house and with fair success.

During the time Willard Rice was keeping the "Jamestown Temperance House," a good looking, plainly dressed young man stopped with him, stating that he had not much money then, but was looking about for a good place to settle, and expected very soon to in some way earn enough to pay his board bill at least. Rice said he did not look like a swindler or a beggar, and that he could eat and sleep at his house until he got ready to pay. "Young man, I consider that Willard Rice is an uncommon good judge of *human natur* and you can stay as long as you want to." At supper and at breakfast he sat alone at the table and was waited upon by Mr. Rice's eldest daughter, Mercy. A mutual sympathy seems to have sprung up at first sight between the two, for the young man had not been over twenty-four hours under Mr. Rice's hospitable roof, before the young lady was informed that

he was poor, and was at that time looking around for a place to settle; that he expected soon to find such a place, when he hoped also to find a good looking, industrious girl, as poor as himself, who would be willing to accept him as a husband; and if as successful as he hoped, would in a short time, if energy and industry could accomplish it, be rich. He had given her to understand that he was at the bottom of the ladder, but not discouraged; and should not be as long as he had good health and two hands, but that he must find something to do immediately, and that if nothing else presented he must take to chopping wood or sawing boards, for, to speak the plain truth, he had but half a dollar in his pocket, and must earn some money before he could pay his board bill. She was not long in ascertaining that the young man was an extra fine penman, and suggested the getting up of a writing school, that her own chirography might be vastly improved, and that if he would undertake to teach her penmanship she would undertake to aid in getting up a class. The suggestion was a happy one and was acted upon at once. The young man wrote a "prospectus" in his best styles of penmanship, which under Miss Rice's direction he circulated among the young men of the village, and to which she added the names of several young ladies. A large class was secured, and the young man's pockets well stocked with half dollars. This school, one of the most successful ever in Jamestown, was taught in the ball room of the hotel.

The young man had plenty of time to look around in our industrious, growing village, and its rapidly improving country surroundings. Log barns were then rapidly disappearing, and near many a dilapidated log

house, the home of years of weary labor and privations in the past, were being erected plain, neat white houses, these in turn now rapidly disappearing on our rich farms, and giving place to the elegant residences of our rich farmers, the children of the early pioneers. The attractions in and about our village grew upon him rapidly, and he soon made up his mind that if he could succeed anywhere he could succeed in Jamestown. He had visions of peace, Mercy, happiness and final wealth. He judged correctly and remained. Some who belonged to that early writing school still think the young man was selfish in drawing up the prospectus; that it should have read "Mercy Rice's writing school with Alonzo Kent as teacher."

In January, 1834, Mercy Rice became Mrs. Alonzo Kent. For nearly fifty-five years they traveled life's journey together—sharing its joys and its sorrows. This was most assuredly one of those unions founded on love, and mutual esteem, which alone can increase happiness in this life, without adding to its cares and its miseries. They lived—never forgetting that the vow was—"until death us do part."

But the time for the parting came. It was a beautiful day in the early summer—the balmy air filled the lungs of all that breathed, with gladness—the birds sang together their sweetest songs. Nature had arrayed herself in deepest green, and decked herself with a thousand painted, fragrant flowers. In the midst of all this loveliness the summons came, and on the 8th day of June, 1886, Mercy (Rice) Kent left the scene of so much earthly joy, for those far more joyous ones of eternity.

That it was the clear-headed Mercy Rice in the background that pointed out to Alonzo Kent that he

could make a writing school successful, and also pointed out the method of its management no one at the time doubted. If this be so, it was certainly she who laid the corner stone of that fortune which afterwards they together enjoyed.

Mr. Kent has been one of our most active and one of our most successful business men. In 1834 he commenced the sale of dry goods in a small and provident way, in what had been previously Shaw's drug store, just above Fenner's shoe store. He soon after entered into partnership with Walter Stephens, previously mentioned as a fanning mill maker, and they added lumbering to their previous trade in dry goods, in which they were successful. Mr. Kent continued in the dry goods trade, either alone or in company with others, until in 1853, when he established the Jamestown bank. The name after the war was changed to First National bank. He was made president of this bank in 1853, and continued to hold this office until a few years ago, when he retired in favor of his friend, Gov. Fenton. Since the governor's death he again put on the harness of active life, which he continues to wear. Coming to Jamestown in 1832 with fifty cents in his pocket, Alonzo Kent, by energy and strict attention to business, has made himself one of the wealthy men of the county. Formerly it used to be said of Jamestown "It is a busy, active, energetic village." There are but few wealthy men there, what capital they have is in active use and somewhat equally divided. They have no poor people; they all work and make their own living." This is no longer true. We now have our men of wealth, and our poor men, too. The wealth has for the most part been accumulated here, and much of the poverty is also of indiginous

growth. The principal causes of failure here as well as elsewhere, have been intemperance and neglect of business. Want of business tact has been operative in some cases, and misfortunes have blasted the prospects of a few, but these are the exceptions. Intemperance, neglect of business, and dishonest methods, here as everywhere else, have been the great causes of failure. The time has come, or is near at hand, in which the Pearl City must erect her hospitals and asylums. The great factories and the beautiful residences of the industrious, the temperate and wealthy are here, and the time has arrived in which hospitals, asylums, and other elemosinary institutions, gifts of the rich to the poor, of the fortunate to the unfortunate, should commence to adorn our beautiful city, speaking to the transient visitor in language louder than words: "We are a happy, fortunate people ; true we have the poor and unfortunate with us, but these are our noble, charitable gifts, erected for their comfort and welfare."

DISTILLERIES.

As taverns and hotels have always been intimately associated with distilleries, we include the latter in this chapter.

Jamestown at an early day could boast of two distilleries; many years afterwards, it had its brewery and its horrible tragedy, now it is thankful that it has neither. The first distillery was built in a dense forest, in which only a small patch of ground had been cleared, on what now is the northeast corner of Second and Winsor streets. When but a small boy, our mother occasionally sent us there for "emptins," and well we remember the crooked road, full of deep mudholes which through a heavy pine forest extended from Prendergast avenue to within a few rods of the

"still," We have heard it said that the establishment was owned by J. E. Budlong and Walter Simmons, it was conducted by Walter Simmons; and Aaron Taylor at first and afterwards by Emeric Evans. The second distillery was erected on the bank of the outlet a little west of the present gas factory. Who erected it, we have not been able positively to ascertain. Our earliest recollection makes Eber Keyes, (Deacon Keyes) a brother of Royal Keyes, the owner of the establishment, but whether this was during or after its use as a distillery, we cannot now say. Its use as a distillery was of short duration. It was closed for several years, and then used as a foundry and machine shop. Mr. Brown, in his lecture in 1847, makes no mention of this second distillery confining himself to "the first still." We copy from Mr. Brown's lecture read at Jamestown academy in 1847: "The first still erected in this town, was located a short distance north of the sash factory. The citizens were pleased with this acquisition, believing it would make a market for corn and rye, and give employment for laborers. In those days of ignorance, there were but few who did not patronize it by word, and example too. But it had not been in operation long, before a coroner's jury was called to sit upon the body of a miserable inebriate who had stopped there at night and was dead in the morning. After the jurors had discharged their duty, the body was dressed for the grave and placed on a bench in an open shed on the east side of the still, there to remain until buried. On leaving the still, a bystander said to Gen. Harvey, the coroner, that he never saw a literal laying *out* before."

CHAPTER IX.

NEWSPAPERS VIEWED FROM DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS —JAMESTOWN JOURNAL—ADOLPHUS FLETCHER—FRANK W. PALMER—COLEMAN E. BISHOP—CHAUTAUQUA REPUBLICAN—MORGAN BATES—CHAUTAUQUA DEMOCRAT—J. W. FLETCHER—OTHER EARLY NEWSPAPERS.

NEWSPAPERS, THE AMERICAN COLLEGE.

Whatever may have been our original aptitudes for the acquirement of learning, and however great the advantages we may have enjoyed for its acquirement, the truth is now plainly seen and generally admitted, especially in our own country, in which knowledge is more generally disseminated than in any other, that the most valuable portion of our education is that we derive from our daily and weekly newspapers. Since the discovery of the art of printing, books have accumulated to a marvelous extent, for we now count them by the millions; colleges have been vastly multiplied, academies are now found in every considerable village in our land, and the common school even in the newest portions of our country, are within easy travel of everyone. Nevertheless the newspaper is the principal teacher of the masses in this country. Our colleges and higher seminaries of learning are abun-

dantly supplied with the most learned professors, with extensive libraries, and with all the apparatus and implements for the most extended scientific research. Our common schools are amply supplied with carefully trained teachers and all of these educational institutions are crowded with learners. Notwithstanding this abundant supply of all means for the higher education, the most valuable and useful knowledge that we gain, from the professor down to the daily toiler on our railroads and in our factories, is gained from the newspapers, and the humble village print according to its size and circulation, is but little behind its city competitor in usefulness. Thousands upon thousands in our land learn to read, with but the single object in view—that they may read the newspapers. We are a nation of newspaper readers and if asked what do you consider the leading characteristic of the American we would answer, he can read and write and reads the newspapers. The sovereigns of America are educated and prepared to wield the nation's sceptre by reading the newspaper. It teaches us not only politics, political economy and the science of government, but also agriculture, philosophy, history, literature, arts, moral and mental philosophy. Every trade, art or science known to this world in either ancient or modern times is thoroughly expounded and taught in the American newspaper. Our most learned men, poets, philosophers, scientists and statesmen, follow the plow, hammer iron, make shoes, sit in our legislative halls and in the presidential chair. They were self-educated—the newspaper was their text book. The newspaper is the American college which comes weekly or daily to every man's door, the best bulwark of our liberties, the defender

of the weak against the strong, of the right against the wrong. It is the alarm bell of the nation, and no destructive influence is great enough to stifle its clarion tones, until the people have time to examine into the cause. All hail the newspaper; let it continue to speak, and to teach in this country in the future, as in the past. We can endure some evils rather than to limit the freedom of the press. A free press and freedom will ever advance with clasped hands. May they ever remain free and united.

THE NEWSPAPER A TEACHER OF EVILS.

The newspaper, if we approach it from one side, appears to be the great source of general knowledge, and of highest value, but if we change our *point d'appui*, and make our examination from the opposite side, it appears as a great hindrance placed in the pathway of virtue and intelligence. In a free country only, can it reach its greatest perfection, as a promoter of knowledge, and as an upholder of the right. Unfortunately in such a country, the greatest opportunity is given for the promulgation of truths of evil tendency and of doctrines injurious to society and destructive of national life. It is a tenet of national law that it is a nation's duty to regulate and if necessary suppress all things injurious to the body politic. But how the present evil tendency of our newspaper shall be regulated if at all, is a grave question that we have not the ability to answer. An evil crying aloud for abatement for a long time, has been the medicine advertising humbug. The advancement of science has called a halt to superstition, but her twin sister credulity is as smart and active as 2,000 years ago. It is certainly true that the sick and afflicted "catch at straws." The

most barefaced falsehoods, and accounts of impossible cures appear in nearly all of our newspapers. The harm wrought in community not only pecuniarily, but to health and to life is wide spread and frightful. Our newspapers should be *melanges* of literature, of history and biography, of criticism, of politics, of philosophy, of religion, and of everything that the busy community pursue with ardor and solicitude but never of falsehood and deceit.

The idle, vicious and dangerous classes in every community seize the latest paper with eagerness and read it with avidity, for they well know that there is advertised frequently in editorial columns, the latest movements, failures and successes of the idle and the vicious. Passing over the accounts of ball plays, horse racing, cock fighting and encounters without gloves between brutal men, all for the benefit of the blackleg and gambling community, which the moralist as well as the religionist and every man's conscience, not thoroughly brutalized, will say are wrong, these worthies find therein the latest scandals. If happily none have transpired in the neighborhood within the past week, the editor does not forget this class, or the reading they so much love, but scans his exchanges and selects two or three cases that occurred in Nova Scotia, Texas, or Timbuctoo for their delectation. Their wants are known and carefully supplied. The majority of our best city papers furnish one page of reading suited to this vitiated taste; and which is spread from day to day before the young people of the country, those who should read something useful, instructive, or at least moral. This kind of reading is beginning to taint all the rest; you cannot keep the meat you eat in the same market

room in which there is carrion. If we will but look over the files of our newspapers and read the ordinary advertisements of our business men we will find they have caught the spirit of boast and untruth of the gamblers, and the advertisers of nostrums and patent medicines. This spirit of deceit, unchecked by the ordinary precepts of true morality, is found even in the columns of our local editors. The spirit of unrestraint and immorality is growing daily more unrestrained and more immoral. Ministers and moralists and editors daily warn us against a certain class of newspapers as well as against our yellow-covered literature, forgetful that the largest heads the hydra wears, are to be found in the majority of our best newspapers. This is a truth few can or will deny. Most proprietors of newspapers admit it. They excuse themselves by saying, "If we should throw out these things it would lower our subscription list one-half." "John make money—honestly if you can—but make money!"

EARLY NEWSPAPERS.

The first newspaper published in Chautauqua county was The Chautauqua Gazette, established as early as 1817 in the then small but thriving village of Fredonia. Also the second paper was established there, in the year 1821, the Fredonia Censor, which is now the oldest paper in the county. In 1824 a paper was started in Forestville called The People's Gazette, which two years later was merged in The Chautauqua Gazette under the name of Fredonia Gazette.

The fourth paper was published in Jamestown in 1826 by Adolphus Fletcher, and was called The Jamestown Journal. The paper has been published uninterruptedly ever since, and of its Weekly edition is in

the 61st year of its publication, and the Daily in its seventeenth.

Mr. Fletcher's parents lived a short time in Croydon, N. H., where he was born in 1796, but soon returned to their former home in Worcester, Mass. Adolphus, after spending a portion of his boyhood on his father's farm and in attending the country district school, was entered as an apprentice in the printing establishment of The Massachusetts Spy, which was established before the Revolution, and which ranked among the earliest and best newspapers of the country. He married Sarah Stowe when 21 years of age, and accompanied his father to this county in 1818. The Fletchers purchased of Ruben Slayton, the first occupant, the present site of the village of Ashville. Adolphus Fletcher first engaged in farming, afterwards in tavern keeping and later, in company with Dr. Deming, of Westfield, in merchandise.

Alvin Plumb, the Harveys and the Hazeltines had determined that a newspaper should be established in Jamestown, and Plumb and Abner Hazeltine had been for several months corresponding and trying to get a practical printer to come in, when they found they had one near at hand, only six miles away. Late in the winter of 1825, Mr. Fletcher, influenced by their urgent solicitations, concluded to enter into the venture. He came to Jamestown and at first lived in the Tiffany store, which at that time was the only vacant building in town, and immediately built a good sized, two-storied frame house on ground now occupied by St. Luke's Episcopal church, and purchased a press, type and other material with but slight aid from any one beyond endorsement. The first number of the Jamestown Journal was issued in June, 1826.

The day on which that first paper was issued was a memorable one with the good people of Jamestown. The press (a wooden one) was set up in the second story of the house; the stairs leading to the press room were on the north side, on the outside of the house. A number of the prominent citizens had collected in the street in front of S. A. Brown's office near by, anxiously waitng to get the first issue of their first village paper. Boys were plenty in the street, on the stairs and in the room. Young Stowe, the "devil," a relative of Fletcher, was not in a good humor, for with the assistance of the boys who crowded into the room, a keg of ink was upset upon the floor. Fletcher scolded, Stow got mad and in reply to some rallying remarks of the boys, seized his ink balls, (then used instead of rollers to ink the type,) and thoroughly blackened the faces of Gust Allen, (the late A. F. Allen, Esq.,) and Niles Budlong, who made their way rapidly down stairs their companions following, screaming, "here comes the devils with the first papers."

The first ten years of The Journal's life was in anti-Masonic times, and Chautauqua county was one of the strongest anti-Masonic counties of the state. During this period and longer, Abner Hazeltine was the editor of the paper; after him Emory F. Warren (since Judge) now residing in Fredonia, and later Dr. Nelson Rowe * were the principal writers for the paper. But during the twenty years Mr. Fletcher was proprietor of the paper he held himself responsible for its conduct and published that only which he was willing to

* Nelson Rowe was brother-in-law to Rev. Rufus Murry, of Mayville, one of the first ministers in Jamestown. Rowe studied medicine in the office of Dr. Hazeltine, settled in Ellington about 1845, he followed his brother in-law, Murry, to Michigan and there died about 20 years ago.

endorse. Some of the editorial articles were from Mr. Fletcher's pen. Every one of his children of both families early learned the art of type setting. Every one of them first and last has been connected with newspapers, and have not only set the type but written many articles and occasional editorials. They are a family of type setters and writers.

Mrs. Sarah Fletcher died many years ago. Mr. Fletcher married for a second wife Caroline Brooks, who was the mother of A. Brooks Fletcher, Mary Fletcher, Charles F. Fletcher; and Adelaide Fletcher, who died in childhood. The children of Mrs. Sarah Fletcher were John Warren Fletcher; Maria, afterwards wife of E. A. Dickinson; Lucy, wife of A. Fenn Hawley; Susan, wife of Albemarle Tew; Harriet, wife of Rev. H. A. McKelvy; Cyrus D., who died in Manitou Springs, Col., two years ago and Marshall, who died in infancy.

In 1846 Adolphus Fletcher, twenty years after he established the paper, sold it to his son, John Warren Fletcher, who has since been connected with a number of newspapers here and elsewhere, and who at the present time with his son is publishing and editing the Sugar Grove News. J. Warren Fletcher in 1848 sold his interest in The Journal to Frank W. Palmer, who entered the Journal establishment when a mere boy. He was the sole publisher for several years and the editor as long as he remained with it. He was a strong and ready writer. Palmer from the start was a man of mark; it may be said that he was educated in and for the printing office. He was when a very young man elected supervisor of the town of Ellicott and soon after to the state assembly. He was scarcely thirty when he left a flourishing business here

and went west in search of a wider field where he might grow; first to the city of Dubuque, Iowa, from thence to Des Moines where he was state printer. I think he served in the state assembly of Iowa. Afterwards he was elected as a member of congress. He filled many important offices. Finally he was editor of The Inter Ocean in Chicago, and for several years was postmaster of that city. During a large share of the time Mr. Palmer had partners in the business, of the Journal office, first, Frank L. Bailey, and at the close, E. P. Upham. In 1858 he sold his interest to Bishop and Sackett. Four years later a brother of Mr. C. E. Bishop succeeded Mr. Sackett. In 1865 Prentice Bishop died from wounds received in the war of the rebellion, after which Coleman E. Bishop conducted the paper alone up to 1866 at which time Alexander M. Clark became one of the proprietors. Since that time Mr. Bishop has been editor or proprietor, or both, of many papers. After leaving Jamestown he was for some time editor of the Buffalo Express—afterwards he went to New York and was the editor of a paper called the Judge. With all his brilliant talents and consummate ability, there is in his make-up too much honesty of purpose, and fearless expression of opinions to succeed well. He is decidedly of the Greeley type of men—plain, honest, outspoken, and a superior writer. He is a terror to the dishonest and designing, and hated by the small fry of writers everywhere. He ranks among the most brilliant writers of the country, and has entered into authorship. If Cole should ever die his epitaph should be—Here lies an honest man; in ability seldom equalled; sincerely hated by the political and social shams of the days in which he lived.

At all times and for all occasions his motto was *Semper paratus.*

In 1868 Mr. Clark became sole proprietor of The Journal, and January 1, 1870, issued the first number of The Daily Journal, with Coleman E. Bishop as editor, which has been continued up to the present day. In 1871, Davis H. Waite acquired an interest in the papers and in 1875 became sole proprietor. In 1876 Mr. Waite sold the Weekly and the Daily Journal to John A. Hall, under whose judicious management the circulation of the papers was vastly increased. Mr. Hall was not only a fine writer but an excellent financial manager. John A. Hall died January 29, 1886.

When we say that his death was a great loss to this town and section of country, in our own estimation, we do not fill the full measure of truth. He was one of those men of sterling worth, honor, integrity and mental power, that no community would feel that they could afford to lose. Such men are not quickly nor easily replaced. A memorial of John A. Hall will be found in this volume.

In the spring of 1828 Dr. E. T. Foote and Joseph Waite, Esq., took the initiatory in starting a paper in Jamestown, favorable to Masonry and to the election of Gen. Jackson as president of the United States. Sufficient inducements were held out to Morgan Bates, a printer in the eastern part of the state, and he came to Jamestown with his press, type and other material and started the Chautauqua Republican the same year. It was intensely Democratic and *anti* Anti-Masonic. I do not think that any time since party feeling ran as high in this section of the country as then. To belong to the opposite party was an offense that made enemies of neighbors, was carried into trade

and business transactions, broke up or divided religious societies, divided families and caused in fathers and sons and brothers the most bitter hatred to one another. Members of churches were accused of everything possible, unbecoming a Christian, and were tried in the churches by what they were pleased to call the accusation of "Common Fame," and disgraced without ever knowing who were their real accusers.

Mr. Bates' printing office occupied the ball room on the second floor of what had been the Ballard tavern.

Mr. Bates personally was not a supporter of Jackson and was thoroughly anti-Masonic, but he supported the cause of his employers faithfully and without a murmur. He soon, however, found that they either could not or would not meet their engagements in the way of getting support for the paper, and after sinking a handsome sum of money in the venture, sold out to a Mr. Kellogg. During the next three years there were frequent changes in the proprietorship of the paper. After nearly five years of sickly existence, its last proprietor changed its name to Republican Banner. The change was productive of but slight improvement; finding a change of climate absolutely necessary, Mr. Hamilton, the last publisher, removed the invalid to Mayville, where, after lingering two or three months, it died of consumption.

Mr. Bates was an active business man and a thorough, practical printer. His printing adventure in Jamestown was doubtless a great injury to him, one from which he never entirely recovered. After severing his connection with the Republican, Mr. Bates went to New York, and was associated with Horace Greely in publishing the New Yorker. Afterwards he removed

to Detroit. He was several times member of assembly in the state of Michigan, and at one time Lieut.-Governor. During the early part of his residence in Jamestown he married Jennette, the eldest daughter of Dr. Cook, of Argyle, N. Y. Mrs. A. F. Allen, Mrs. Col. Brown and Mrs. W. A. Bradshaw were sisters of Mrs. Bates. Mr. Bates died a few years ago in Michigan, surviving his wife several years, who died from cancer.

A semi-religious paper was started in Jamestown in 1829 by the Rev. Lewis C. Todd, a Universalist minister. It was not well supported and was discontinued during its second year. Mr. Todd was at one time editor, and we think one of the proprietors of the Republican. For two years or more he taught a select school in the old Prendergast academy, and was an excellent teacher. During his residence in Jamestown a long protracted meeting was held by an evangelist named Avery, in the Congregational church, at which Hon. S. A. Brown, Dr. E. T. Foote, Rev. Lewis C. Todd and a number of others were said to have "experienced religion;" at least they declared that they had never been thoroughly converted before. Mr. Todd soon became a minister in the Methodist Episcopal church, but some years afterwards returned to the Universalist church.

In 1847 Harvey A. Smith, Esq., started a paper called the Liberty Star. After publishing it about two years he sold it to Adolphus Fletcher, who changed the name to Northern Citizen. Mr. Fletcher published the Citizen for six years and then sold it, as he previously had sold The Journal, to his son, J. Warren Fletcher. This was in 1853. In 1855 J. W. Fletcher changed the name to the Chautauqua Democrat. The Democrat is now in the thirty-first year of its existence

under that name, the thirty-seventh since its purchase as the Liberty Star from Smith. A. Brooks Fletcher is at present editor and proprietor. During the thirty-seven years, the paper has been owned by several different persons and companies, but some member of the Fletcher family has been either owner or part owner since 1849. From the time Adolphus Fletcher established the first newspaper in Jamestown in 1826, either himself or one of his sons has been proprietor or part proprietor of a newspaper in this town up to the present time, a period of sixty years. And it would be unjust not to add to the list every one of the daughters, for every one of them were type setters ; every one of them were fair writers and contributed largely to the columns of The Journal, The Star, The Citizen and The Democrat.

In 1872 A. Brooks Fletcher established the Daily Democrat which was published regularly up to 1879, when he sold his interest in the Daily to John A. Hall & Son, who combined it with the Daily Journal under the name of the Jamestown Evening Journal.

After the selling of the Liberty Star to Mr. Adolphus Fletcher, Mr. Smith started another paper called the Undercurrent in the especial interest of anti-slavery as a political issue. The publishing office of this paper was in the second story of the building then standing on the southwest corner of Third street and Mechanic's alley, of which in Chapter XI we shall speak of as an "Inn of court." Jamestown and vicinity at that time was largely anti-slavery, but were far more willing to read the paper than to support it, and it departed this life in the second year of its infancy.

In 1852 Dr. Asaph Rhodes again introduced an anti-slavery paper to the people of Jamestown under

the name of the Jamestown Herald. It was printed with the same type and published in the same office the Undercurrent had been, and may be said to have been a continuation of that paper. The doctor had been a publisher but a short time when he gladly sold his press and printing material, together with the subscription list and good will of the Herald to Mr. Joseph B. Nessell. The purchaser removed the material to Ellington where he published the Ellington Luminary.

Several papers have started into life but soon died out, since this period—the most important of which was the Standard, an excellent paper, but not enough Democrats in the county to support it—it is not our province to mention these papers of a later date. Suffice it to say that The Jamestown Journal and the Chautauqua Democrat, papers of the early days, have lived through to the present, and are hale and hearty, showing neither decrepitude or old age. Each has enlarged with the enlargement of our town and settlement of the county. From the first neither has failed to make its weekly appearance, and to the increasing satisfaction of their many readers. The Jamestown Evening Journal is a large, handsome, prosperous paper, now in the seventeenth year of its existence. At the present we have other and well conducted papers in the city of Jamestown, but they are of recent origin, and are not to be spoken of in this volume. It can be no detriment to these excellent papers, for us to express our hope that The Jamestown Journal and The Chautauqua Democrat will be as ably conducted in the future as in the past, and that the children will not permit the papers of their fathers to die out. When we remember that such men as Abner Hazel-

time, Emory F. Warren, Nelson Rowe, Frank W. Palmer, James Parker, Coleman E. Bishop, John A. Hall and Daniel H. Post in the past have either been editors or leading contributors to the columns of The Journal and Democrat, to say nothing of the host of superior if not brilliant occasional contributors, or of the writers of the present time, we can say that the newspapers of the city of Jamestown, or those who represent them, need not take the most retired seats in a congress of New York state newspapers.

CHAPTER X.

MEMORIES OF THE PAST—DR. LABAN HAZELTINE'S FIRST VISIT TO THE RAPIDS IN 1814—MOVING INTO THE WILDERNESS IN 1815—TRIBUTES TO DR. HAZELTINE—HIS FAMILY—ANECDOTES OF DRS. FOOTE AND HAZELTINE—DR. S. FOOTE, DR. C. ORMES, DR. W. P. PROUDFIT, DR. HENRY SARGENT, DR. S. I. BROWN, DR. ODIN BENEDICT—EARLY PHARMACIES AND DRUG STORES.

MEMORIES OF BOYHOOD.

How melancholy and yet how sweet are the memories of by-gone days. The bright and buoyant spring time of youth, when our minds were free from care, our desires reaching no higher than present enjoyment, regardless alike of the future and its untried realities! The dear old home with its thousand and one attractions; the little streamlet where we were wont to build the most wonderful of saw mills and fabulous of bridges; the old barn where we used to hunt the fair white eggs and tumble on the hay; Mother's garden in which the strawberries and the flowers were so abundant in their season; the sled and icy hill in winter; and the old weather beaten academy on the hill,

where we acquired the first rudiments of knowledge, and a wholesome dread of the birch—these, in themselves "trifles light as air," seem to us—now fading as they are in the dim twilight of the past—like the happiest portions of our existence.

The home circle of our childhood—blessed paradise on earth—now only a memory! The beloved father and mother; the dear brothers and sisters; with the parents twelve of us in all. Some died in childhood; others sought for themselves new homes—but all gone; now "all in the churchyard lie"—all but brother "Dick" and myself. These are hallowed memories;—they can perish only with life. Years of cruel buffeting with the cold, unsympathizing world serve only to brighten the links of the golden chain which binds us to the happy past, so mournful in review. And now, although our pathway looks steep and rugged, overshadowed by the yew and the cypress, standing solitary and alone in the dark, clouded, murky air of failure, misfortune and grief which no tear of pity can assuage, these memories cheer us, press on our remembrance worlds of love and sympathy, and seem to prepare us with resignation to live through the few short days of our allotted time remaining. Our memories are of the quiet, pleasant village, that was overshadowed by the busy, ambitious town, which has become as if by magic this active, noisy, bustling city.

DR. LABAN HAZELTINE.

Early in the fall of 1814 Dr. Laban Hazeltine, of Wardsboro, Vt., who, in May, 1813, had married Content Flagler, a daughter of an old Knickerbocker family in Dutchess Co., N. Y., and who had received her

education at the then celebrated school of Dr. Lyman Beecher in Litchfield, Ct.,—mounted a favorite horse at the house of his father-in-law in the neighborhood of the old Saratoga battle ground and turned his face toward the west. Then, as now, the advice "go west, young man," was constantly given to him desiring to mark out a home for himself. His uncle, Solomon Jones, also of Wardsboro, Vt., had emigrated to the wilds of southern Chautauqua in 1810, the same year that Prendergast located at the rapids, and had several times written for him, and finally sent him a strong appeal, reinforced by an especial invitation and urgent request from Mr. Prendergast to come and cast in his lot with those who had settled at the rapids. Dr. Hazeltine arrived at the house of James Prendergast, Sept. 14, 1814, was warmly received, and during his stay made it his home. After visiting his uncle, Solomon Jones, and a few old Vermont friends who had just come in and were scattered through the settlements, he said to Mr. Prendergast that he had come into the wilderness to make it his home; that he had made up his mind to this before he left the east. He could grow up a good practice in Poughkeepsie; he had had a strong invitation to go to Brooklyn, and also another to go to Troy. As he came through he was urged by a physician in Utica to stop and go into business with him, and at Rochester was greatly tempted to remain, and believed if he had he would have advanced his own interest in so doing. But he started with the intention of coming to the rapids, as he had so strongly urged him to do; he had come with the resolve of making here his future home. He admitted that he had entertained a poor idea of the country before he saw it; that it was much more heavily timbered than he had

expected to find it, and that it would, he feared be a tedious work to clear the land, convert it into farms, and make it habitable for anything more civilized than Indians. But he was not discouraged ; he had come with the fixed resolve of remaining. He was young, stout and healthy, and believed he could endure privations equal to the best of them, and there was something in the deep wilderness of the country that charmed him, and made him wish to become a part of it. He desired to buy a home, or have one built for him at the rapids and a farm within a mile of it; he would then return to Dutchess county and be back again by the first of June following. Mr. Prendergast advised him to locate either on the northwest corner of Main and Fourth streets, or where Mrs. Ormes now resides; both locations were then covered with a deep forest. But the doctor took a fancy to the locality of the Blowers house on the west side of Main street. He liked the deep gulf with the swamp stream running through; he liked the house which was large, framed from oak and well built, and he thought the big blacksmith shop would make just such a barn as would please him. The three lots occupied by Blowers belonged to Judge Prendergast and were quickly conveyed to the Doctor, the consideration being $440 and that included the transforming the shop into a barn and certain improvements in the house, possession to be given the following first of May. This with the improvements to be made was considered as just one-half the value of the property. He also bought the article of 100 acres of land on lot 40 on the west side of what is now Warren street extending from the present Busti line north to near the rise of ground on Prospect street. Nathaniel Kidder,

who afterwards settled at what is now called North Warren, cleared the first twenty-five acres, and the late Ezbai Kidder split the rails and set up the first fence enclosure. During his stay at the rapids in September, 1814, Dr. Hazeltine took the charge of several sick persons which required him to ride through the wilderness ten to fifteen miles daily and detained him nearly four weeks after he was otherwise ready to return to the east.

Two or three days before the Doctor's return he was called to M. Frank's (probably Michael.) On arriving there he found a dozen or more of the settlers collected. The purpose was to induce him to return and settle at the rapids, many believing he would never come back. Learning the object of the meeting he assured them that he should certainly return if he lived. After partaking of a hearty dinner of venison, *coon* and johnny cake, Uriah Bently said to him, "*Labe*, I believe you are a fraud. I will bet you a cow you will never come back." Well if I did not you would lose your bet. "No I shouldn't, I would go all the way to Saratogue and take it out of your hide." John Frank bet a pair of sewed boots, M. Frank a pig, Mr. Steward one dead buck a year for five years. Mrs. Plumb 10 yards of the best tow cloth she could spin and weave. The account says, "They all bet something, but they were not bets so far as I was concerned, and I made up my mind they were gifts to induce me to come back. If I had intended not to come back I certainly should have changed my mind after this meeting. It was a happy time for me." "I have been back nearly six weeks and all came in with their bets to-day excepting Uncle Liphe who was here and says he shall certainly pay during the first snow this

fall and James E. who shows me the greatest compliment by not paying. Next to Uriah's cow and calf, the most useful present just now is * Aaron's 20 bushels of oats —my poor horses need them. May they all have health and be prospered is the best I can wish them, in the great labors before them in this deep, howling wilderness."

As we copy this transaction it is not easy for us to consider that it occurred 73 years ago, and that the actors, then young and full of energy and bright anticipations for the future, have all passed away.

Dr. Hazeltine left the rapids on the morning of the 28th of October for his long ride of over three hundred miles through the wilderness and did not arrive in Saratoga county until after the middle of November, having in less than four months rode on horsback twice the whole length of the state and in addition one month's ride in the wilderness and a large portion of that distance without roads. From Saratoga he went down the river to Poughkeepsie where his wife was residing.

On the sixth of April, 1815, with three heavily loaded wagons and three riding horses, (two of which were occasionally used in harness,) he started for his new home in the wilderness. One of the wagons contained 1200 pounds of medicines purchased in Albany, a quantity of farming implements and a box of books. Their progress was slow and tedious and to add to their misfortunes during the third week of their

* Who was meant by "Uncle Liphe," James E. and Aaron we have no means of ascertaining Uncle Liphe probably was Eliphalet Steward, father of Sardius Steward of Ashville. James E. may have been James Edmunds. But who was intended by Aaron we have found no one able to guess. We think there was an Aaron Martin of Busti. The cow and calf although then old were living in the writer's remembrance.

journey Dr. Hazeltine came down severely ill with ague. It was only during the eighth week of their pilgrimage that they arrived at the rapids, May 27 or 28.

At the time they passed through Buffalo the Indians were very troublesome at that locality and it was almost impossible for a settler to get through without having many of his goods stolen by them. The Doctor had daily shakes of the ague, and when they arrived there was very sick and the teamsters tired out. Mrs. Hazeltine was a small woman, never weighing 100 pounds, but as resolute and brave as she was small. She had driven one of the teams with her own hands from Syracuse to Buffalo. Wm. Bemus, of Bemus Point, was owner and driver of one of the teams. We cannot now say, (a memorandum being lost) whether one of his teams was used the whole distance from Saratoga to the rapids, but believe it was, as Bemus was originally from that section. One of the teams, was sent on from his farm on Chautauqua lake and met them at Batavia, at which place the contract for one of the teams from Saratoga ceased. At Buffalo Bemus said to Mrs. Hazeltine, "Content, the doctor must not be disturbed to-night: if we wish to get him through to the Rapids; this is the worst place on the whole route, the Indians steal all they can lay hands on here. I am going to have you mount guard to-night. Here is a musket with a good bagonet (bayonet) on it but it is not loaded. If you see any of the Indians around, take it up and carry it, and if they come too near don't be afraid to prod them with the sharp end of it." After a moment's reflection she replied: "I wish you to put a small load into the musket, Uncle William, and I will stand guard as you di-

rect. They would take it away from me before I could use the bayonet, but I believe I could shoot one of the scamps rather than have the wagons pillaged." Bemus said he would have one of the men load the musket, remarking he was afraid that with a loaded musket she might harm herself. "Now," says he, "I shall pretend to sleep, but shall keep awake. I have thought it all over and believe you will be the best person we can put on watch to-night. Don't be afraid; remember, I shall be wide awake." The evening was not far advanced before three or four marauders put in an appearance. Mrs. H. bade them begone, and that if they came near she would fire at them. The Indians drew off, one of them good naturedly muttering; "Very little squaw but much gun. Indian go away; just like little squaw to shoot some; might get hurt a good deal." Bemus remarked next day, "It worked as I expected; that the varmints would be more afraid of a woman with a gun than a man, or if not would at least show her more respect; but I took good care that Lehigh put powder into the pan but none in the gun."

After leaving the Cross Roads it was in the afternoon of the third day before they reached the rapids. The wagon drew up in front of the Blowers house; no preparation had been made for their reception, the reasons why need not appear in this narrative. The north room of the house, the one they expected to occupy that night, was filled with benches for a school and Blowers had not removed from the remainder of the house, although Judge Prendergast had made other provisions for him four days previously. Mr. Prendergast had been three days absent from home, had just returned and found Blowers dead drunk and Mrs. Blowers away from home. Mr. Prendergast,

Jacob Fenton and others carried out the school fixtures, and Mrs. Prendergast and Mrs. Fenton mopped out the room. Part of the goods were deposited therein and a bed made on the floor for the night. The remainder of the goods were placed in the blacksmith shop which had been converted into a barn as per agreement. The plan which had been devised to keep Dr. Hazeltine out of his house did not work.

Dr. E. T. Foote, who had come to the rapids a few weeks previous to the arrival of Dr. Hazeltine and family, came in the next day and said pleasantly, "Dr. Hazeltine, I believe it is customary for the old physician in a place to call upon a new professional comer. I have been here nearly four weeks and you see I have obeyed medical etiquette in calling. This daily ague which you have is a bad thing in a new country. I have brought with me a bottle of good whiskey and a couple of ounces of the best Peruvian bark (the correct things in those days,) and as now is just the nick of time for you to take a dose, with your permission I will prepare you one." The sick doctor thanked the well one, remarking that his prescription was altogether *orthodox* and according to the best authorities, but knowing that medicines would be scarce and difficult to procure in this wilderness country he had employed all his leisure time during the past year in reading Thatcher and other authors on the indigenous Materia Medica of the country, and had during his stay in the previous fall gathered and prepared a quantity of the bark of the *Cornus Florida* (boxwood,) and it was now a good time to test its virtues and Thatcher's laudations of it. His wife had boiled up a quantity of it until nearly as thick as syrup and he had already drank half a tumblerful of it

and declared he believed he should miss a shake that day. He also said to Dr. Foote that he had always been opposed to rum and never drank it but once in his life and then it was poured down his throat by some young friends at a dance through a tin funnel. This was before the days of quinine which is the active principle of the Peruvian bark. Foote, instead of administering, begged a quantity of the bark to try on two ague patients then on his hands. We do not believe that either of the doctors used a pound of Peruvian bark in their practice after that date. In fact Foote gathered that season a large quantity of the bark which he prepared with much care with his own hands and sent it to friends among the physicians in the east for distribution and trial.

Dr. Hazeltine gave his entire attention to the study and practice of medicine up to the last week of his life. He died May 4, 1852. His active life was spent in the heavy cares of the sick room and in preparation for the duties involved.

We make the following extract from an obituary notice published at the time of his death, and which we are informed was from the pen of the late Silas Tiffany:

"Dr. Laban Hazeltine, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of this village, died at the residence of his son on the 4th inst. Though not wholly unexpected the intelligence of his death fell upon our citizens with a painful shock. For nearly forty years he had been a resident and practicing physician in our midst, and identified with the growth of the village from infancy. He had been unusually successful as a physician—uniting with a thorough education, the clearness and accuracy of judgment, which were

marked characteristics of his life, and he therefore possessed the confidence of the community to an unusual degree. In the relation of a citizen no man stood higher than he. He was possessed of a large fund of general intelligence, elevated purposes, and his habits and influence, were distinguished by a high moral tone. The vacancy occasioned by his death, cannot soon be filled. The medical profession have in him lost a wise counsellor and society a most valuable member.

"Dr. Hazeltine with his family became a resident of Jamestown in June, 1815, when the village numbered twelve families, his own making the thirteenth. These families occupied some half dozen small, unfinished houses, all of which stood on Main and Cherry streets, below Second. Only two of them were above Second street. He was then young, active and vigorous and entered upon the practice of his profession in this, then, almost unbroken wilderness with his characteristic energy and zeal. The country soon filled with inhabitants, but good roads and bridges did not accompany the settlers from their homes. Many professional visits were made by him, when the only means he had of finding his patients, was to follow the track of the Holland Land company's surveyors indicated by the trees they had blazed.

"Dr. Hazeltine died in his 63d year of chronic hereditary disease of the kidneys. He was a native of Wardsboro, Vt., and his medical studies were pursued under the famed Paul Wheeler, and he attended the Medical Lectures of Dartmouth College. He was descended from the earliest settlers of Massachusetts. His ancestors were among the earliest pilgrims who landed at Salem harbor with Gov. Winthrop. He

was always careful to state that he belonged not to the Puritan but the Pilgrim stock of New England. His ancestors were among the earliest settlers on the banks of the Charles. He was no less thoroughly American in his habits, his feelings and his principles, than he was in descent."

Dr. Hazeltine was a devoted student of Nature in the best sense of that term. He was at all times accustomed not only to reverentially study Nature but to look thro' Nature up to Nature's God. The lovely flowers with which he had strewn the pathway of his being were bright and fragrant to the last, they smiled up to him as children to the face of a father. The perception of physical beauty, the intelligent love of nature, the philanthropic and benevolent spirit, the literary taste, which were the day stars of his youth continued their ministry in riper age; with the holier presence of domestic sympathies, of well-founded friendships, and of blessed remembrances was blended the consciousness of a life passed in the performance of the sacred duties of his profession. One of his last remarks was that he looked back on his past professional life with satisfaction, for he had labored to prepare himself for its duties, and had performed them honestly to the best of the ability given him; and that he looked to the future, if with misgivings, not with fear. That he had at times harbored feelings which he now regretted; that it had been his study to do right, but self righteousness was a poor guide for man to rely upon.

A clergyman now dead who was well acquainted with Dr. Hazeltine and who for many years was a most intimate friend writes of him as follows: "It is with pleasure that I send you what I wrote concern-

ing your father at the time of his death. When I consider him as the hard-working, self-denying physician to the sparse inhabitants of a wilderness; when I pass before my memory his unblemished moral character, when I remember his devotion to his profession, his great literary and scientific attainments; when I remember him as I knew him, I must believe that the most remarkable man I ever knew has passed from the stage of earthly life. During the earlier years of his career, he imbibed Socinian opinions and was led to reject the doctrines touching the divinity of Christ, but under the teachings and influence of the Rev. Mr. Murry, he relinquished these sentiments, and in process of time adopted the doctrines of the Episcopal church.

"All who knew Dr. Hazeltine, your father and my most intimate friend, will vouch that he was not only a Christian but a scholar of no ordinary attainments; the extent of his talents and erudition was known only to the few. He possessed so quick and retentive a memory, that what he read or heard with interest, became his own, and hence his mind was a store house, in which were deposited the riches which others as well as himself had collected from the vast sources of the natural, moral and scientific world. His perception of things was remarkably clear, discriminating, and consequently wonderfully correct. He almost intuitively saw the nature and bearing of things as soon as presented to the sifting qualities of his discriminating mind. His mind was so large and comprehensive, so trained in analysis, that he generally could take in the whole of a subject as well as distinguish its minute parts; and hence he possessed in a more than ordinary degree the rare talent of correctly clas-

sifying and placing facts in a luminous order. The versatility of his talents and the extent of his erudition was truly extraordinary. He seemed to be capable of fixing his mind with intensity on the most opposite subjects, and there is scarcely a department of literature or philosophy of science or of medical knowledge, with which he was not familiar. His letters to his friends were not only noted for their correctness and purity of style, but for the scientific knowledge they displayed, adorned with the imagery of a vivid imagination, which rendered them the choicest of possessions with those who were fortunate enough to receive them. His manliness was only equalled by his highly cultivated mind, his highly cultivated mind only by his desire and ability to be useful." Although eminently social he was wonderfully retiring and modest in his habits, and I most conscientiously believe he was the only man I ever knew, who never harbored a prurient thought. He loved nature, and was one of nature's truest noblemen.

In the life and character of Dr. Laban Hazeltine we see nurtured, with a beautiful and holy care,

"——those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us—cherish,—and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence; truths that make
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavor,
Nor man, nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy
Can utterly abolish or destroy."

—*Wordsworth.*

After a short time Dr. Foote abandoned the profession for politics, and the duties of various offices which he from time to time filled. Both men for a few years were extremely enthusiastic in studying the remedial powers of the indigenous medicines of the country. Learned physicians in New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere wrote to Dr. Hazeltine long letters of inquiry. He was considered authority on the subject and he contributed to the early medical journals liberally on this and other subjects.

To Laban and Content (Flagler) Hazeltine were born ten children, all of whom died in infancy or childhood excepting four, viz: Gilbert, Martha, Charlotte and Richard. All of them were born in Jamestown excepting John, who was born in Dutchess county and there died in infancy.

Gilbert W., (the writer,) the third of this family, has now passed his 70th year. He was educated in the common schools—the Prendergast Academy and *The* Academy of Jamestown and in Allegheny College into the Junior year, when he was obliged to leave in consequence of disease of the eyes. The college course however he completed at home. His medical education was gained by nearly six years' study in his father's office. He then attended one course of lectures at Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, where he was Assistant Demonstrator of Anatomy to Dr. Grant who was ill and soon after died, the entire labor devolving upon the writer. He went with Professor Pattison from Jefferson to the University of the City of New York and was one of the Demonstrators of that school. In 1842 because of his father's sickness he resigned and came to Jamestown where he has resided ever since. In 1843 he married Eliza Car-

oline Boss, of Forestville, by whom he had four children and of whom two only are now living.

Mrs. Hazeltine was one of the most noble of women. Her love of children and a desire to make them happy was one of her most prominent characteristics. She stood very high in the estimation of all who knew her, and few die more universally and sincerely lamented.

We should feel that we had not fulfilled our whole duty to our native town were we to omit placing here a memorial written at the time of her death, by one of her sincerest admirers, Abner Hazeltine.

DIED.

"In this village, on Monday, Aug. 20th, 1860, Mrs. Eliza Caroline, wife of Dr. Gilbert W. Hazeltine of this village, aged 35 years.

"The death of this estimable lady is an event too sad to be merely announced by the usual passing notice stating her age, residence and departure. Real worth, whenever or however manifested, should ever receive that tribute to which it is entitled. It is not only just to the memory of the departed, but is beneficial to the living, enabling them to see that a useful and virtuous life has a hold upon our hearts, which no distinction based upon rank and wealth can confer. Death levels all artificial distinctions; but it does not subvert the nobility which is the fruit of a well spent life. The subject of this notice sought not fame. Her object was to be useful in the sphere in which Providence had placed her; and that object she attained, by properly discharging the daily duties which devolved upon her as a wife and mother. In these characters she was a model woman. If true honor consists in acting well the part which the great

Arbiter of events has assigned us, then did our departed friend achieve an elevated station among the truly worthy. The character of the true woman, drawn by inspiration, was exemplified in her life and illustrated by her virtues.—'Her works praise her.'"

He afterwards married Susan S. Fish by whom he had one child. When we add that he was tolerably successful as a physician, but that otherwise serious misfortunes have marked his whole pathway and that for ten years he has been an invalid, is all that need be said.

Martha was the fourth child. She became the wife of Hon. S. P. Johnson, of Warren, Pa. She had four children, three now living. She died in June, 1858. She was one of the most noble of women, best of wives, and affectionate of mothers.

Charlotte, the fifth child, married Gilbert Dolloff Smith in 1844. He was the eldest son of Jesse Smith and the eldest daughter of Capt. Horatio Dix already mentioned. For many years Gilbert and Charlotte lived an unusually happy life and had one child.

The major was taken prisoner in Tennessee during the late war, stripped of his clothing even to his hat and boots, and marched naked to a southern prison pen and there died. The *unpleasantness* was long ago settled and all is now peace and harmony—nevertheless it makes our blood boil when we remember how our brothers were tortured and murdered by those southern fiends. The loss of the husband opened up a new life to the devoted wife. But she struggled through and educated her daughter, who married a man by the name of Galbraith, by whom she had three children. The mother was devoted to the daughter and the grandchildren, but the life was

a sad one. I will sum it all up in one word—whiskey. The daughter died suddenly and the little family scattered. Charlotte took her youngest grand child, an infant, to care for. The broken-hearted woman was faithful, but the load was too great and the silver cord snapped. Before life ceased she was literally worn out. We were with her two hours before her death. She was elated with the prospect before her. She wanted to die; she had lived long enough. "Oh do not talk to me about living, talk of death, of father and mother, of Gilbert and of Lottie; they are at rest; let me go to them and enjoy the bliss of rest." Nothing is more certain in this world, than that the rain falls on the just and the unjust. Calamities fall not alone on those who, as it were, brought them upon themselves and who deserve them, but upon the noble and the good, those who seemingly deserved a better fate. Surely the ways of the Almighty are past finding out.

Richard Flagler Hazeltine married Jane, the youngest daughter of Nicholas Sherman, an early settler of Busti. He is now a resident of Jamestown. The present Dr. Laban Hazeltine of our city is his second son.

If we said anything about the family of Laban Hazeltine we could not say less, neither is more required.

Content, his wife, survived him many years, and died literally of old age, aged 93.

Before the coming of Dr. Hazeltine to Jamestown Judge Prendergast, assisted by one of the best of women, his wife, Aunt Nancy, as every one loved to call her, was the successful and faithful physician of the people. With considerable knowledge of disease and

of remedies, his sterling good judgment made him a skillful and successful physician. From the first settlement up to November 9, 1815, there was not a single death at the Rapids. The regular physician came before the skeleton with a scythe. But we will defer this part of the subject until we come to speak of Burial Grounds and Cemeteries.

Dr. Foote at first used to declare that he intended to go to the Western Reserve, but soon made the acquaintance of Miss Annie Cheney, daughter of Ebenezer Cheney, Esq., whom he married. She was the mother of his children although he was three times married. Dr. Foote removed to New Haven, Connecticut, about 1842, and continued there to reside until his death.

Not long after the settlement of Hazeltine and Foote in Jamestown, a poor, ragged, dirty old man named Smith came to Busti. He always traveled on foot; in warm weather barefooted or with his feet encased in a rude kind of moccasin, and with a dirty two-bushel canvas grain bag thrown over his shoulder, containing the roots and herbs used by him in the sick room.

One of the Owens's who lived at what now is known as Fentonville, was taken violently ill with some deep-seated difficulty of the throat. Dr. Foote was called, and after making a second visit found him in so dangerous a condition that he asked to have Dr. Hazeltine see the patient with him the next day. Both of the learned doctors gave it as their opinion that there would be one Owens less in the Conewango valley within two or three days; that they could do nothing for him. A messenger was immediately dispatched to Busti for Smith. He was found considerably under the influence of corn juice, but with some assistance was seated

on the horse which was led all the way to Owens's—13 miles as the roads then were. Arriving there Smith was quite sober, but the bag of medicines had been left behind. Smith examined his patient and then started for the woods near by for his remedies. He soon returned with a basketful of stuff, but as he passed the pig pen he picked up something which he carried in and very privately mixed up in water and worried it down the patient's throat. The dose made Owens alarmingly sick and he was momentarily expected to die. Owens's brother, who went with Smith to the woods and had witnessed the whole transaction, swore dire vengeance on Smith, who became so alarmed that he decamped unnoticed. Presently Owens vomited most fearfully, and in doing so ruptured the walls of a large abcess near the base of the neck which pressed on the wind pipe and æsophagus. Immediately he could breathe easily, could swallow without difficulty and talk. Foote and Hazeltine were most roundly berated for their d——nd ignorance and stupidity and Smith lauded as one of the greatest of doctors, but poor Smith was not there to hear. Half frightened to death, he hid himself away in the woods, and it was only after accidentally hearing what a great man he had become that he ventured home. Owens was soon well. After learning the truth of the matter he was accustomed to say he was glad he sent for Smith for he believed it eventuated in the saving of his life; but that lightning seldom struck twice in the same place; that he wanted nothing more of the filthy old fellow and his still more filthy medicine,

Hazeltine and Foote were for many years the only physicians in Jamestown. Occasionally a physician would come in and remain a few weeks or months and

then would pass along. They were the only regular physicians here to remain long. Previous to 1849, occasionally one came in and soon sought better locations.

Dr. Samuel Foote studied medicine in the office of his brother E. T. Foote, in Jamestown, and at an early day practiced as an assistant to his brother. He left the profession for several years and engaged in lumbering and other mill operations at Waterboro, a couple of miles beyond Kennedy. He afterwards returned to Jamestown and bought of James Harrison his unfinished house, where the residence of the late Mrs. A. F. Allen now stands, which he partially finished and in which he resided for several years, practicing medicine. He afterwards removed to Louisiana where his only son resided, and remained several years. He again returned to Jamestown a widower and alone and resided for two or three years in a small house on the southwest corner of Pine and Third streets, now occupied by Bradshaw's feed store. On the morning of 7th May, 1856, there was a meeting of the medical society of Southwestern New York at the Allen house. One of the members proposed that some one should go up and see why Dr. Foote was not down. Dr. Gibbs of Frewsburg went and found Dr. Foote dead, sitting in his chair, The writer had called less than half an hour previous and found him cheerful and expressing himself as feeling so well that he believed he should attend the medical meeting. His death had been so instantaneous that his spectacles had not fallen from his eyes or the book he was reading from his hand. Cause of death, rupture of the heart.

Dr. Henry Sargent settled at an early day at Sinclairville. He afterwards removed to Sears's, now Kiantone, and practiced there for several years, He finally removed to Warren, Pa., and had a lucrative practice for years. He, like Dr. Foote, died suddenly.

Dr. Cheney for several years lived near Nelson Cheney's of whom he was probably a relative. What became of him we are not informed.

Dr. Cornelius Ormes was induced by friends living in Panama to come and be their physician, I think in the year 1833. On his first arrival there, after seeing what a wilderness country it was and how few inhabitants there were "to be sick and die that a physician might live," the writer well remembers his saying to the late Dr. Hazeltine, "I shall not remain there long;" and probably he would not have remained had he not made the acquaintance of Miss Angeline Moore, who acted as a lodestone to prevent his departure. He remained a year and a half in a state of great uncertainty, longing to depart but finding it exceedingly pleasant to remain; but love prevailed over self interest and ambition, and he married Miss Moore in 1835. The result was that he remained in Panama over thirty years in the successful practice of his profession. Four children were born to Dr. Ormes; his eldest son Francis D. Ormes is now a physician in Jamestown. Several years ago the writer had a conversation with the elder Dr. Ormes, chiefly about the early days of the profession in southern Chautauqua. He said, "Doctor, this was a fearfully hard country to do business in; it is an old saying that 'there is more pleasure in giving than receiving,' and as I think this applies especially to

kicks, medicines and advice I remained in Panama." Dr. Ormes removed from Panama to Jamestown in 1863, where he continued in the active duties of the profession up to a short time before his death. He died at his residence in Jamestown April 20, 1886, aged 79 years.

Dr. William P. Proudfit came to Jamestown to reside in January, 1832. He was a thoroughly educated physician, active and ambitious. He had not been here long before he declared that it was no place for him or for any other young man who desired to make more than a bare living. He said, "There is plenty of land to the acre here, but there are but few men to the acre, and not sufficient sickness among them to support the physicians previously on the ground. I shall get away just as soon as I can find a place. But he made the acquaintance of Elmer Freeman's second daughter, Maria, and as usual in such cases, this caused a delay, but not long. He married Maria Freeman in November of that year, and not long after, I think the next season, he removed to Milwaukee, which just at that time was becoming an important, place. A few years later, (1843) he died while yet a young man. Wm. H. Proudfit, our successful "big 33" clothing man, is the only son of Dr. Proudfit. An anecdote of the doctor, his old friends, we presume, will never forget. A woman in a neighboring town noted for her volubility and for always thinking she was sick, had almost pestered the life out of the other village doctors. One of them seeing her coming, told his student to send her to Proudfit, and hid himself in the back office. She had never heard of the new doctor and was well pleased to go. She was scarcely within

the door when her tongue commenced running: "Doctor, I want you to prescribe for me." The doctor made a few inquiries and felt her pulse and said; "Madam, I think there is nothing the matter; you only need rest." Her tongue started and she used up half an hour in telling the doctor about her aches and pains, where she went to meeting, what her neighbors said, where she bought her sugar and tea, what her husband said, what medicine she had taken, what the other doctors said, etc., etc. Proudfit got uneasy and began to pace up and down the office and finally said, "Madam, I am in a hurry; I cannot wait longer." "Wish you would not be in a hurry. I wish to tell you how I feel now, and how I have felt during the past week." The doctor put on his hat and partly opened the door. "Well, if you can't stay, look at my tongue, do look at my tongue, and give me something to take; just look at my tongue! look at it! Now, say, what does that need?" The doctor looked at it. "Madam, I think that needs rest, too." "You do, you puppy," and greatly excited she raised her umbrella. Proudfit clutched his hat and left on the double quick, and did not stop until safely in Freeman's house and cosily seated by Maria. "What is the matter, Doctor; you appear excited?" "Nothing, nothing. Yes, a little something. Perhaps I am a trifle excited. I have just seen a woman's tongue."

Dr. Stephen I. Brown, not far from 1830, settled in Busti. Brown was a genius. His countenance always reminded us of the pictures which have been given of Oliver Goldsmith, and we apprehend that the two men had many characteristics in common. Brown was well read as a physician and a good practitioner,

but he preferred law to medicine, and we are informed by a lawyer and a judge who was well acquainted with Brown and who ought to know, that he had a thoroughly legal mind, a fine knowledge of law, and might have made an eminent lawyer. Brown was intemperate. It became necessary to amputate one of his legs on account of destructive disease in the foot and ankle. But age, assisted by intemperance and disease, had not left enough to insure the healing of the wound, and he died from its effects.

Dr. Odin Benedict was not only a physician but a prominent man in Chautauqua county for many years, settled in the town of Ellery in the year 1826, and was the first resident physician in that town. He immediately took high rank as a physician, and in the management of the affairs of the country. Soon after he came into the county he married a Miss Copp of Ellery. He had one son, Wm. C. Benedict, at the present time one of the prominent men of his native town. Willis Benedict, a prominent lawyer in our city, is a grandson of Dr. Benedict. Dr. Benedict was for many years supervisor of the town, and twice was sent to the state legislature, and for several of the last years of his life was president of a bank in Dunkirk. He died in 1874.

From about 1820 the country gradually filled up with physicians, as it increased in population; in fact, to the older physicians, this increase appeared to be far more rapid than the needs of the country required and much to the detriment of the community as well as the physician. Where previously a single professional visit was considered necessary, half a dozen became the rule.

During the earlier years of this county's history, the practice of medicine was among the most laborious and fatigueing of pursuits. The roads were few and almost impassable; the traveling was entirely on horseback and mostly on old Indian trails, and the wilderness was full of howling wolves and screeching panthers. When a boy we have listened by the hour to the recital of adventures in the deep forests of those days, of Dr. Foote, Dr. Hazeltine, and others with the wild animals of the woods. And we well remember that in their opinion they were not so much to be dreaded as most people imagined; that they seldom attacked a man if they had a chance to get away, except when famished by extreme hunger. Panthers were seldom seen and probably were not numerous. The bear was considered the really dangerous animal in our forests. The doctors were frequently overtaken by the darkness when pursuing these paths or trails, and when miles distant from any road or habitation, and when their intelligent horses would stand still and refuse to go farther. They would then tie their horses to the nearest sapling and build a fire near some large tree; seat themselves at its roots and place their saddles and saddle blankets over their legs for protection. So wearied were they that frequently they would sleep soundly, although the last sounds that saluted their ears were the deep howl of the wolf, the wail of the panther or the lynx, or the screech of the owl and the various noises of a well inhabited forest.

We shall always remember an instance related by Dr. Foote as occurring in his experience not far from what we now call Levant, in what was then known as the Mudd neighborhood, in which the wolves came so near that he struck one over the head with his

heavy riding whip; and of their sudden leaving in answer to a call from some other portion of the woods; of his climbing into a low hemlock tree; of his hearing the barking of a dog in the early morning and finding himself but a few rods from a log house where he found his horse which had broken loose and gone away during his scrimmage with the wolves.

During the first years, Dr. Hazeltine generally traveled with a small dog who he considered an almost infallible protection, and who on more than one occasion piloted him out of the woods. He found that his horse would readily follow the dog in the woods on a dark night, when he would not move a single step without him. In traveling these primitive woods the great danger consisted in leaving the old, well beaten trail to go around a wind-fall, or to seek a more promising place to ford a stream, or foolishly thinking they could take a more direct course to the place they desired to reach. To leave the trail was generally a preparation for spending a night in the forest. Physicians frequently took rides that required two or three days to accomplish. Dr. Hazeltine frequently went to Warren and below, and on several occasions as far from home as to Franklin, Pa. It now seems almost impossible that any one could or would endure the hardships and dangers and privations which were the common lot of physicians when the country was a wilderness, and when the pay received for their services would not equal that received by a sawyer in one of the mills. If any class of human beings who have ever lived deserved the gratitude of their fellows and liberal pensions for benefits gratuitously bestowed, it was the pioneer physicians of southern Chautauqua.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

For many years the only medicines kept for sale in the village of Jamestown was at the pharmacies of Drs. Foote and Hazeltine which were kept in rooms in their residences. These pharmacies were adequate to supply all the ordinary needs of the country at that time, and were the sources of much profit to their owners. Dr. Hazeltine's pharmacy was much the larger and the one mostly patronized up to 1829, when Dr. Foote became postmaster. He then built a long, one-story building on Main street, 16x40, on the south portion of the lot now occupied by Proudfit's clothing store. Barrett & Baker's store was the next building north, and between the two was a 12-foot passage way to the store house back of the stores. Foote succeeded Hazeltine as postmaster and removed the postoffice to the back end of this building, using the front of it, it might be said, as the first drug store in Jamestown. In this he was succeeded first by Smith Seymour, a brother-in-law, and afterwards by Joseph Kenyon; both in turn became postmaster. After the Hall block was built on the north side of Third street, the store next to Potter's alley was occupied by John S. Yates, the father of Henry Yates, Esq., and by J. Elliott Chapin, (both sons-in-law of Solomon Jones) as a drug store. Yates previously had studied medicine in Dr. Foote's office, but circumstances prevented his becoming a physician. Chapin was the first and for several years the teacher of the district school in the lower room of The Academy after its removal to the corner of Cherry and Fourth streets. For many years he was a minister of the Methodist church, but is now, I think, superannuated. During the summer Chapin and his wife occupy their fine cottage at Chautauqua, and no one

appears to enjoy its great privileges more than they. Yates and Chapin sold out to Kenyon, and he moved the postoffice to that store in the fall of 1838. Nathan Sears about that time opened a drug and book store in the Plumb store where Scofield & Co's store now stands. The writer very distinctly remembers the commencement of Sears in business; for he traded with him his favorite gun "Old Kill Deer" for the first set of Waverly Novels, in twenty double volumes, that were ever brought to Jamestown. A year or so previously Russell D. Shaw started a drug store in a small building just above Fenner's shoe store. Russell D. Shaw was afterward succeeded by his brother, Warner D. Shaw, who later was for many years proprietor of Shaw's hotel. These were the only drug stores previous to 1844 when Parsons of Westfield (Chauncey C. Burtch) bought out Kenyon who was then located on the northeast corner of Main and Third streets, and G. W. Hazeltine, (D. T. Brown & Co.,) opened a drug and book store in the Allen house on Main street in what would be now the southwest corner of the Gifford block occupied by Marble Hall.

The present is a good occasion to compare rents on Main street between the present and forty-two years ago. The store occupied was in an excellent brick building erected two years previous by A. F. and D. Allen, and then known as the Allen house. The store mentioned above as occupied by D. T. Brown & Co., was twenty-four feet wide, seventy-five feet deep, and fourteen feet from the floor to ceiling, with extra counters and shelving together with a light, airy cellar with a permanent floor, ten feet longer than the store. For this store the writer took a five-year's lease at $75 a year. At that time we think the rent of any other store in town must have been less, for this was the best room for a store at that time in town.

CHAPTER XI.

HUMAN LIFE AN ALLEGORY—INN OF COURT—VOLUNTEERS IN 1861—JAMESTOWN'S PATRIOTISM—SAMUEL A. BROWN—ABNER HAZELTINE—E. F. WARREN—LORENZO MORRIS—GEO. W. TEW—R. P. MARVIN—JOSEPH WAITE—FRANKLIN H. WAITE MADISON BURNELL—ORSELL COOK.

HUMAN LIFE—AN ALLEGORY.

History, be it of a community, or more pretentious and important, as of a state or an empire—is but the history of human life—the actors being the same, varying only as to the high stations some have been called to occupy during their earthly career. The history of the lesser personages will be read by an interested few, the most important of these only, following the same rule that governs the history of larger communities, of states and of empires. The conduct and the consequent station held, is truly the subject of history and not the human life in which it is developed. And conduct, Matthew Arnold declares is two-thirds of human life. If this is even an approach to truth, of what vast importance is the healthy growth and right education not only to the individual but to the community, the state and the world.

We have somewhere read an allegory, in which human life was likened to a journey over a hill, the sides of which are more or less precipitous, the ascent rugged and uneven, with pleasant looking groves constantly in sight but not quite on the beaten path the youthful traveler is advised and expected to take. In these groves are seen lovely forms dancing to strains of sweetest music, or reclining on beds of flowers, and drinking from crystal cups a fluid, golden, or with the deepest hues of the dark-red rose. The guides who are to attend the company just setting out warn those in their charge against these apparently beautiful groves and point them to a beautiful castle on the brow above. That they should bend all of their energies towards reaching that edifice. It was true their route in portions of the way was somewhat rough and in no part quite as inviting in appearance as about these groves which were scattered along the entire distance, but that from the castle of Good Conduct all of the most desirable routes over the plain of human life beyond, commenced; that those who took the pleasant looking paths through the groves seldom arrived at the castle and were obliged to travel less desirable routes over the plain, and which led to very undesirable places on the other side from which to make their descent into the city of Monuments.

The party of which we were one, listened with little attention to what the guides said to us. We were impatient to commence the real work of life, we longed to be free from the sweet restraints in the flowery grove of infancy and childhood where a loving mother and a doting father had so far watched over us. Where every want had been supplied, where every pure desire satisfied. We made a hasty visit to the

nursery to kiss good bye to our infant brothers and sisters, crawling on beds of violets, or sleeping on pillows of roses. They had just entered into human life, and they smiled the joy of their new-born existence. True many of them wept and wailed, but their weeping was of short duration;—the presentation of a single flower, would cause a smile in the midst of their tears, so that nothing was more common than to see two tears standing like pearl drops on their eye lids or trickling down cheeks filled with dimples and smiles. We were delighted, and for a moment inclined to tarry and play with these new-born humans, which raised in our minds the idea of angels and cherubs, and we called them such, and we thought we heard a voice, seemingly in the clouds, saying, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," and then the thought came to us, that the more we retained and carried with us of this scene, the happier and more successful would be our journey.

We passed along and although daily admonished by our guides, found ourselves wandering continually to the pleasant paths in the groves. Not unfrequently we found ourselves in thickets of thistles and nettles. But these errors are not always irretrievable, although they leave indellible marks and influence the future. After numerous accidents by the way, we were among the few that arrived at the castle and finally with many admonitions by the keepers in charge was allowed to enter. Here we were thoroughly schooled as to the dangers of the plain, the hidden pitfalls, the sloughs and the quicksands, the thickets of thorns and the rocks and the precipices. The best routes were plainly in view and thoroughly explained. The guides who came with us up to the

plain were to attend us no longer, but guide books were placed in our hands and it was said to us, if we followed their direction we would have no difficulty. We advanced with eagerness, studied our guide books faithfully and for a time followed their direction. But some of the views we deemed *old foggish* and we were quite certain that some more modern guides had pointed out more pleasant, more direct and less difficult paths. We found ourselves continually exploring these new ways. We deviated without scruple from the old paths, to which but few faithfully adhered; and what greatly encouraged us was the fact that the best, the most gifted, and highest intelligences, who started with us at the nursery, were with us at the castle of Good Conduct and were with us now. Finally we concluded not to return to the old paths at all, although we were continually coming to paths which led to them. The most of us passed on, each by paths of his own choosing, for of these by-paths there were many; those we chose we found beset by many difficulties and dangers. The pitfalls were so many that more than once we stumbled into one, receiving serious injuries, and finally became so maimed that we have traveled along on crutches ever since. Indeed, on that part of the route in which the traveler is most prone to travel in by-paths, the dangers and difficulties are the greatest. We saw the beauty of the flowers, we heard the music of the birds, and all nature appeared full of delight, but instead of plucking the modest sweet scented flowers in the best cultivated gardens, we wandered into the fields and forests and plucked the gaudy, scentless, poisonous, deadly nightshade, and the purple belladonna and the red and golden poppy. The music of the songsters of the

grove gave place to the croak of the ill-boding crow and the screech of the owl. The sky became overcast with clouds, obscuring the bright sun by day and through which the bright stars refused to twinkle by night. When we attempted to return we found that we could not find the way; our faces became clouded with weariness and care. Weary, footsore and crippled, we commenced the descent. From time to time we saw our companions fall into the pitfalls which abound in the down hill side of life; they were so weak and feeble and maimed that they made no attempt to get out and there perished. As we passed along in diminished numbers we beheld many delightful scenes, beautiful gardens, delightful song birds, but there appeared to be a gulf difficult of passage, and we did not attempt it, although we saw many old friends who traveled with us up the hill and over part of the plain on the top beckoning to us with great solicitude and we could hear their voices saying, "Come over here; here we have plenty to eat and to drink and to wear; everything is delightful, the flowers never fairer, the music of the birds never so sweet. It is not as difficult to pass through that gulf as it seems, and we have a doctor over here who will cure your wounds and relieve you of your crutches." We consult our companions. They are too weary and too much crippled to make the attempt, and beg of us not to leave them. They gather around and bind heavy weights on our limbs and even take away the crutches on which we had depended. We continued to descend, crawling as best we could. We have not kept up with our companions; most of them have reached the foot of the hill. We do not see them, but we see beautiful quiet groves in which arise here and there

equally beautiful spires and white marble structures which mark, we presume, their quiet homes. We are nearly down, will soon be there and equally quiet. Is not this a true picture in a majority of cases of human life and human destiny? Let every one who reads, reflect, and make application for himself.

OUR COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS.

We had a much occupied building, which filled a space of about 20x30 feet on the southwest corner of Third street and Mechanic's alley. It was a two-story building with a basement, painted white. This, together with Waite's stone law office which stood directly west of it, disappeared about twenty-five years ago in the same way that so many of Jamestown's early buildings disappeared—in fire and smoke; the location of these and other early time buildings is now covered by the Sherman House. James Harrison erected the building in 1828 for his watch repairing and jewelry establishment. In 1831 it came into the possession of Wood & Curtis as a boot and shoe store, and not long afterwards was used for Lathrop's hat shop. After Lathrop ceased business C. W. Jackson used the lower rooms for gun repairing, and for finishing up house bells, and the basement as a bell foundry; the upper rooms were used as a printing office, for the Undercurrent, the Liberty Star and the Jamestown Herald. After Jackson vacated the building, the lower story and basement were for a year or more used in a variety of ways, and by various persons. Finally the building was purchased by the Hon. R. P. Marvin, and the occupancy of it fell to the lawyers. It became a sort of lawyers' headquarters for a time—an Inn of Court, as it would be termed in London. Among the lawyers occupying this building at the same time was the Hon.

R. P. Marvin, who then was judge of the Supreme court and occupied the back rooms; Madison Burnell, Capt. James M. Brown, (afterwards Col. James M. Brown, killed at Fair Oaks,) John F. Smith, (afterwards Col. Smith, killed at Fort Fisher) and others, and a number of law students. It was a busy place, and withal a patriotic place, at the breaking out of the late war. The Judge sent two sons to the country's defence—William was a sacrifice upon that bloody altar, the other is the present Gen. Selden E. Marvin of Albany. Burnell became the celebrated home orator, urging the able bodied man to shoulder his musket and march forthwith to the front. Capt. Brown at the first alarm raised Jamestown's celebrated Co. B, and was among the first to report for action; he soon became Colonel of the 100th regiment of N. Y. Infantry; the last he was ever seen he stood on a stump on the battle field of Fair Oaks, waving his sword, forsaken by his men. As he was not mounted he probably was fatally wounded at that time. His body returned to mother earth on Virginia soil. John F. Smith, as soon as he could arrange his business, also raised a company and followed his partner Brown to the field. He fell leading his men to the desperate charge of Fort Fisher. As he sat on the ground surrounded by his officers he predicted that he would be killed that day. His body came back wrapped in his country's flag, and rests in the peaceful shades of Lake View cemetery. Col. John F. Smith and his brother Capt. Hiram N. Smith, and the captain's two sons Milton and William, sleep side by side. Brave men! Such were the ones that Ellicott sent to her country's defence.

An act of heroism of Capt. Hiram Smith should

be recorded. After a battle (Williamsburg, I think) his son Milton who belonged to the same regiment, was not among those mustered after the battle. Smith knew he was either killed or wounded. After midnight he went alone over that gloomy battle field, guided by the sickly light of the moon: he beheld the outstretched forms of the dead and heard moans and groans of the dying. Every few paces he halted and called, "Milton! Milton!" Finally his call was met by the feeble response of "Here I am father: I am shot, I cannot get up." He was fatally wounded. Smith took his wounded, dying son in his arms and conveyed him to the hospital, where he soon expired. It was at a time when leave of absence, and more especially transportation, were with great difficulty to be procured. Capt. Smith was furloughed for ten days to go home and bury his son. But there was no transportation. Smith took letters from the Colonel and General, *wrapped his dead son in his blanket,* and went aboard a boat at Fortress Monroe. *The living and the dead bunked together until they arrived at Baltimore;* there a coffin was procured and the next day Smith and his dead child were in Jamestown. His telegram had been received and everything was in readiness. The burial was the next morning, and the day after Smith was on his way back to the Peninsula. These are the bare facts. Such were the men who defended us in the great war of the Rebellion.

We would have the memory of this lowly building embalmed in the remembrance of every citizen as the headquarters of patriotism and love of country in Jamestown, in 1861. There the old man gave up his sons and younger men their homes, their wives and

children, to become sacrifices on the altar of their country's needs.

SAMUEL A. BROWN.

Hon. Samuel A. Brown was the first lawyer to settle in Jamestown. He was the son of Col. Daniel Brown of Connecticut. When but eighteen years of age he left his home and came west to his brother's, who was a lawyer in Otsego county in this state, and with whom he studied law. He left his brother's house in the summer of 1816 on horseback, and after traveling as far west as Painesville, Ohio, viewing the country and forecasting its future prospects, he returned to this state. Meeting Jacob Houghton, Esq., at the Cross Roads he was induced to ride over to the rapids, which at that time was beginning to be known by its new name of Jamestown. He arrived here in November, and after consulting with Judge Prendergast, Dr. Hazeltine and Abner Hazeltine, who was then studying law under Houghton, and Edward Work, he concluded to prepare for examination in Houghton's office, and to apply for admission as an attorney at the coming common pleas of Chautauqua. He boarded at Disher's tavern, and opened an office in the northeast corner of a new unfinished building on the southwest corner of Main and Third streets.

In March, 1819, Mr. Brown married Prudence O., daughter of Capt. Cotes of Otsego county. Capt. Cotes resided in the same village in which Brown had studied law with his brother. He soon returned with his wife and that season erected a low, one-story building with a front and back room on the ground now occupied by the store built by Dr. Simons on Main street, next to the Ormes residence. In the back room of this office Mr. and Mrs. Brown lived for several months after their

marriage, and boarded a portion of the mechanics engaged in building their house, which was located where the Ormes residence now stands.

Mrs. Brown did her cooking by the side of a big oak stump back of the office, over which a slight shelter of boards had been placed. This stump was standing long after the writer's remembrance, Mr. Brown preserving it as a memento of the past, and was very fond of showing it to his friends as Mrs. Brown's first kitchen. In fair weather Mrs. Brown was accustomed to set her table for her boarders by the side of the stump on a platform over which a shelter of boards had been placed. Brown in after years in showing his friends the limited accommodations of his early housekeeping was accustomed to say: "Well *and then*, gentlemen and ladies, I can assure you we had ample accommodations, plenty of room—especially in Mrs. Brown's *dinin' room and kitching*. We slept in the back room of the *office*, 10x20; it contained besides our bed all of our furniture, but the room was ample."

In 1828 he was appointed district attorney for the county and held the office up to 1828. In 1826 he became agent for the "Cherry Valley Land Co.", who owned a large tract of land in the eastern part of the county. For many years he paid to the soldiers of the Revolution their pensions. He was elected a member of Assembly in 1827 and again in 1845. In 1824 he lost the election by two votes to Nathan Mixer of the north part of the county. He was among the foremost in all educational matters, and for many years an elder of the Presbyterian church. He was always foremost in any business or plans for the advancement or care of the village. In 1829 Richard P. Marvin became his partner in business; Mr. Marvin retiring,

George W. Tew, who had studied law in his office, became his partner in 1831. Afterwards his three sons successively—1st Charles C., 2d Theodore, and 3d, Levant were his partners. None of these sons are now living. The Ormes residence was built by Brown a few years before his death. Mr. and Mrs. Brown were among the very best of Jamestown's early residents. He was remarkable for his industry, perseverance and close attention to business. He was a strict adherent of Franklin's rule, "Keep your place of business and it will keep you."

Samuel A. Brown was a man of a remarkably cheerful temperament, quick and active mind, and appeared to great advantage as a conversationalist. He conversed without effort and without pretense, but with great humor and wit and with skillful adaptation to the tastes of his hearers. He was ready to converse on all subjects, whether well understood by him or not, and with all classes of persons. What he lacked in knowledge of the subject he made up in wit, and never lapsed into garrulity. He would engage in a grave discussion upon important subjects when the occasion required, but he hated disputation and dogmatism and seldom failed to divert the current of argument by some stroke of humor or quaint extravagance of remark. His more pointed and brilliant sayings should be preserved, although they could give but a faint reflection of his wit, and do imperfect justice to the shrewdness, humor and good sense of his conversation. The humorous sayings of a lively, quick-witted talker like Brown cannot be reproduced in print, their point and delicacy are sure to be lost in the process; they sparkle only in the atmosphere in which they were produced. He was a keen observer of men

and often exposed the weaknesses and foibles of others with quick and pungent satire—sometimes not sparing his best friends and associates; but there was no malice in his wit, nor any disposition to inflict a serious wound. His sarcasms were sometimes apparently thoughtless, but never harsh or intentionally unkind, and he would go far to do a kind deed for those whose faults or peculiar position he had just visited with playful severity. Always pleasant and agreeable, and eminently social, his society was courted by all, and during his whole life he was always found among the foremost in all undertakings for the building up of the town and advancing the welfare of its citizens. From first to last more young men studied law in Brown's office than in any other. Mr. Brown was a devoted and affectionate husband and father. He had a large family—eleven children in all, five of whom died in infancy or childhood. But three of the children are now living. Prudence Olivia Cotes, wife of S. A. Brown died in 1862. Samuel A. Brown died June 7, 1865, sincerely lamented by all who knew him.

ABNER HAZELTINE.

Hon. Abner Hazeltine came to Jamestown in November, 1815, taught school three seasons in Jamestown and studied law under Judge Houghton. In the summer of 1819 he was admitted as an attorney in the supreme court, and returned to Wardsboro, Vermont and married Polly Kidder in September of that year. He returned in November and settled in Warren, Pa. Three years afterwards he returned to Jamestown. A talented young lawyer named Sheldon Smith, had settled in Jamestown nearly two years

previous, but his health, which had always been delicate, began to fail rapidly and he left the town and went to Buffalo where for several years he stood in the front rank of the profession. Samuel A. Brown says of him in his History of the Town of Ellicott, that he was a man of talent and an able lawyer. That when a resident here he amused himself and others in writing humorous poetical effusions and still more humorous accounts of some of the crooked transactions that happened here at an early day, especially those of the "Junto." The writer is now the owner of the papers spoken of by Mr. Brown, and although they deal in facts he has no desire to draw upon them for this History. Sheldon Smith died in Buffalo, of consumption in 1836. The office vacated by Smith in the back end of the second story of Tiffany's store and which was reached from Second street by stairs on the outside at the east end, was soon occupied by Abner Hazeltine. He continued to practice law in Jamestown up to within a few days of his death, December 20, 1879. His first wife died October 14, 1832, leaving three children; the fourth died in childhood. Two years after he married Matilda Hayward, who died April 1, 1877, leaving three children all of whom are now living; of the first family two only are living at the present writing. Abner Hazeltine in 1828, also in 1829, was elected assemblyman of the state; in 1832, also in 1834, he was elected member of congress. In 1847 he was made district attorney for Chautauqua county, and in 1859 and 1873 was elected judge. He was one of the founders of the Congregational church in Jamestown in 1816, the first religious society formed in Jamestown.

The following extracts from the proceedings of

the Chautauqua Bar in reference to the Hon. Abner Hazeltine, we take from a heavy document which would fill a dozen such papers as this, and it is all so true, without undue laudation, from the address of Judge Barker to the closing speech, that the writer would be pleased to give place to the whole as a tribute to one of the best of men.

Mr. Jenkins says: "Mr. Chairman, I knew Judge Hazeltine for a long number of years. There was a characteristic of his of which I wish to speak. In the younger days of my professional life I looked upon him as a model to be kept in view. It was one great characteristic of his life, that he read the law as a grand science worthy of the best efforts of his life. Who is there among you from Jamestown, who in going home late at night, have not noticed the flickering at the window of that tallow candle, without feeling aware that Abner Hazeltine was there and would be there until after midnight, wrapt in deepest study, his brain teeming with the grandest thoughts, and with heart intent on the performance of duty? He was a model judge, and he had a heart full of sympathy and goodness. His intellect was trained to a higher and holier life by that industry the young men might well imitate. He stood out like the oak that had long withstood the blast of many winters and fell by its own weight at last."

Hon. Austin Smith, of Westfield, speaks of him as "one who has always distinguished himself as an honest and upright man in every position he has occupied in life. As a member of the State Legislature, as a Member of Congress, as District Attorney, as Judge of Chautauqua county, and in all the varied relations of life."

Hon. Lorenzo Morris, of Fredonia, says: "That in any relation in which you could meet him, either professionally or socially, you could never leave him without an admiration for him and without feeling you had been meeting a great, good and perfectly balanced man."

Judge George Barker thanked the bar for inviting him to the chair on an occasion so important. "This meeting will be the most distinguished in our annals—for Abner Hazeltine was the oldest in years and practice of the lawyers of this county. His life has been so useful and so honorable, characterized by so many virtues, and at this bar so pre-eminent, and his departure delayed to a period so far beyond the privilege of most men to live—so full of honors and so full of usefulness, that it is a pleasure, a sad one indeed, to speak of his life and character on this occasion. And whatever may be spoken of him at this time by his brethren who survive him will be but speaking the sentiments of every citizen of this county. He was known to us and to every inhabitant. He outlived all his earliest associates in the profession, and I doubt not survived the first client he ever had. Judge Hazeltine enjoyed one advantage which all the members of the legal profession in this county did not have, and that was a collegiate education. This early education distinguished his whole life. I never heard him speak on any occasion to court or jury, to people or to fellow associates, without he expressed himself in the completest manner and with the most thorough diction."

Many persons studied law in Abner Hazeltine's office. Prominent among them was—

Hon. Abner Lewis, who afterwards was Member

of Assembly in 1839 and Member of Congress from 1847 to 1849, and County Judge in 1852. Soon after his term of office expired he emigrated to the west and there died a few years ago.

Hon. Emory F. Warren studied law in the office of Hon. R. P. Marvin, and practiced law in Jamestown from in 1834 to 1846. He soon became a partner of Mr. Marvin's, and succeeded Abner Hazeltine as editor of the Journal, and wrote a history of Chautauqua county, often referred to, and which was published by J. Warren Fletcher in 1846. In 1841 Mr. Burnell, who had studied law in the office of Marvin & Warren, became the partner of Mr. Marvin, Warren retiring and becoming the partner of Abner Hazeltine. In 1840 Mr. Warren was appointed an Examiner in Chancery by Gov. Seward. He was elected a Member of Assembly in 1842 and 1843. In 1846 finding that his health was failing he removed to a farm in Stockton and took to agriculture. At the close of the same year his health was so improved that he concluded to resume the practice of law at Sinclairville, where he continued until 1856. He was appointed Postmaster in Sinclairville in 1849, and held that appointment for several years, In 1855 he was elected Surrogate of Chautauqua county, and the next year removed to Fredonia. In 1859 he was appointed Commissioner in the Court of Claims at Washington. He held the office of Excise Commissioner for Chautauqua county from 1861 to 1870. He was county Judge for six years ending in 1877. We are not aware that at the present time the Judge holds any office—he is too old—yet we are informed in good health, goes to his office daily, and is as busy with his law books and papers as ever, although he has slipped into the seventh year of his

eighth decade. What long lives these *honest* lawyers are permitted to enjoy.

Judge Warren was born in Madison county in 1810, and came with his father to this county to reside when a little more that eight years old. He was an old settler and dates back to 1819. He was made into a lawyer in Jamestown. Fredonia will probably take charge of his funeral services and furnish the usual memorials.

Hon. Lorenzo Morris came from Madison county with his father to Chautauqua in 1829, when less than twelve years old. His early education was that of the common schools and Mayville academy. He read law, first with Judge Thomas A. Osborne in Mayville and afterwards with Orsell Cook in Jamestown. In 1841 he was admitted, and became a partner of Judge Cook's. In 1844 he removed to Mayville, and in 1852 to Fredonia where he has since lived, one of the prominent lawyers of the county and is still active in the "*whereas*," "*nevertheless*," "*notwithstanding*" profession of his early choice. If as an advocate the mantle of Madison Burnell fell upon the shoulders of any compeer, it will be found in the possession of Lorenzo Morris. Unfortunately for his political preferment he has been an uncompromising Democrat, a very unfashionable kind of politics in this highly enlightened county, but exceedingly fortunate for his standing as a lawyer. The only accident that has broken in to lessen his high standing as a Counsellor and Advocate before a jury was his election in 1867 to the Senate of the state of New York by his fellow citizens, the Republicans of the district. We claim him as belonging on the south side of the ridge.

Joseph Waite came from Vermont with wife and

two children and all his worldly goods in a two-horse wagon, and settled on a small farm in the town of Carroll in 1816. He moved to Jamestown in 1821, and commenced the study of law after he was thirty-six years old. He became a successful lawyer and had a good practice up to 1854, when he emigrated to Wisconsin, where he died the next year of apoplexy. He was at one time District Attorney for the county. He was a good specimen of a self-made man. His remains rest in Lake View cemetery by the side of Olive Davis his wife, who died in Jamestown, in 1851.

Franklin H. Waite, the eldest son of Joseph Waite, studied law in his father's office and for several years was in company with his father. He was a young man of much promise. At one time he was Postmaster. He married Adeline, the eldest daughter of Sanford Holman, spoken of in a previous chapter. He was the oldest and leader of the boys of the village of the writer's set. He was our leader when we went to the swamp to cut red willows for horses, foremost in playing ball, captain in the duties of the crate. When the boys played at soldiers, Frank Waite was captain, Gust Allen was lieutenant, and the writer drummed on a quite peculiar drum that had been prepared for him. Rev. Dr. Hiram Eddy was the tallest and his brother, Rev. Dr. Zack Eddy, next tallest of the high privates. Dase. (Dascum Allen) would not train because he could not be captain. Many years ago Waite sought a larger field in the west. At Mankato, in Minnesota, he became a judge of the courts, and at the time of his death was a very important man in that region of the country.

Hon. Geo. W. Tew read law in S. A. Brown's office and became his partner in 1831. Mr. Tew came

to Jamestown in 1825 and opened a shop for the manufacture of tin and sheet iron ware, in the building north of Shaw's hotel, already spoken of as Noah's Ark. He was elected County Clerk in 1834, and removed to Mayville and never returned to Jamestown to reside. He was again elected County Clerk in 1837. In 1841 he became Cashier of the bank of Silver Creek and removed from Mayville to that place. He afterwards became President of the bank and continued to reside in Silver Creek as long as he lived. Just before his removal to Jamestown in 1825 he married Mary D. Alger, by whom he had four children, one dying in infancy. In 1840 he married Mrs. Caroline Reynolds, by whom he had three children. His two sons, G. W. Tew and Willis Tew, are now residents of Jamestown, the one president and the other vice president of the City National bank.

Judge Richard P. Marvin, Esq., came to Jamestown in 1829. From the first he has been one of Jamestown's prominent men and one of the leading lawyers of the county and of western New York. It may be truly said of him, he was the originator of the N. Y. & Erie railroad. He frequently spoke of the feasibility and the necessity of this road to his friends, not only in Jamestown but in various parts of the state, long before the project took form, and to his constantly keeping it before the public is due the first commencement of this great road. Notwithstanding his studious habits and close application to the duties of his profession, he was a great favorite among the young people of Jamestown. In the fall of 1834 he married Isabella Newland of Albany, a sister of Robert Newland of our city. He was a member of congress for four years from 1837 to 1841. In 1847 he was elected judge of the

Eighth judicial district, which office he held by re-elections for nearly twenty-five years and until he reached the age by which he was incapacitated by law, and that was many years ago. No man walks our streets standing more erect than the Judge. No man is more interested and busy, planning for the present and future welfare of our city than the Judge. No man is more regularly in his office, busily engaged in preparing important law papers than JUDGE RICHARD P. MARVIN.

We have been urged to give a fuller mention to Judge Marvin, and intended to do so and had written a long article in addition to the above, but have concluded to lay it aside. The Judge is yet living, hale and healthy, and quite as good looking as sixty years ago, notwithstanding he has for several years been an octogenarian. We hope he will live to be one hundred years old, and we believe he will. It is not for us to write the biography of this great minded, active, busy old man.

JUDGE ORSELL COOK commenced the study of law in Brown & Tew's office near the same time Madison Burnell commenced in the office of Marvin & Warren. In due time he was admitted and has from that time been one of Jamestown's prominent and most trusted lawyers. Many young men received their legal education under his tutelage. We think a majority of them from time to time have been his partners. In 1839 he married Ann Tew, a sister of Geo. W. and W. H. Tew, by whom he had three children, all of whom are living, married and residents of Jamestown. In 1849 he married Eliza Reed Dexter, by whom he had one child. In 1844 and in 1847 he was elected Surrogate, and in 1863 and in 1867 County Judge, stations he filled with

great satisfaction to the people. Gov. Fenton's home office for many years was with Judge Cook, and he was his confidential friend and advisor. The Judge is still engaged in the active duties of his profession. He is truly one of Jamestown's land marks. Erect in person and venerable in appearance, and like Judge Marvin, good looking as all old judges appear to be, Jamestown is truly proud of her venerable judges, and has the greatest reasons for being so. Judge Cook is in good health and as busy as ever in his office; we trust he has many years before him. We leave him in his studious quiet to finish his course and to become a prominent figure in some future history.

MADISON BURNELL.

A more than passing notice becomes necessary of this extraordinary man. There were no very remarkable incidents in his life, but in his intellectual and moral make up, there was a fascination and a charm no one could resist. We shall therefore make only such references to his public career as will enable us to make manifest his personal characteristics as a man and a lawyer.

Madison Burnell was born in Chautauqua county on the 10th day of February, 1812. He was one of Chautauqua's first borns. His father, Judge Joel Burnell, settled in what is now the town of Charlotte, in the year 1810. The Judge is described by one who knew him well, as a man of "original and brilliant intellect and of superior mental endowments and sound judgment." Madison was the second of a family of eleven children. His childhood and youth were spent on the paternal farm, where he shared in the toil of changing the wilderness into cultivated fields. Both father and mother were persons of remarkable intelli-

gence and judgment and great readers. Brought up by such parents it would be indeed strange if the son did not share their tastes; indeed, it is said of him that he was inclined to read whatever came within his reach, and that consisted of his father's law books, to which were added a fair library of religious and theological works, for his father was a preacher as well as a Justice and Associate Judge of the Court of Common pleas. Books, such as these, was the reading of his boyhood days. Judge Burnell's residence was also his office and court room. On court days Madison always tucked himself away in a quiet corner and watched the proceedings. He became thoroughly acquainted with court procedure and rules of evidence at an early age; he understood everything and forgot nothing. He was not quite 16 years old when he commenced reading Blackstone and other law books in his father's library. This great work interested the future lawyer more than ordinary minds would be interested in the perusal of romance. When a mere boy he conducted a prosecution brought before his father against a person for sheep stealing with such skill and ingenuity and in accordance with the rules of evidence as to obtain not only a verdict for the thief, but the acquiescence of the entire community in its justness. His tender sympathy for this misguided neighbor, created a desire to save him from prison, and believing he had found a serious flaw in the evidence he voluntarily undertook to defend him, and with success.

Judge Burnell's house for many years was a home for the preachers and the place for holding religious services. The Judge himself was a Methodist preacher of signal ability. Madison became much interested

in religious reading and in discussions among and with the preachers, and in their religious teachings, and listened as attentively and with as much interest as in court proceedings. As long as he lived at home he cherished this portion of his early education as highly as any other, and a short time before his death spoke of it with much feeling. When but 17 years of age he taught most successfully an unruly country school, one most difficult to manage; his force of mind was far more successful than the brute force which had previously governed. He also in his 17th year delivered a Fourth of July oration of great originality and overflowing with eloquence and patriotism. A brilliant career was prophesied for him.

At the age of twenty he finished his preliminary education by spending a short time in a high school, and a term in Fredonia Academy. Although diligent, using to his best these advantages, his real and his remarkable education was obtained at home in his father's house. We have stated that Mr. Burnell's father was a man of superior abilities—his mother was as remarkable for her mental power and ability to train the son as was the father, and the superior ability of each, which ran in quite different channels was fully inherited by their son Madison. He inherited his father's quickness, brilliancy and comprehensiveness, his mother's intuitions—her closely analytical, logical, deeply penetrative mind. Her insight into the character she was dealing with was a marvel and a mystery to all who ever knew her, and this marvellous insight was one of the greatest characteristics of her gifted son.

About the time he reached his majority he was summoned to Jamestown as a witness in an impor-

tant suit, and there as an attorney in the case, he first met Richard P. Marvin, * a young man of splendid presence, and the most popular and brilliant lawyer in Western New York. Although Madison watched the progress of the suit as if he were judge and jury and lawyer on both sides—yet his *beau ideal* of all earthly greatness and splendor was the young lawyer Marvin, and that feeling he carried with him to the day of his death,—and it is not strange that Marvin was as fully captivated with the simplicity, humility and ability of the young man he had examined as a witness. The moment Mr. Marvin was released from the suit, he introduced himself to young Burnell and proposed that he enter his office as a student at law. With this proposition the young man was as much delighted, as surprised, and without delay, all the arrangements were quickly made for his entry to the office of Marvin & Warren in the village of Jamestown. The industry of young Burnell was great, and his progress in legal lore was a marvel even to his sharp-minded friend and preceptor Marvin, who paid especial attention to his young charge. He seemed to drink in law by intuition, and in a short time became distinguished as an advocate in justice courts. He became greatly interested in the study of the decisions in the higher courts, as in them were brought into the clear light the foundation of law in truth and in common sense.

He made no haste to seek admission to the bar, for he had placed his standard high, and he sought to qualify himself for any position in the higher courts,

* We assure the venerable Judge we are not writing the history of the present, either as to facts or opinions. What we have written above is in the *precise* words of one of the family as given to us and at that early day was true, or we should say the true opinion of the simple people of those days.

when the seal was placed upon his acquirements. When the day came when Madison Burnell sought admission to the bar,—his ability and qualifications caused him to stand forth as a jury lawyer without a peer. It is said of the great French anatomist Cuvier, that by seeing a tooth, or a few bones of a foot, of one of the extinct animals, he could in a few moments draw its profile and describe its habits. Comparative anatomy and physiology had given him this faculty; and such was Madison Burnell's insight into human nature, and the ways of the world, that from a simple fact in a case he would at times readily predict its antecedents and consequents, and thus unearth the whole matter with accompanying proof. This remarkable talent in Madison Burnell, depending for its existence on the intuitive in his nature, constitutes that portion of his heredity derived from his gifted mother.

Mr. Burnell approached the trial of an important case with a feeling of strange timidity. This grew out of the fact that he was always *self forgetting; self consciousness was lacking*, to a most remarkable degree in his organization. He fully estimated the difficulties of the case, and gave the largest credit to the strength and ability of the opposing counsel, and not the least to his own great legal power. He often, in the higher courts, in Buffalo and Albany, met the ablest lawyers in the state, and though in the conflict he experienced no sense of humiliation, yet to the last he was the same timid man. As soon as the case opened and his own powers began to work, the lion that was in him came out of its lair, shook himself, and stood in all the proud majesty of his legal strength, filled with all the inspiration which his cause if just could give, and in all cases his legal lore and ability put to flight the

arts of chicane with which some of his competitors indulged.

To Burnell the study of law was not only a business but a pleasure, and his rapid acquirement of knowledge was an astonishment to all. He spent several years in Marvin & Warren's office, and notwithstanding he learned so rapidly, made haste slowly to gain admittance to the bar. He was admitted in 1828 and at the same time into company with Mr. Marvin, Mr. Warren retiring and becoming the partner of Abner Hazeltine. Mr. Burnell became noted immediately, not only as a sound lawyer but as an advocate. When Mr. Marvin was elevated to the bench of the supreme court, Burnell continued the business of the office, and became noted as an advocate, and as such, having but few superiors in the state.

His power over a jury became so overwhelming, that Judge Mullett spoke of it in open court. The Judge remarked that the influence of Madison Burnell had become dangerously great. "There is no lawyer at the bar who can cope with him, and the facility with which he makes himself to believe that his cause is just, he practices on the sympathies of juries:—it is our duty to prevent what may become a perversion of justice."

Mr. Burnell was never more fully himself than when defending the rights of the weak and oppressed. Rev. Dr. Moore, his brother-in-law, writing us on this subject, says: "We never knew him to refer to any suit with more feeling and satisfaction than to one he managed for a widow, that had fallen into the hands of two villains who had plotted to rob her through the forms of law, of the small property left her for the support of herself and children by her husband. About four o'clock on Thursday he got hold of a clue to the

case. Messengers rode and he worked the most of the night on the case, and the next day he was ready for trial. In summing up, his powers of invective, sarcasm and scorn, rose to their highest pitch,—and that is saying much,—and vial after vial of honest wrath was poured on the heads of those men. The impression made was overwhelming. A friend of one of them went to him in open court and said in the hearing of all—'M—, d—m you, kill Burnell or leave the country, the sooner the better!' Without leaving their seats, the jury granted him a verdict." In the presence of real sorrow and suffering he would shed tears like a woman. He was one of the most sympathetic of men. This sympathy was not a part of the lawyer, but was a part of the man. He sympathized deeply with those bowed down with sorrow—filled with grief, pain or distress. We never knew a person who was so sincerely and so deeply distressed over the sorrows and misfortunes of others as Madison Burnell.

Madison Burnell was at all times and upon all occasions, no matter where or how placed, "the noblest work of God," an honest man. He despised all the artifices of chicane, all deception, all trickery. He was too straightforward in all his methods to make a good politician. We have before us a number of pages showing, very correctly the influences which prevented the fulfillment of the feeble political aspirations he at times may have had. These words cover all—he was no politician. He was too rigidly true to his own convictions of right; so much so that he would not yield when there was no dishonesty in doing so. The pages spoken of amount only to this:—that he placed implicit confidence in Weed and others—believing that their rule of what was right and wrong was as

rigid as his own, and in the end found that their rule bent into those fantastic shapes their political needs required. As a politician, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, he was a complete failure. He would not himself, or permit his friends, to stoop to what he considered trickery or deceit to secure nomination to office. For several terms he might have had the nomination for congress—and nomination was equivalent to election—by yielding a little to the methods in vogue in caucuses. There was a way that appeared to him right and another wrong; and he would not yield principle for office.

Burnell excelled as a criminal lawyer. He had a deep insight into human nature, and it seemed as if there was any crime in a man, he would detect it by looking at him. It used to be said of him, break a chain in fragments, retaining but a single link, and he would soon again build up the whole chain, without a single fault. He had great influence with the court, and his sway over a jury was almost supreme. He was twice elected to the assembly, in 1846 and 1847. This was at the time of the adoption of the new constitution, and as a member of the Judiciary committie, he was of great service in adjusting the statutes of the state to it.

The weak points in Mr. Burnell's character were first, his timidity; he was an extremely modest man, and probably his timidity had its origin in this. We have been somewhat reluctant to place this characteristic in the list of his weaknesses; for it is certainly true, that there were times, when its effects on others, caused it to prove a source of true and valuable strength, and it cannot be denied that it was the foundation of much we admire in his character. His weak-

ness as a politician, founded as it were on the best trait in human character we cannot commiserate, for it is far better to be an honest man than a good politician. He may have been mistaken as to what it truly consists, but of this we may be assured—that according to his method of thought he could not be both, and he chose the best. The writer is inclined to think a third weak point lay in the humble deference he always paid to the opinion of his preceptor and friend, Richard P. Marvin. The Judge was his hero and he worshipped him with a devotion seldom accorded even by the most devoted hero worshipper.

The following is a portion of a conversation held with Mr. Burnell in November 1847 of which we made a memorandum at the time. We introduce it because he speaks of things and gives us his opinions on subjects not ordinarily reached. We had been urging him to furnish a lecture for our home course, at the Jamestown Academy. After declining in the most decided manner he said, "I love learning, but have not had the advantages of a liberal education. You learned fellows up there quote Latin as if it were your mother tongue, and I am disgusted, for the person who indulges most in that artifice, to my positive knowledge, never studied the Latin or any other ancient language for over six months. I have gained a small knowledge of Latin but know nothing of Greek. I look upon this as a marked defect in my education, and lament it as a real misfortune. It is a great mortification to me that I am unable to read such works as Cæsar and Cicero—which should, judging from translations, rank prominent among the works of human intellect—in the language in which they were written. I do hate shams and pretense in

all things, and I have been led to think there is full as much sham in education as in anything else. I met a lawyer the other day, a pretended college graduate; he had been making a great spread in the court room. I at once detected him as a sham, and wrote on a scrap of paper a simple sentence of seven words taken by remembrance from the first page of the Latin reader and desired him to translate it for me, remarking that I was not a Latin scholar. He viewed it and looked up at the wall, and looked in every way the pretensive fool he was would naturally look, and finally handed it back to me, saying it was one of those difficult law phrases he had seen, but just then he could not quite give the true meaning of it. I try to compensate my ignorance of the languages, by reading the best English works and translations, but I often stumble on Latin words and phrases and sentences, and longer extracts from old authors which I suppose to contain some jewel too precious to be exposed to vulgar view, and locked in a casket of which I have not the key. Perhaps I do not judge correctly in these matters, as I profess myself no scholar, but I believe I can at once see the difference between pretended and true knowledge. Doctor, your selection of lecturers in the main is good, but you have on your list more than one sham, persons of pretense, nothing else. You invited them to lecture because they exerted influence in some special direction or else you was willing to feed us on trash. I won't mix in your lecture course. When Sammy, (S. A. Brown) Uncle Abner and others I might mention lecture I will go as a listener. By the way, I think your Charcoal Sketches was good, healthy, solid, home-made fun. Your sketches although bordering on caricature, were true to the life and hurt the

conceit of more than one of your number and I enjoyed it. Whatever we do, whether trivial or important, we should do honestly, thoroughly and to the best of our ability. No man can be true to himself without he is just and true to others, nor can he be true to himself or to any one else if the principles which actuate him are not founded in the just and the true. If a man is not honest he is of but little value in this world. And I have lived long enough to learn that there is but little honesty in any class of society. It is every man's duty to be honest; a duty he owes to society and to the country. Look at our politicians, how long will the country last under such fellows. Ability and honesty are not looked for, but will he help our party—yes, help our party to steal, or anything else, vile, wrong and unpatriotic. I would rather be Shakespeare's dog and bay the moon."

In 1840 Mr. Burnell married Sarah Spurr. To them were born three children. The only son, Melverton died in 1864. Valissa married J. S. Cook and now resides in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Ella was married to Dr. Charles S. Hazeltine in 1867 and died in Grand Rapids, Mich., in 1873, leaving two children, Eliza Irene and Madison Burnell.

Mr. Burnell was returning from Fredonia in poor health. He stopped at his mother's in Charlotte over night. Next day he took dinner with his sister (wife of Rev. H. H. Moore) in Sinclairville. On the evening of that day he took tea in his own house, complaining no more than usual. Having important business to transact at his office he arose from the table and went out the front door. Half an hour later Madison Burnell was found on the ground a few feet from the door, dead. The writer was soon there but the body

was cold. He must have fallen and died immediately after leaving the house. Thus passed into eternity one of the most remarkable men that ever lived in our midst, on the evening of December 8, 1865.

The writer has condensed his material much more than his own inclinations dictate. The few remaining that knew Madison Burnell living will soon with him find places in our city of the dead. We could not have written less and give even a shadowy picture of this eminent man. If there is ever written the biographies of the most eminent lawyers of the Empire state, he will receive prominent and honorable mention, and not until the city of Jamestown shall be obliterated from the map of the state, should its inhabitants cease to venerate the memory of Madison Burnell as one of her greatest and most deserving of citizens.

CHAPTER XII.

ORGANIZATION OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—QUARREL AND DIVISION—FORMATION OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH — FATHER SPENCER — FATHER EDDY—E. J. GILLETT—HISTORY OF THE METHODIST CHURCH—QUARREL AND DIVISION—THE WESLEYAN CHURCH — EDWARD WORK — FATHER CRANE—ALONZO KENT—MAN A RELIGIOUS BEING—MORMONS IN JAMESTOWN—THE BAPTIST CHURCH—DEACON JOHN C. BREED—THE FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL IN JAMESTOWN—ORIGIN OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

In the realm of human thought and knowledge, how conflicting are the ideas and opinions of mankind! What one has been led to embrace as true, by his neighbor, equally candid and as able to form a judgment, is considered false, and the third of equal reasoning powers, discredits the opinions advanced by each. It is impossible to make an assertion however grave or even trifling—and to all appearance founded on most undisputed truth—which your neighbor will not immediately undertake to show is false, and that you are ignorant of the principles involved, and that your assertion is based in the most apparent falsehood. If you have

become convinced of the truth of a doctrine seemingly based in intuitive certainty, you will not have far to go to find a man who will deny the doctrine you have espoused and pronounce in the most positive manner, that what to you is intuitively true is to him intuitively false. In a case of plainly vast importance as, for instance, the formation and promulgation of men's opinions regarding religion, it would seem as if all passions and prejudices should be laid aside in the hearty desire to find the truth, yet we find the same clashing of opinions as to what is reasonable and unreasonable, of what is true and false. No matter what the dogma or belief may be, you speedily find that another deems it untrue and not worthy of belief. And if you strive to impress upon him the importance of unity of belief, he will argue that safety and true advancement is to be found in dissonance and variety of opinions. Some evils of this state of things are very apparent. These conflicting opinions cannot all be true. A large portion of mankind, and indeed, all persons, to some extent, are holding opinions in opposition to one another, and, on some one subject, at least, erroneous ones. This leads to disturbance and time-consuming controversy. The cause of truth suffers from that want of union in effort which comes from the division of good men into sects and schools. Could these men see eye to eye and at the same time truly, it would give an unprecedented impulse to the best interests of society. A year would hold up in its exultant hands such fruitage as centuries of separate and conflicting action have not been able to ripen. The compact army, marching as one man, gains victories impossible to many times its number of undisciplined soldiers, whatever their individual zeal and strength.

And yet, it is the teaching of all history, that this conflict of opinion will continue as long as man continues to inhabit this earth. The civil as well as the religious power combined, aided by vast armies, have not been able to enforce unity of belief or to overcome the conflict of human opinions. It was an attempt to produce this uniformity which expelled our New England forefathers from their English homes; and it was by an act of uniformity that they afterwards expelled from their wilderness homes, for opinions sake, their dissenting neighbors. Conflict of opinions as of old, continues to exist, and ever will, as old differences die out new ones are continually coming to life. And especially in matters of religion, if now there is more agreement as to fundamental doctrines, we are more widely divergent on points of minor consequence, and the points of divergence are far more numerous. Increased knowledge and greater intellectual culture have widened our habits of thought and given us new subjects for speculative views. The conflicts of opinion in the present age are not the rude and material ones of the ages that are past, but those dependent on our superior light and knowledge, and it is but reasonable to think they will continue as long as invention and discovery and advancement in knowledge of nature's plans and actions are within the reach of the grasping mind of man.

In writing up this part of our task we intend as plainly and mildly as possible to tell the truth, if not the whole truth. It is said that offences will come. By that we suppose misunderstandings, bickerings, differences of opinions and quarrels are meant. We have observed, and so must have all, that the members of our

churches and doctors—the two most important and necessary classes in a civilized and well-to-do community—have more quarrels and differences than any other classes of society. And what is more strange than all, religious societies are more anxious to cover up these faults and their quarrels than any other class and are most unreasonably offended if any one mentions them. Whatever appears in this chapter relating to the Congregational church and society is largely in the words of Hon. Abner Hazeltine, given in a Historical Address at the 50th Anniversary of the Congregational church in 1866.

HISTORY AND DIVISION OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

In order to appreciate the feebleness when the first organized band of worshippers set up a standard in this wilderness, it is necessary to look into the state of the country on the 16th of June, 1816, when a few professing Christians here entered into convenant obligations with each other and with God, and were organized as a church of Christ. Our goodly village was then a mere hamlet in the midst of a forest. Its inhabitants were few in number, most of whom were engaged in the manufacture of lumber, and the only spires we then had, were lofty pines which over-shadowed this spot, and occupied most of the space where dwellings, stores, churches, and other structures raised by men are now so abundant. The idea of a village at this place, to become at some future period a center of business for the surrounding country was just started, and a few enterprising men were commencing the experiment, when Mr. West commenced preaching (in 1814.) Then there were only three professors of religion in the place, viz., Captain Joseph Dix, and Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Fenton, all Congregationalists. It is

proper that we should say a few words of Mr. West; for although he remained in the county several years, there are very few among us who have ever heard his name. How just is the remark, 'Man being in honor, abideth not!' When we first knew Mr. West he was about forty years of age, and a bachelor. Having lived long in the new settlements, he was careless of his personal appearance, and was at home in any log cabin whose latch-string was on the outside.

"The first sermon I heard here was in 1815, shortly after my arrival. Information was given to me one Saturday that there was a minister at Mr. Fenton's who would preach there the next day. I soon called and was introduced to the Rev. John Spencer, a missionary in the service of the Connecticut Missionary society. I found him a plain, old gentleman, nearly sixty years of age. He said his business was to look up Christ's sheep, scattered here and there in this wilderness to strengthen them what he could, and organize them into churches, whenever a sufficient number could be found in any neighborhood to warrant such a proceeding. He spoke of the prospect, that this little settlement would become a place of business, and he hoped soon to be able to form a church here; but said he could not learn that there were professors enough here then. He enjoined it on me to ascertain how many there were in the vicinity and to do what I could in the furtherance of the object. The next day he preached two sermons to a small but attentive congregation. The singing was conducted by General Horace Allen and Jesse Smith, * now of Panama, then

* Jesse Smith is frequently spoken of in this volume. He was a son-in-law of Captain Horatio Dix and father of Major Gilbert D. Smith, spoken of in Chap. 9. Jesse Smith and wife both died a few years ago in Panama, where they had resided for several years previously.

young men working in the saw mill. They were assisted by a few ladies. In June, 1816, Mr. Spencer again visited the place and stayed several days. It was now ascertained that the number of professors had increased since his former visit and he advised the formation of a church. At this organization, the church consisted of nine members, viz., Joseph Dix, Jacob Fenton and Lois Fenton, Oliver Higley and Lucretia Higley, Ebenezer Sherwin, Milton Sherwin, Abner Hazeltine and Daniel Hazeltine." [All now dead (1887) except Milton Sherwin.]

For several years after the organization, Mr. Spencer visited twice a year or oftener, and occasionally ministers from other boards, or traveling through the country gave us calls. Those who came most frequently were the Rev. Timothy Alden, the first President of Allegheny College, and the Rev. Mr. Chase of Centerville, Pennsylvania. Mr. Chase was a cousin of Bishop Chase of Illinois and uncle of Chief Justice Chase.

Mr. Spencer was in many respects a remarkable man, and it is fitting there should be some memorial of his life and labors. He was born at Spencertown, in the town of Austerlitz, Columbia county. The first settlers in that region came from Southern Massachusetts and Northern Connecticut. Among them the Spencers were prominent, and gave their name to the principal settlement, when a flourishing Congregational church was formed, over which several doctors in divinity have presided. He was of the same family as the Hon. Ambrose Spencer, and nearly related to the late Joshua A. Spencer. He arrived at manhood in the stirring times of the revolution and was a participant in the events of that period. He served

early and long in our armies, first in the troops of Massachusetts and afterwards in those of his native state. He entered as a private, rose to be an officer, and served some time as the aid of the gallant Colonel Wiletts. He used to say when interrogated about his education, that he was educated in the continental army. Although his education was limited he wrote and spoke English with great accuracy. He had much intellectual acuteness and was noted for the keenness of his wit. As a preacher he was remarkably clear and logical, always making himself distinctly understood. In 1819 there was a considerable revival here and in the neighboring towns. Rev. Phineas Camp, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Westfield, Elder Davis and some other Baptist preachers visited this region, preaching to the people. Elder Davis was an old neighbor to some of the members in Vermont, and preached statedly for a time by special arrangement. On the twenty-second day of October; 1821, a meeting of the members of the church and others was held pursuant to notice for the purpose of organizing a religious corporation, under the statutes of the state. That object was accomplished, the corporation taking the name of the First Congregational church of Jamestown. The first trustees were William Deland, Daniel Hazeltine and Samuel A. Brown. From 1821 to 1824 public worship was regularly observed in the Academy, though generally without preaching. Many attempts were made to procure a stated supply by a minister of our denomination, none of which were successful. As a last resort, in the summer of 1824, some of the members of the church united with other persons in employing the Rev. Rufus Murray of the Protestant Episcopal church, then residing in Mayville,

to supply us one-half the the time during the season of navigation on the lake. While matters were in this shape, one of the members being at Warren on business, there met the Rev. Isaac Eddy, who was on a visit to his brother at that place, and invited him to Jamestown. Mr. Eddy remained several weeks, received a call and afterwards remained for several years, preaching with much acceptance, and greatly reviving the church. During his pastorate many of our prominent young people and some leading citizens, among whom was Judge Foote, gave evidence of conversion, and were afterwards received into communion.

The progress of the church was onward; there was scarcely a communion season without additions. The village grew rapidly, and the surrounding country was prosperous. Mr. Eddy was a faithful pastor, and perhaps at no other time was the discipline of the church so strictly enforced. The church from being dependent on foreign aid, became self-supporting. In the fall of 1827 an association was formed for erecting a meeting house. In this enterprise no one was more active than Alvin Plumb, Esq., then a young and prosperous merchant in the village. Up to this time the old Academy, which had ceased to be used as a school house, was the place of worship. It was somewhat re-modeled and fitted up with a rude gallery, but was wholly inadequate. After considerable debate as to location, size and form, the frame was raised the latter part of June, 1828, but was not finished until December, 1829. It was, when completed, the best church edifice in the county.

"But Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked. A portion of the church, including some who had been brought into it by Mr. Eddy's instrumentality, about this time made

the discovery that Mr. Eddy was an unlearned man, that he had become old and was behind the times, and it began to be said that he should not preach in the new house. The time for dedication was approaching and a neighboring minister was spoken of by many as the preacher, on that occasion. The acting trustee, a man of much financial ability, reported that he was unable to raise the salary for the current year. Upon this announcement Mr. Plumb and Dr. Hazeltine, members of the society, but not of the church, said if the *sheep* would not pay their minister, the *goats* would undertake it. They got up a subscription for the reported deficiency, which was filled in a day with a handsome surplus. Although the salary was raised, the state of things was not agreeable to a man of Mr. Eddy's temperament, and at the close of the year he tendered his resignation, which was accepted. Upon the retirement of Mr. Eddy, the Rev. Erastus J. Gillett was invited to supply the pulpit. He was at first a Baptist preacher, but came here a zealous Presbyterian, seeming to believe that his mission was to presbyterianize the church. When he came the church and society had become strong. The business of the place had greatly increased, and the village was assuming a commanding position. People flocked to the place for various reasons, among whom were many professors of religion, who cast in their lot with us. The summer of 1831 was a season of general revival throughout the country, and our church shared in the glorious work. On the second of October in that year, forty-eight were admitted to the church. Nearly all of them were received on the profession of their faith. This is the greatest number ever received at one time to our communion. The church was now strong in numbers, in

influence, and in the means of supporting its institutions, but with all this prosperity, there was evidently a want of harmony. As early as August 5, 1830, a prominent member gave notice that he should at some subsequent meeting move for a division of the church. The same member was afterwards a leader in the division that occurred. About this time the great conflict between the old and new school parties in the Presbyterian church was at its height. Barnes and the elder Beecher were arraigned as heretics, and the whole subject was an engrossing topic among evangelical Christians. Mr. Gillett was a zealous new school man, and in private interviews with leading members used to argue the importance of our becoming Presbyterians, on the ground that it would add more strength to the new school party. There were also frequent remarks that another church was wanted in the eastern part of the village, which then, as well as more recently, was supposed to grow much faster than other portions of it. This constant talk about Presbyterianism and another church, no doubt helped to prepare the way for what afterwards followed. On the 12th of September, 1833, Messrs. Foote and Wait, both of whom had been brought up Congregationalists, had an entry made upon the records that they were Presbyterians."

"In speaking of the division of the church which occurred in 1834, I am aware that I am treading on debatable ground. Perhaps not exactly 'between burning plough shares,' but I am apprehensive that the fires which heated them are not wholly extinguished. I am aware, also, that very different versions have been given, both of the cause and the facts of that division. It has been said, even, that we seceded from the Pres-

byterians. How that could be, when we never were a Presbyterian church, and remained what we were, at the formation, it is difficult to conceive. Still, it was even quite common in some circles to speak of us as the *seceders*. Some attributed the cause of our division to a controversy which at one time existed in the church in respect to Free Masonry. That controversy, no doubt, caused some of the alienation of feeling that existed, but when the division came, it was not 'on that line.' Several of those who had been or were Free Masons, remained with us, whilst others of the same class went with the Presbyterians. By others, the division was attributed to alienated feelings growing out of the dismission of the Rev. Mr. Eddy, and opposition to his successor. It is very likely Mr. Eddy's dismission intensified in some minds, the ill-feeling that existed. With regard to Mr. Gillett, had he been less zealous for Presbyterianism, and said less about a division of the church, he would not have been opposed. What opposition there was to him, and there was not much previous to the separation, was mainly on those grounds. It is also a fact that when the separation came, some who had been active in bringing about Mr. Eddy's dismission remained firm adherents of the old church, whilst some of Mr. Eddy's friends and even some members of his family went with those who left. The principal cause of the division, and without which it would not have occurred, was the desire on the part of a few leading minds, the pastor included, to revolutionize the church, and by making it distinctively Presbyterian, to transfer the government of the church from the majority to a select few, who could be more readily managed. They intended, undoubtedly, to retain the records, the ecclesiastical corporation, the

church edifice, and the prestige of the old church. Most likely they expected that the strong Congregationalists, rather than surrender them, would eventually submit to the desired change. Their motives to divide, I always believed, were arguments *in terrorem*.

"But the crisis came at last. Judge Foote, on the twelfth of September, 1833, the same day on which he had his name entered on the minutes as a Presbyterian, offered a resolution in these words: 'Resolved, that the book of constitutions of the Presbyterian church of the United States should be observed by this church, so far as it is consistent with a Congregational church, on the plan of Union between Presbyterian and Congregational churches under the Buffalo Presbytery.'

"Of course the introduction of the resolution caused a sensation; and the more, as Mr. Gillett had previously been in the habit of taking with him *The Book*, as it was called, to church meetings and citing its rules and directions. A counter resolution was immediately offered by Daniel Hazeltine, to the effect that the connection between the church and Presbytery be dissolved and measures taken to form an Association. Action was not then pressed upon either resolution. On the fifth of December following, a new clerk was appointed, who presented a charge against one of the members upon '*common fame and general rumor*,' no one appearing as an accuser. Objections were made to the reception of this complaint, unless some accuser appeared on the record, it not being according to Congregational usage it was urged, to investigate charges founded on common fame. The complaint was, however, received, and a committe appointed to prosecute the alleged offender, and the

meeting adjourned to the eighteenth of the same month, at 10 a. m. On that day, after the transaction of some other business, the resolution proposed by Mr. Daniel Hazeltine was called up, and the question thereon taken by yeas and nays and lost, twenty-two voting in favor, and the same number against the resolution. The resolution of Judge Foote in relation to the Presbyterian book was also taken up and lost. The case of discipline on the charge of 'common fame' was then taken up and the accused being present, it was moved that he be required to answer. This was opposed on the grounds that there was no responsible accuser and that the previous steps of gospel labor had not been taken. The motion to require the accuser to plead, as the matter then stood, was lost. Judge Foote then moved that the church observe the rules of the Presbyterian church, in cases when we have no rules to govern us. This motion was put and lost. When the motion was decided, Mr. Gillett, who had the Book in his hands, threw it down and said with much emphasis; 'we have no law, no rules to guide us. How am I to moderate the meeting?' The quick reply of Deacon Garfield was, 'For mercy's sake, Mr. Gillett, let us do then as the early settlers in Connecticut resolved to do, be governed by the laws of God, until we have better.' The results which were obtained caused a deep sensation. They were undoubtedly unexpected by those who wished a change. The time and circumstances under which the votes were taken were supposed to be favorable for a different termination. Those who desired a different result had selected their own time and manner for bringing it about, and they supposed that some obstacles that might be in the way were removed, an old member, decidedly Congrega-

tional, being absent. The then clerk of the church was of the Presbyterian party. His entry in the records in respect to the last motion of Judge Foote, is as follows; 'Motion after discussion being put was lost.' He then adds; 'Taking into consideration existing circumstances and contending opinions, as to church government, they being such as to paralyze all efforts to discipline, it was deemed necessary that steps be taken preparatory to a division of the church. Accordingly committees were chosen to adopt measures for a division of church and society property, etc.' The following persons were chosen as such committee. Those on the Congregational side were Daniel Hazeltine, William M. Eddy and James Carey. Those on the side wishing to remain with Buffalo Presbytery were Elial T. Foote, Joseph Wait and Elias Haven. The meeting, after the choice of a delegate to Presbytery, adjourned to the twenty-fifth of the same month.

"On that day the church again met. Propositions for division were made by both parties, neither of which were accepted. It was then moved that the voice of the church on the expediency of a division should be taken. This done and the yeas and nays being called for, twenty voted that it was expedient and twelve that it was *not*. These propositions are not spread upon the record, but the substance of them was, that the Congregationalists should, within a specified time, pay to the Presbyterians a stipulated sum, supposed to be half the value of the church grounds, purchase all the pews of such pew holders as preferred to sell at the prices originally placed upon them, and permit the Presbyterians to use the house until the terms were complied with. As soon as it was ascertained that the Congregationalists would carry out

the arrangement on their part, fifty-four members of the church were by its pastor organized as a Presbyterian church. Several others shortly after took letters of dismission to the new church.

"Upon the character of this transaction, we do not propose to comment. Whether it was in accordance with Christian principles, or was affected by legitimate means, or was in conformity with Presbyterian usages, we shall not attempt to decide. The new church was not formed by the Presbytery, but was received into it after its organization. That the division was unnecessary and uncalled for at the time, and would not have occurred, if the prudent course pursued by Father Eddy had been continued, we are quite confident. After many attempts, in various directions, to get a minister, Mr. Taylor was at length induced to come, and was installed and remained two years, faithfully and acceptably discharging the duties of his office. He then believed it to be his duty to return to New England, and we were again left to take care of ourselves. We at length secured the services of the Rev. Edwin Parmely, who was then preaching occasionally at Ashville in what would be called an irregular way, that is, he had received no license from any ecclesiastical body, but felt impelled to do what he did, to induce his fellow men to repent and believe. Some of our people hearing a good account of him, invited him to spend a few Sabbaths with us. His preaching was acceptable and the Association soon gave him a formal license. He was soon after installed our pastor. After being with us a few years he contracted a bronchial affection which rendered it impossible for him to speak so as to be heard in our church, and compelled him to resign. On Mr. Parmly's leaving us, we were for a time with-

out a minister; Mr. S. H. Elliott, a member of the New Haven seminary, supplied us for a few weeks, and gave us encouragement that he would return; he did not return, but sent in his place the Rev. Owen Street. Several were twice disappointed in him—first that it was not Mr. Elliott who came—and then, that they found themselves liking Mr. Street better than they did Mr. Elliott.

"But we are getting a little too near the present time to enlarge. Mr. Street remained with us nine years; his pastorate was a season of prosperity; our number and our strength increased, the old debt was obliterated, and we again felt strong. Our minister was a favorite in the community, and perhaps greater harmony has at no time prevailed. The only charge we have against Mr. Street is that he stole away from us unawares, as did Jacob from Laban, the Syrian; and although he did not like his prototype take away our daughters, he did carry with him the affections of the people. Mr. Street was in a few months succeeded by the Rev. Sylvanus P. Marvin of Saybrook, Conn., a recent graduate from the New Haven seminary, who remained five years and a half. As might be expected from a descendant of the Mathers, coming from the place from which the celebrated *platform* took its name, he was a good pastor, and faithful; he was a friend of order, and came and went in an orderly manner.

"We have performed the duty assigned us. It has been pleasant to recall the memories of years long past, and to bring in review the scenes and actors of former times. To us it has been indeed a labor of love; it is a pleasure to think and to speak of former associates, and to notice the kindly dealings of our heavenly Father.

We have great reason to be grateful for the numerous favors and blessings which he has bestowed upon us. Through his goodness our ways have been ways of pleasantness, and our paths peace. Since the great contest in 1834 which rent us asunder, we have had few jars and have known little of jealousies, heart burnings or embittered feelings. We are at peace with our neighbors of other denominations, and we can meet and pray with them as brethren. The matters about which we differ are not often mentioned, except in a friendly spirit. Of our Presbyterian brethren who went from us, but few remain, and towards those who do, we trust we entertain none but friendly feelings. A new generation has arisen among them, even more fully than with us, and we certainly do not hold them accountable for any acts of their predecessors, which in our judgment were wrong. Substantially, we believe, 'Ephraim has ceased to envy Judah, and Judah to vex Ephraim.' The separation that occurred was painful at the time, but no doubt has been overruled for good."

At the time this division took place there stood on the south side of Second street and facing Spring street, a large two-story, wooden building. This building was erected by a company for merchandizing, and was divided into three stores. The east store was originally occupied by Titus Kellogg & Co., for dry goods, etc., the center one by Luther Lakin for hardware, and the west by Havens & Grout as a dry goods store. At the time in review none of these stores were occupied. The second story of this building, which was large and spacious, was very soon converted into a place for the meetings of the Presbyterian church. The entrance

was through the center store, at the back end of which were stairs ascending, one to the east and the other to the west to the assembly room above. The congregation was sufficient to fairly fill this large room. Nearly all of the young people went with the Presbyterians.

Mr. Gillett for a long time had been our teacher of Latin and Greek, and we could not forsake our old preceptor, and was ranked by our much respected uncles with the seceders. In 1834 the Presbyterians built a large, commodious church on the corner of Cherry and Third streets, where the present beautiful church now stands. The edifice erected in 1834 was destroyed by fire in 1877. The Congregationalists in 1868 built the large brick church on Third street beyond Prendergast avenue, where they now worship. The old building was sold, and after passing through various hands and uses, was also destroyed by fire. Mr. Geo. W. Tew then purchased the lots and erected thereon the fine residence in which he now lives.

Mr. Gillett remained the pastor of the Presbyterian church for several years. He was a man of influence, much loved and respected by his church and congregation. He built the house yet standing on the southwest corner of Prendergast avenue and Fourth street, and resided there many years. He finally went west, first to Fon du Lac in Wisconsin, afterwards was a professor of chemistry in a college at Kenosha in Iowa where he died a few years ago. He was a man of energy and a good preacher.

The following history of the organization of the Methodist Episcopal church in Ellicott, and especially of the trouble which rent the church asunder, is from the pen of that ready writer and close observer Elijah

Bishop, a life-long, active and prominent member of that church.

Mr. Bishop commences at the organization of the first class in Worksburg in 1814, of which Edward Work, James and John Willson, John Arthur, Wm. Staples and their wives were the members. He gives a long and accurate list of the presiding elders and of the preachers from that time, with the dates of their service up to the present time. This long list, if space permits, will be given in our appendix. In the portion we exclude, Mr. Bishop states that in 1820 Pheletus Parkus being preacher and E. Work secretary, a legal society was formed in order to secure a deed of twenty-five acres of land donated by the Holland Land Company to the first legally organized church in the town of Ellicott, and that this donation was received by this organization. In 1843 Moses Hill was the preacher in Jamestown and J. J. Steadman presiding elder. Mr. Bishop continues:

"Here comes in the causes of the formation and history of the Wesleyan church. I reluctantly enter into its history, but as it is not generally understood I am in duty bound to write it truthfully, divested of any ill feeling to those who were the actors. The preacher (Moses Hill) had lived here before, went away, was converted, became a preacher and was sent here, where he took great pains to improve the singing in public worship; a teacher was hired, he joined the singing class. To help the music a musical instrument was added in public services. All went well until action was taken in the conference against the use of instrumental music in public worship. The presiding elder, (J. J. Steadman) came and directed the preacher to order the instrument out of the choir, which he did.

The choir, composed mostly of some of the best members of the church, thought he had no right to do it as it had never been done before. The matter was referred to the presiding elder, who decided against the choir; the question of power was referred to the bishop who decided 'that the preacher in charge had full power over all matters in the church, to appoint its officers, direct the time and manner of worship and singing, and appoint the trustees except in states where the law provided otherwise.' This produced great astonishment and dissatisfaction, as the trustees here were appointed according to law by a vote of the church. The trustees (of which I was chairman) were told to order the instrument out of the choir. I had taken no part in the controversy, and undertook to make peace. The choir agreed to leave out the instrument if a vote of the majority of the church decided it. I went to the preacher (Hill) with the proposition, which he utterly rejected. I earnestly urged it, saying if the order was enforced a number of our best members would leave. He replied 'it was his province to rule, that the stars might fall from heaven but this rebellion must come down; that if but three members were left he would present to conference a true Methodist Episcopal church,' and other positive assertions. In a public address the presiding elder (Steadman) said 'Let them secede and their history will be the history of all past secessions who are now only known as once having been with us; we number sixteen hundred thousand, have gained many thousands last year, etc.' Another preacher at the quarterly conference said, 'Were I preacher here I would take the discipline in my hand, go and smash down the church door and turn out those radicals!' The house had not been

closed against any one. They held a quarterly conference composed of the preacher, his appointees and presiding elder, when it was decided to order me to turn the choir out. The preacher gave it to me (as I was chairman of the board). I begged of him not to enforce it as it would ruin the church which we had built up with so much labor; that to him it was of less consequence as he would soon be gone ; that I could not conscientiously do it, but would resign and let one be appointed who could. The trustees here were appointed under the laws of New York. The next I knew my class leader (Orril Green) came to me and said he had a charge against me for disobedience of orders which the preacher told him to present. I was greatly astonished, for I had labored in the church for over thirty years and never had a shadow come over me before. I told him the whole case, when he indignantly said 'it was outrageous and he would return the charge to the minister.' He was put out of office and another class leader appointed. Next I found one morning thrown into my house the charge, citing me to a trial within twenty-four hours. I subsequently learned that at a secret meeting held at A. W. Muzzy's (who lived across the way from the church) it was decided to turn me out to strike terror into the rest. A committee was appointed to try me, and a preacher on his way from a circuit over the ridge was to attend the trial and give a warning to others by my fate. Dr. Van Rensselaer of Randolph was one of the committee chosen. Coming here he learned the facts of the case, and distinctly told them it would not do to use that power. It would put weapons into the hands of our enemies and ruin the church ; that it had better be settled and take up with my offer of resignation,

which was done. Matters grew worse and worse, the singers left the gallery, and on the next Sunday, Hill gave out the hymn of which the second verse was:

"Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God,
But servants of our Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad."

"It was sung with great glee, and the choir and their sympathizers were spoken of, 'They look mean, feel mean and are mean, etc.' I found that I shared the fate of a man who stepped in to stop a fight who got badly whipped himself.

"I will here pay a compliment to a man who, though not a member, generously stepped in and helped the preacher and has been a great help to the church ever since, for which I did then and do now honor him.

"Matters grew worse and worse, for in those days the anti-slavery feeling was aroused in the church and the withdrawal of some of its most influential members who had been persecuted for their principles, such as Luther Lee, Edward Smith, Cyrus Prindle, L. C. Matlock and many others who had formed an anti-slavery church; also the temperance question was up in the church. Efforts were made to restore to the discipline Wesley's rule which forbade the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks. It was alleged that arbitrary and wrong decisions were made against the reformers by the presiding bishops at conference, which prejudiced many against the bishop feature of the church. Those elements of dissatisfaction mingled with the action taken here in regard to church music, and the agitation grew worse. Added to this, the next year Joseph Flower, rash, and firm as he was rash, was stationed here, who took up the difficulty. The

Wesleyans started a paper. A Mr. Rogers handed one of the papers to my brother to read. Abram Pier wished to see it. Flower heard of it and preferred a charge against my brother 'for reading and circulating a paper published by Orange Scott called The Wesleyan.' At the trial my brother honestly confessed he saw such a paper and did not know as there was any harm in that. He had taken no part in the church difficulty. The committee to get out of the absurd case, decided 'the charge not sustained' although it was confessed in the trial. Flower made a flaming speech saying 'but some will say have we not the right to read such papers if we choose? A pretty doctrine this! I have Universalist papers but think it wrong to put them into the hands of those who are not able to detect their fallacies.' Such was the treatment then received by those who were suspected of being recusant members of the church, so that fifteen or twenty asked for letters of dismission which was sneeringly refused. All over the country the question of slavery and whiskey agitated the M. E. church; at every conference north, efforts were made to take action in relation to an alteration of the discipline on those subjects; the movers were treated with great indignation as enemies of the church when they only wished to purify it. It was so here, yet I will confess they were honest, and I believe the Wesleyans were forced out on a mission by divine appointment to save and purify the church which worked that in the end as we shall see; and so it has been acknowledged by some of the first men in the church.

"Luther Lee came here, preached, organized a Wesleyan church of 47 members (mostly from the old church.) They hired a house in which to hold their

services, and finally erected a respectable church edifice on the east side of what is now known as Prendergast avenue and on what is now the Third street extension, had preaching and a Sabbath school which drew off many scholars from the old church. They met with great success as the sympathy of the public was with them. Conversions and additions followed, the old church suffered loss as even many who staid with them felt they could help it better in than out of it. They hardly held their own until they were revived by the ministry and by the coming of the Rev. John Peate in '57 and '58. There were men in the Wesleyan church with fertility of ideas, with words to clothe them, power of utterance and magnetic influence to carry them to the hearts of their hearers. The Christian sentiment of the north was with them, and the contest was unequal, for it is justly said 'that he that has his quarrel just is thrice doubly armed.' Many members of the old church said the discipline was wrong and pressed a change, so the good old church was pressed on every side.

The discipline was changed, the old rule against whiskey and slavery was restored, the powers of the bishops and ministers were modified, lay delegation in the law making power conceded, which left the Wesleyans nothing to complain of, or hinder the M. E. church to march forward triumphantly in their spiritual conquest. A convention of ministers and lay delegates (of which I was one) was held by the Wesleyans at Adrian, Michigan, to take action in relation to continuing the seceding church. Luther Lee arose and in his solemn, logical manner said: 'Were I called to-day up to the court of Heaven to render up my account I know of no good reason I could give why I

should longer be separated from the M. E. church.' Cyrus Prindle in his honest simplicity said: 'I left the church for good reasons and as those reasons are removed if I was honest then, the same convictions of duty would require me to return.' Matlock and others hold the same views. What my convictions were are recorded in the published proceedings so I will not repeat them; but it is enough to say that by almost an unanimous vote it was determined that there no longer existed a necessity of continuing a separate Methodist organization as it had fulfilled its mission. Most of the sterling Methodists stepped into the open door of the old church and received a Christian brotherly welcome. In 1858 John Peate was sent as our preacher. Under his preaching began a great revival, the church arose to its former power and efficiency, slavery and whiskey as before stated were banished from the church and all were free to speak in thunder tones against all sin! I will here do justice to a class of men I have before noticed, moral heroes; who in the church at risk of ostracism, bore testimony against its sin, whose noble daring shielded them until they saw the triumph of their cause and the purification of their beloved church. Such were the Rev. John Peate, J. E. Chapin and others, and even J. J. Steadman regretted his persecution of the Wesleyans and turned his powerful intellectual guns against those evils. Many of the Wesleyans had come back and the church increased in numbers and power after the return of Peate."

"For many years the church, after its early organization in Ellicott, worshipped in school houses and other places on the circuit, sometimes in barns, but in 1827 and 1828 preparations were made to erect a church at the junction of Second and Chandler streets. It

was raised in 1829 and in the years 1830 and 1831 it was enclosed with loose boards, with seats on blocks. The church was 40x50, without porch or steeple, finished and dedicated in 1832. In 1836 a gallery was put in on the west end—in 1842 a basement was put under it. The church has since been elarged, and in 1854 an addition was made on the west end with a tower and hall and an ante room above it. In 1865 and 1866 the audience room was lengthened 20 feet on the east end and great improvements made within. In 1884 it became too small to accommodate the congregation, and the present beautiful edifice decided upon. The old building was sold, and is now owned and occupied by the Independent Congregationalists.

"I will leave further notice to go back and speak of some of the persons who have been pillars in the church from the beginning. The first was Edward Work, one of the first members. He continued to labor for the church for many years after the class at Worksburg was removed to Jamestown, supported it liberally, was considered the "father of the church." He died at his old home, was a humble Christian, died as he had lived in full faith in his beloved Saviour. When he lay dying he asked who was singing so sweetly up stairs? They told him no one. He said with much animation, "Don't you hear it? The sweetest music I ever heard," and left to listen to the still sweeter anthems in heaven of which his spirit had just caught an echo.

To Lyman Crane the church owes much of its prosperity, and it goes without speaking that for many years he seemed to be the soul of its existence. He seemed to live for the church and to have no other business but to serve his Lord and Master. Mighty in

prayer and exhortation he would sway a congregation who would follow him with no discount of feeling, for his life spoke louder in favor of religion than his voice from the stand on Sabbath, by his godly example through the week. Whenever a reviler of religion said that its professors were all hypocrites, they were silenced by pointing to Father Crane. I can in fancy see him now with one of his benevolent smiles which told of a happy heart within. All of his surplus earnings was devoted to the church, which owes so much to him. I visited him on his death bed and on my speaking of what he had done he replied, "I have no regrets for what I have done but that I could do no more." * The church for a number of years has increased in numbers and influence through the faithful labors of its ministers, and the godly examples of its members, until it stands second in number and spirituality to none of its sister churches. I have compiled this history with much care and labor as no public records appear until 1835. In early days the preachers kept and carried them in his saddle bags with his library as he ranged the country to gather up the "lost sheep of the house of Israel. In addition to what Mr. Bishop has so kindly said for us we deem it due this church as well as to the village of Jamestown that we speak of Alonzo Kent's relation to it, for what is true of him in this connection, has been and is true of one or two in each of the other churches from their earliest organization, up to the present time. Perhaps the one

* Mr. Bishop has inadvertently omitted the name of one who should always be remembered as one of the most faithful workers in the early days of the Methodist church in Jamestown. In zeal, and as a constant and faithful worker no one stood higher than Anna Cheney, the first wife of Dr. E. T. Foote.

or two in the other churches have not held their peculiar positions quite as long as Mr. Kent has in the Methodist, we therefore choose him as an exemplar of a small class of men in our community, and perhaps to a certain extent in all communities.

About the year 1840, during this great quarrel so justly spoken of by Mr. Bishop, and after the choir had vacated their seats, and the bass viol had been carried out of the church, the preacher found himself placed where prompt action was necessary. It is truly wonderful how great a blaze a little fire can kindle, especially in a church and particularly in a church choir. The Methodist preacher was a good leader. He knew that Mr. Kent, who at that time generally attended the Presbyterian church, was a good singer, and could, if he would, soon educate a new choir who would prove steadfast supporters of the old church and would not turn *kickers* when something occurred that did not accord with their notions. He applied to Mr. Kent in a manner to arouse his warmest sympathies, and he went over and organized and drilled a choir and remained with them a long time as their leader. When he was willing to go they would not permit it. He remained and became strongly attached to his choir and finally to those by whom he had been for so long a time surrounded. He found that he was attached to that society, he sympathized with them in their troubles, and e'er long became a necessary part and parcel of the Methodist church so far as their worldly interests were concerned. He was always a free and liberal giver, and whenever he found them in a financial strait or difficulty he gave freely and on certain occasions most bountifully. It finally came to this, that he virtually said to them, raise all you can, give

liberally youselves, and I will attend to the balance. This we are informed has been the condition of affairs in that church for nearly fifty years. Their financial motto has been, "We must do all we can,—give liberally ourselves,—Kent does the rest." It is not wonderful, that that church is attached to Alonzo Kent, or that Alonzo Kent feels that that church is, as it were, the apple of his eye. He is, and as long as he lives will continue to be, one of its fixtures, a part of its furniture, as much so as the grand organ they placed in their beautiful new church a few months ago. And we freely write our belief that the Rev. Dr. W. G. Williams would never have entered upon that surprising church building undertaking without the advice and direct encouragement of Alonzo Kent;—without it that splendid edifice would never have been built. After that society had seemingly given to their utmost and Alonzo Kent had aided most liberally, when the day for dedication came, they found themselves in debt over 20,000 dollars. Rev. Dr. Flood with all of his persuasiveness and extra pleading would never have raised that vast amount if he had not said, "I will give $1000, Mr. Kent will you give still another thousand dollars?" When the reply was "I will," Dr. Flood knew that the fire which was to burn out that debt was kindled. It was a glorious ending of a grand undertaking. We would be proud to possess a photographic group with Dr. Williams as the head and Alonzo Kent as the feet, with the three learned doctors, Flood, Vincent and Peate, sandwiched between, as the body of this great Methodistical power in Jamestown. We know of similar cases in the past history of churches in this town, smaller amounts to be sure, but full as grievous to be borne. And we know to-day

of another man with good aids, in another church, who is doing a similar work. Such churches will surely prosper, they can never fail as earthly organizations at least, for their foundations are granite.

At the last meeting of the Methodist church in their old house, Dr. Peate in closing the service, spoke as follows: "The church has had a good many friends outside of its members, but I never met with as true a friend as Alonzo Kent. I never knew an outsider so true and constant. I wish we had more like him in the congregation. I make these remarks, because he is not here to-night; and I miss him, for he is always in his place. I like to see him here and I expect to meet him in Heaven." From all parts of the house, came the loud, hearty, feeling Amen! Both the preacher and his congregation held in true estimation the man's acts. If this is not the true estimate, if it is not by a man's acts that he is to be finally judged, churches can be of little use to human beings. Whatever views man may entertain of the present and its relations to the future, he has never been able to separate life from religion. The one is as diffusive as the other, worship of a Supreme Being as necessary as the air he breathes. In his most uncultivated thoughts, mortal life suggests immortal being; the finite leads him to the infinite. It is the main spring of existence. It is as easy to believe that the trees and the flowers in the spring time could put forth their leaves and unfold their painted glories without looking up to the sun for his warmth and light, as that man will continue in life and health unaided by a superior, Intelligent Power. Religion is the animating spirit of all man accomplishes here. Whether our reason admits it or denies it, our spirits affirm it. It is as natur-

al for man to worship as to breathe. As his intelligence increases, the higher is the intelligence he worships. As his greater knowledge teaches him the wonders of mortality, greater becomes his faith in immortality. The gods or the God he worships increase in intelligence, knowledge and power with himself until at last he worships the one only Ever-living God—not a God *he* has *created*. according to Ingersoll, but a God he sees behind all the wonders his knowledge reveals to him—God *his* creator. Is it not strange that some of our most learned men, theologians as well as scientists, would have us transfer our worship from this Infinite Being our intelligence and our knowledge points out, to a microscopic mite of jelly, *protoplasm* they call it, with an unintelligent force, the know not *what*, *in or behind* the know not *which*. Whether we follow the Old Theology, with God a special creator, and man the immediate and especial work of His hand, or the New Theology with God the creator of a clam or something less, and that evolving into that wonderful scientific humbug, the "anthropoid ape," who after thousands of years of "monkey shines," forces himself to stand erect and cast his gaze heavenward—after all, the great gap remains between the known and the unknown, the finite and the infinite, between God and man. Whether our Creator is an evolver or a maker, the Bible alone makes the only pretension or effort to fill the immense gap remaining. We do not know whether Adam and Eve were evolved out of a monkey or were the immediate handiwork of God, but we do know that the Old Theology, the old churches and the old ministers filled a glorious place in the early history of Jamestown, and we sincerely trust the time is far distant when Materialism and its right hand Evol-

ution, with its protoplasm and apes, gains a large hearing in the churches of the Pearl City. We think that anyone leaning heavily towards the ape theory of his origin may be thorougly cured by reading a work entitled, Matter, Life and Mind, by Rev. Dr. Moore, who was formerly a preacher in the old Methodist church of Jamestown. We contend we are not over stepping the bounds of truth—of a chain of facts linked one with another—when we broadly state that that wonderful Chautauqua at old Fair Point on the beautiful banks of beautiful Chautauqua lake, would never have existed but for the Methodist Episcopal church of Jamestown. Truth sometimes is far more wonderful than the fairy tales of romance. In 1869 Rev. H. H. Moore, a green young man (in appearance) who had not been quite two years in the *preaching business* was sent to Jamestown to assist Rev. E. J. L. Baker (the writer's room-mate at college) in his pastoral duties. During the summer of that year he spent a week or more at a camp meeting at Round lake, studying the situation—having in view the establishment of a similar affair somewhere on Chautauqua lake. Returning from Round lake he attended another meeting of a similar kind at Dayton, in Cattaraugus County. At Dayton Moore brought the subject before the presiding elder, Rev. J. Elliott Chapin, which resulted in the appointment of a committee to seek out a proper location on the lake for a permanent Camp Meeting ground. Fair Point was selected and 50 acres purchased for $10,000. Here again Alonzo Kent's purse became very useful and made the purchase possible. One or two camp meetings had been held on the grounds when Rev. Dr. Vincent and Mr. Miller came along and wanted the

beautiful camp meeting grounds of Moore and Chapin and Kent and of the Jamestown Methodist Episcopal church for another but allied purpose. Believing that it would advance the cause for which they were all laboring they surrendered. The *Matter* of Fair Point had been thoroughly organized by these *Life* giving substances, and made ready for the great *Mind* which was destined to inhabit and rule all—Independent of human organisms, the work of the Almighty—never has Matter, Life and Mind been more happily blended, than in Chautauqua.

THE MORMONS IN JAMESTOWN.

Notwithstanding the length of this chapter, it still devolves upon us to write concerning the Baptists and Episcopalians, and, we are sorry to say, of the Mormons. We will perform the disagreeable part of our task first. There are but few now living in this Pearl City aware that many years ago, for a short time only, this was one of the headquarters, a gathering place preparatory to a removal to Kirkland, Ohio, of that religious parasite, Mormonism. At one time there were nearly 300 of them here, although the general belief was that there were less than 100 in all. They were then preparing to occupy their newly discovered land of promise, and their policy was to conceal their numbers, and not to make a display. The vanguard put in an appearance in May, 1833, and immediately occupied a number of indifferent houses on Third street west of Jefferson street. These houses had been rented by their advance agent, William Barker, early in March. Barker had charge of the Jamestown rendezvous, although Rigdon himself was frequently here. This Rigdon, who subsequently became one of the high apostles of the concern, was one of the arch devils

that aided ignorant Jo. Smith to start this humbug in Ontario county. He had been a Baptist minister, but as such had been noted for qualities better fitting him as a teacher in the Mormon iniquity than for a Christian minister. Whether Rigdon or Spaulding or some one else wrote the Book of Mormon is a matter of slight importance, but he had the education, the smartness, the love of deceit, and all the other devilish qualities of head and heart, to make him one of the best men in the world for such an undertaking. He was present with Jo., or more correctly, we think, Jo. with him, when the angel gave to Jo. the golden plates of Nephi in the presence of Cowdrey, Whitman and Harris. In 1833 he was a fine appearing, pleasant spoken, agreeable man, and made several friends among the unbelievers of Jamestown. Barker was a mean looking chap, and was meaner than he looked: disagreeable in person, harsh and low in speech, ignorant and as thoroughly contemptible as bigotry and zeal could make him. He was a man who had never known ought of the laws of kindness, or the luxury of doing good. In his whole body and soul there was not the first particle of love or charity or human kindness. He was a fit person to be a leader of Mormonism, in which he most thoroughly believed. Rigdon drew a general order on Judge Prendergast to supply all Mormons with flour or feed, the individual orders to be countersigned by Wm. Barker. Judge Prendergast from time to time drew his drafts on the bank of Kirkland, Ohio, which were promptly paid. They had frequent religious exercises and preaching, generally we think in the street in front of their dwellings. During this Mormon exodus and occupation of West Jamestown, the small pox broke out in one of the Mor-

mon houses. At that time the "peculiar people" did not allow the ministrations of physicians, depending on the power and efficiency of prayer to cure all diseases. A Jamestown convert to the faith believing the case to be small pox privately informed Dr. Hazeltine. A town counsel was held and the trustees sent Dr. Hazeltine and Dr. Stephen I. Brown, of Busti, to examine. With difficulty they performed their mission and reported genuine small pox. Then commenced the Jamestown Mormon war. They not only were determined that the physicians should not visit the patients, but they would allow no white flags or signs, warning citizens of the pestilence within the houses. The physicians found it impossible to visit the patients and declared that it would be useless if they could, for no one would administer medicines. The citizens contented themselves with putting a fence across Third street at Lafayette, and another near the boatlanding, and interdicting the denizens of this Gomorrah coming into the town. A few who tried to travel eastward on Third street beyond Lafayette speedily returned complaining of headache. The arch fiend himself, Barker, tried it, fainted by the way, and lay in the street near Lafayette until carried back by some of his clan. It was never judicially decided whether he fainted or ran against a hickory cane in the hands of "Big Simmons," the watchman. The last of the Mormons left Jamestown in the spring of 1834. They made very few converts here, but among them was John Fent, author of Fent's Arithmetic, and family, and J. Sanford Holman, the blacksmith before mentioned, and his wife. Holman was a good citizen and a loss to the village. The Mormons were quite welcome to all else they took away from Jamestown. Worn out by frequent mov-

ings and fatigue, Holman died at Council Bluffs on his way to Salt Lake city.

BAPTISTS.

The first Baptist to settle in Jamestown so far as the recollection of the oldest inhabitant extends or can say to the contrary, was John C. Breed, "the deacon," as he was familiarly known. When this chapter was written Mr. Breed was alive and well, but a few days ago he passed away. See chapter six. John C. Breed came to Jamestown in January, 1822, an unusually proper, good-looking young man. His influence upon the young people of that period was very happy, probably because they had not been accustomed to find true piety and so large a share of health, strength and good looks combined in the same person. He was a constant attendant and took an active part in the meetings at Prendergast academy, for at that time there were no other meetings to attend. E'er long he married Olive, a daughter of Solomon Jones, and the handsomest girl in town, and the best singer.

Whether it was through Breed's instrumentality we cannot say, but in the fall of 1823 a Sunday-school was established, the first in the settlements, at the old academy, and he was made the superintendent. There were no regular teachers in this Sabbath school. There were quite as many adults and church members who attended as children, and Mr. Breed would select therefrom a sufficient number to hear the recitations and to report the number of verses each one recited. The school was not divided into classes then as now, each class having a selected teacher. It was the duty of each scholar to learn as many verses in the testament, commencing with the first chapter of the Gospel of St.

John, as he could during the week, and these he recited to some person appointed to hear them. Each scholar was rewarded with tickets according to the number of verses recited. These tickets were of different sizes and colors according to the number of verses committed to memory. For five verses a very small, inferior looking ticket was given ; for ten, one a trifle larger ; for twenty, a respectable one ; for fifty, a fair sized blue one ; and for 100 verses a large sized, good looking red ticket. Louisa Jones (Mrs. J. E. Chapin,) and William Deland we observed received many red tickets, and we asked for one. Mr. Breed replied that when we recited 100 verses at once we should have one. The next Sunday we carried home and exhibited to our delighted mother a red ticket, and frequently after that two reds and a blue. We doubt very much if we should have received as many red tickets as we did, if it had not been for a ruse of our father. If for any reason we needed punishment, we were sentenced according to the enormity of our offence, to sit down and not get up until we had committed to memory ten, twenty or fifty verses. The Sunday-school and our paternal parent made a perfect system of rewards and punishments for us. In those early days the entire care and management of the Sunday-school devolved on the superintendent. We presume there are no superior superintendents now in the Sabbath schools, and we claim that John C. Breed was the best ever in Jamestown. He knew just how to talk to children, to gain their good will, their love and affection. Every one loved John C. Breed, the superintendent of the first Sabbath school ever taught in this town. He has gone where he will be rewarded with red tickets.

The writer's recollection is that there was a Baptist

organization here as early as 1825 or '26. He is positive that there was one before the Mormon excitement. Be that as it may, the Baptist church of Jamestown do not claim an organization previous to 1832, according to Young's history. During this same year (1832) they built a large, good looking barn on the site of their present church and called it a meeting house. It looked like a barn on the outside, excepting the windows, but in the inside was comfortable and church-like in appearance. The Baptists worshiped in this building twenty-five years and then (1857) sold it, and it was moved away for a mechanic's shop. They then built the present church-like edifice in which they now worship. The Rev. Rufus Pratt was the first settled Baptist minister in Jamestown, and he died here April 2, 1829. The earlier ministers at this church were David Bernard, Asahel Chapin, Rufus Peet, Alfred Handy and others.

A little more than 40 years ago a young man named Blakesly,* a student in the Oberlin college, considered it his duty to speak upon the crime of slavery during his vacation, and came to Jamestown for that purpose. He delivered three lectures at the Baptist church. There was great excitement when it was announced that there would be a lecture there upon the subject of slavery. At the conclusion a second lecture was announced for the next day. The excitement spread like wild fire. He was warned to leave town. Tar, feathers, etc., were plainly spoken of, and if he persisted, death to the Abolitionist more than hinted at. A

* In our newspaper article we unaccountably mixed up our recollections of this person with Prof. Fairchild who became the husband of Marcia Kellogg, one of Jamestown's most excellent daughters.

third lecture was announced. Jamestown and vicinity was never more excited than then. On the afternoon of his last harangue the Baptist church was a dangerous place to be in. The church was crowded; more than half present were there for the lecturer's protection, but the crowd outside was double and triple of that within, gathered from all parts of the country. We believe that if some man in that excited crowd more crazy than the rest, could have reached the lecturer he would have killed him, and this was prevented by Hiram Eddy, who, when he left the church after the third lecture ran by his side with his right hand in his coat collar, and would occasionally give him a flying leap ahead of ten feet or more. The crowd pressing too hard, Eddy threw the little lecturer over a five-foot garden fence, and as he proved a good runner, was in a place of safety before the mob had realized what had happened.

The early Baptists as well as the religious societies already mentioned, had their worldly troubles, their bickerings and their quarrels. At one time a Baptist brother, "one that paid," wanted to dismiss their minister, an eloquent man, because he was not "edicated." A quarrel and a dismissal followed. The Baptists have had some very unhappy quarrels and more than one unhappy minister. But such devoted Christians and eloquent preachers as Bernard, Chapin, Wells and Haughwout cover a multitude of short comings.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Young's history states that the Episcopal church of Jamestown was organized in 1853. St. Luke's church of Jamestown was organized and wardens and vestrymen chosen previous to the writer's leaving home for college which was in 1833. How long previous we can-

not state. We believe about two years. But the society was too poor to build a church or even to hire a clergyman. In 1853 a few friends of the church, the writer one of them, were seriously talking of hiring a clergyman. They wanted church services for their fathers and mothers, wives and sisters, if not for themselves. One evening Wm. F. Wheeler and Wm. H. Lowry, going home to tea, happened to meet John M. Grant, Smith Seymour, and the writer, at the corner of Main and Third streets, and they had a conversation concerning hiring the basement of the academy and fitting it up for church services. While they were talking their friend, the Rev. Mr. Blinn, came along and inquired, "Boys, what mischief are you at now?" The writer replied, "Do you see the old Fletcher place up there? We are going to buy that and build thereon a church that will knock the spots off your Presbyterian church down there." "Good for you," says Blinn; "do so and I will come and be your priest, and permit me to give you this as the first donation towards the church," at the same time handing me an old fashioned copper cent. This was all pleasant badinage between friends. We were all sincere friends of Mr. Blinn and he of us. He thought nothing wrong and meant nothing wrong. Mr. Wheeler held up his hand and made oath that within two years that penny should be deposited in the corner stone of an Episcopal church in Jamestown, and turning to his four companions said—"as I swear so swear you all." They answered in the affirmative. Blinn then remarked, "I fear we have been making light of serious things; and I will now say if you can build a church on the strength of that penny, you are doubly welcome to it and I bid you God speed." This is very near the conversation.

That evening seven of us subscribed $500 each for building a church, and the next day the amount was nearly doubled. Blinn's cent was the main argument used in obtaining subscribers. At noon the next day we were owners of the lots on which the church and parsonage are built, Mr. Tew having conveyed them to us to be used for that especial purpose. The Rev. Levi W. Norton was shortly engaged as rector, the basement of the academy was rented and prepared for church services, and all the friends of the church were happy, none more so than our friend the Rev. Mr. Blinn. The church was erected the next season, and the copper cent with its history well engraved, deposited in the corner stone. A few years afterwards the church was burned. The contents of the box in the corner stone were not injured, and were, penny included, deposited in the corner stone of the present structure.

In our last conversation with Mr. Blinn he said, "You fellows to whom I gave the penny have done well. I wish I could invest another penny that would yield a like increase."

Jamestown has now many churches, how many we do not know. Since the time above spoken of we have gained a large Swede population. Among them are several church organizations and they have already erected four respectable churches, and now I understand another is spoken of. We have also gained a large and respectable Irish addition to our population, mostly Roman Catholic. A large church edifice at present is sufficient for their church needs.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BAD DISTRICTS—WHIPPING THE SCHOOL MASTER—LOG SCHOOL HOUSES—FIRST SCHOOLS IN JAMESTOWN—THOS. WALKUP AND THE BIRD NEST ROBBERS—PINE STREET SCHOOL HOUSE—EARLY TEACHERS—JUTY SMITH—OLD PUT TAKES A RIDE—THE ACADEMY—ITS TEACHERS AND PUPILS—THE JAMESTOWN ACADEMY.

A few evenings ago after a half hour spent in diligent writing concerning our early schools and schoolmasters, we laid our pad of paper aside, to allow our little pond of remembrances to fill up again. We have with sufficient accuracy ascertained that our reservoir for thoughts is quite thoroughly drained by an hour's active use of the pencil. We soon fell into a deep reverie over what were called the hard districts of those early times. Districts in which besides the troop of children, were, in some localities, perhaps a dozen *big* unruly boys, with well developed muscles, full of strength and fight, and double the number of *half big* ones, boys of 13 or 14 years of age, but as stout and surly and as full of mischief and undeveloped strength as little mules. In these districts the first thing to be done at the commencement of each winter's school,

was to break all rules and whip the school master. It took the stoutest, *double breasted* fellows in the country to manage one of these schools, and teachers for them were quite as frequently chosen for their bodily strength as for their mental qualifications; and even such were quite as frequently thoroughly whipped, thrown out into the road, and then pelted with mud, or snow balls, until finally glad to beat a rapid retreat not stopping until the confines of the district were reached. This disposition to whip the school master we find was no new thing; it did not originate in the settlements, or in this country, or in this age. This is proven by a case related by an old Latin author over two thousand years ago which we translate into verse as best we can for our edification. It strikes us as being appropriate, and descriptive of the condition of things in the bad district of sixty years ago:

Once the master was obeyed and feared
Till youth was wise and fit to govern—but now
When he admonishes a child of only seven years,
The brat hurls the *tablets* at his head.
You to his father go and make complaint,
And what redress is given? 'Tis this:
"Ah-ha! old *bum-bruiser*,
My boy you find, can, himself defend,
Spank him if you deem best—and can."
This is the solace given; you
Lop your ears in silence, sneak away,
And next are seen
With cracked pate beplastered—and face bepatched
Like an ill-used paper lantern.

EARLY SCHOOLS OF ELLICOTT.

Among the many comforts and advantages to which the early inhabitants of Jamestown were indebted to Judge James Prendergast, were the extra ac-

commodations for schools, and the superior school teachers he bestowed upon them from 1814 to 1822 at his own cost. He set a high value upon education and as the early settlers at the rapids, having children of a proper age to attend school, were too poor to furnish either school-room or teacher, he furnished both, and insisted strenuously, that all children between the ages of six and fifteen should be sent to school, which he made free to all without reference to age. The first schools taught here were attended by several over twenty-five years of age, who then for the first time learned to read and write. The school rooms provided by Judge Prendergast for these schools were first class for those times and the teachers collegiates.

The first school houses in the town of Ellicott, out of Jamestown, as well as in other parts of the county were like the settlers' dwellings, built of logs. A log school house was easily distinguished from a dwelling by not being as high, as no sleeping room, reached by a ladder, was necessary upon an upper floor, and also by the shape of the windows. The writer during the winter 1825-26 lived with his grandfather in Busti and attended the school—over a mile distant, taught by an uncle of his, in one of these log school houses. The writing desk for the larger scholars was along one end and about one-half of each of the sides. This was nothing more than a shelf made with wide boards supported by long pins driven into auger holes in the logs. Just above this desk were four long windows only two or three glass high, one on each side and two at the end. The seats were trees, split in two and made tolerably smooth by hewing, with pins driven into the lower rounded sides for legs. A row of these were placed before the desks. Through the center of

the room were several of these long slab benches, all without backs, for the smaller scholars. In the other end of the building was the big Dutch fire place, the hearth of which was the ground, and this piled full of logs four feet long or more kept the place sufficiently warm. Between the front benches and the fire was the master's table, and a bolt sawed from a big maple tree by the side of the table was the dunce block. If a scholar large or small, male or female, was so dull or inattentive as not to get his or her lesson, the dullard's head was ornamented with a tall, pyramidal paper cap, leather spectacles were tied over the eyes and were then politely conducted to and placed on this block by two school mates of the opposite sex. Without exception, it was great fun for the scholars to see this exhibition; the one on the block looked so droll, so queer, so verily like a fool, that every one laughed at his expense, and the blockhead appeared to think he was a fool, and would willingly exchange his place for half a dozen sound floggings. At least, so it appeared to us, for we were never placed there ourself, we had a wholesome dread of it from the beginning and worked dilligently at our lessons, and, perhaps, our uncle had a little regard for our feelings. The punishment of the dunce block was reserved for those who were negligent in learning their lessons, and we believe that if it had been retained at least for these cases, it would have proved the greatest spur to diligence among all the forms of punishment that have yet been invented. The beech and the birch, the switch and the gad, were reserved for the more flagrant breach of school and moral law. And our own observation and remembrance is, that the thorougly bad boy would prefer a flogging that would place him *hors de combat* for

a week, than to spend one hour on the dunce block.

The first school ever taught in Jamestown was during the fall and winter of 1814 and 1815, in the north room of the Blowers house before mentioned. The teacher was the Rev. Amasa West who received his education at Williams College and who was the first minister who resided here. There attended this school seven children and irregularly three or four adults. Wm. H. Fenton, the present patriarch of Jamestown, and Seneca, his brother, and Rebecca, his sister, (Mrs. Abram Jones) still living, and Alexander T. Prendergast, all were pupils in this first school. The school commenced the first of December and continued four months.

As the Blowers house had been sold to Dr. Hazeltine and the Academy building not completed, in fact at this time the frame was not up, Judge Prendergast, with rough boards, partitioned off a room in the cotton factory for a school, and Abner Hazeltine, who but a short time previous had graduated at Williams College and was expected to arrive at the rapids in November, was, through Dr. Laban Hazeltine, engaged as teacher. Abner Hazeltine opened his school soon after his arrival in November and continued it for five months. Seventeen children and eleven "large scholars" attended this school. Alexander T. Prendergast commenced the study of Latin; Phineas Palmiter, Plinny Cass, two daughters of Horatio Dix, Alex. T. Prendergast, and occasionally others made the first class in English grammer ever taught in Jamestown. This class had a "*parsing school*" once a week in the evening, which was generally attended by Judge Prendergast, Dr. Hazeltine, Deacon Dix and others. Several came from what are now the towns of Kian-

tone and Busti to these parsing schools. As many as could were expected to bring a Murray's grammar, Murray's English reader, Milton's Paradise Lost and a tallow candle, otherwise the parsing school was free to all who were sufficiently advanced in knowledge of English grammar to take a part. There attended these parsing schools some as finished grammarians as could be found in any country. This, the second school taught in the settlement, took the name of Prendergast's Academy. That name was given to it by Abner Hazeltine; first, because the Judge paid the teacher; second, on account of the imposing building in which the school was taught and lastly because of this parsing school and because the Junto called it *A. B. Abs* Academy. It became the regular name of the Jamestown school during the three seasons it was taught by Abner Hazeltine, and the select schools taught in the village up to the advent of John Foster Allen in the year 1820, when the "Prendergast" was dropped and *The Academy* was spoken of; afterwards under Lysander Farrar as the "Jamestown Academy." In the fall and winter of 1816 and 1817 Abner Hazeltine taught in Keyes's shop chamber, it having been found difficult to heat the room in the cotton factory with any appliances then on hand. Prendergast's new academy building, the "*old academy*" frequently spoken of in these papers, became useable in the fall of 1817, and Abner Hazeltine's third and last school was taught therein in the winter of 1817 and '18. The building was especially erected as a place for religious services, for at a meeting at Dr. Hazeltine's house at which were present Judge Prendergast, Dr. Hazeltine, Abner Hazeltine, Daniel Hazeltine and Jacob Fenton and others, held a few days af-

ter the organization of the Congregational Church, it was represented to Judge P. that there was no place for meetings but at the taverns, which were inconvenient and inappropriate, and as he had declared his intention of putting up a building for that purpose and that as the timber for the same had been got out the year previously and was on the ground and partially framed by Deacon Dix and Ebenezer Sherwin, they asked him to put up the frame and enclose a portion of it that it might be used for meetings. Judge Prendergast replied that he had expected that Captain Dix would have completed the building the fall previous, but work for Cass prevented; that both Dix and Sherwin were then engaged on Freeman's house and Pier and Freeman's hat factory. If any one could be found to do the work he would put up and enclose the building immediately. That it was not necessary to go to the taverns; they could use the academy room in Keyes's shop. He did not believe there was danger of its breaking down as some believed. No one was found to engage in the putting up of the building until the next year. Israel Knight, a builder who came to the rapids in 1815 and who was then engaged in putting up a building for John Frank in Busti, took the job for early the next season but did not commence work before midsummer. The first school taught therein was by Abner Hazeltine in the fall and winter of 1817 and '18. The school in the fall of 1819 was a writing and grammar school taught in Keyes's shop chamber by a Mr. Flack who made the teaching of writing and grammar a specialty. * Many more

* Fifty years ago and more Grammar Schools were common and there was a class of men who wandered through the country teaching them and generally they were well patronized.

adults attended this school than those under twenty years of age. This was the first school taught in Jamestown for which Judge Prendergast did not pay every cent of the teacher's wages and he paid three-fourths of this. The school in 1820 was expected to be taught by Abraham Hazeltine (the late Dr. Abraham Hazeltine) but before the school commenced, a young man named Austin Nelson, a graduate of Hamilton College, came in, and desiring some occupation during the fall and winter, Hazeltine permitted Nelson to take his place. This school commenced early in the fall and was taught in the Prendergast Academy. In the fall of that year an epidemic of typhus fever broke out in Jamestown of which several died. Nearly every member of Solomon Jones's large family had this fever but all recovered. Nelson after teaching a short time also took the fever and died and the school was abandoned. In 1821 Thomas Walkup was employed to teach a summer and a fall and winter term of school in the academy, Judge Prendergast paying two-thirds of the teacher's wages and furnish wood which was near at hand on Fifth street between Main and Cherry. Much of the wood was cut by the large scholars and drawn to the academy by the smaller boys on their hand sleds. The wood cut was three to four feet long and burned in an enormous fire place. In those days there were several large, heavy hand sleds in town and many families cut and drew their own wood. No one would have to go far from his own door to find the best of wood which he was welcome to if he would cut and haul it away. True, in places the pine trees were cut out, but the hard wood and underbrush remained. Where the pine was cut out a heavy growth of pine bushes soon sprang up, in some places so dense that it

was impossible to get through them. These bushes grew very rapidly and soon became of large size. In an early day the pine lands were considered almost valueless for farming purposes. If a person wanted a farm he would make for the beech and maple in Busti, or the oak and chestnut lands north and west from the rapids. Then the idea was, that not only the pine land was poor, but that the labor and expense of getting out the pine stumps, would be double the value of the land. But farmers were not long in learning that the pine lands were the best and as soon as the lands were really needed, Yankee invention rid the land of stumps in short order. Their value for fences more than half repaid their removal. The big pine stumps which would never decay, and which for many years they had no adequate appliances for pulling, helped to sell the lighter frosty soils of the beech and maple sections of the country.

Thomas Walkup had the honor of being the writer's second teacher; his mother was the first. She had thoroughly learned him his a, b, c's, his a, b, abs, the words in three letters, and those in two sylables, from *baker* to *vocal* in Webster's old spelling book, before he ever saw Thomas Walkup and his *watch* and his *switch*.

We never thought it quite right, Ezra Jones and ourself,* and we vowed that we would never forgive Walkup, and if we lived to be big enough would whip *him* for that switching he gave *us*, the first we received at school. There was an upturned pine stump precisely where Harmis Willard erected his residence in 1823

* Rev. Ezra Jones, son of Solomon Jones, now resides in Lansing, Mich.

and which for many years was the residence of the late Charles Butler on the northwest corner of Main and Fourth streets. Among the roots of that stump, partially concealed by a few tufts of grass and wild flowers was a nest containing four beautiful speckled eggs. We thought there was no harm in taking them away, we wanted to show them to our mothers, we did not know they would break so easily; we did not know when the old birds were screaming so piteously they were begging us to let the eggs alone; we did not intend to soil our aprons, and had not our mothers washed them when worse soiled than they were then? We pleaded innocence and ignorance most eloquently, but all to no avail. We were there to be educated, and we got a lesson we have never forgotten. "Just as the twig is bent," you know. If we did not then know, we have ever since known, that it was wrong to rob a bird's nest. That was sixty five years ago, and we seldom if ever pass that house without feeling a tingling along up our back and down our legs. There is brought up from the deep memories of the long ago and placed before our eyes a picture. Yes, that is the same old stump, the nest is behind that clump of grass; there are four beautiful speckled eggs in it; up there is one of the old birds sitting on that high, long root that reaches out towards the academy. We seldom see that house when we pass it, but we frequently see that old upturned pine stump. We see the nest and the eggs and the birds. We see Thomas Walkup and that nice beech switch, and we feel it, too. There is one gratifying remembrance. We promised Walkup we would never rob another bird's nest as long as we lived. We have

the satisfaction of believing that this promise has been faithfully kept.

The Pine Street School House was erected by subscription in 1822 by the "Junto" opposed to Judge Prendergast, the Academy, and the leadership of the Congregational church. It occupied the lots on the northeast corner of Pine and Fourth streets, now occupied by the residence of Sheldon Broadhead. It afterwards passed into the hands of the school district in which it was situated. It for many years was a prominent school house, and the first efforts of the Methodists, and also of the Baptists, at separate existence, are indissolubly connected with the "old Pine street school house." If any preacher, no matter of what denomination, or of no denomination, came to Jamestown and could not be accommodated at the old academy, the door of the "old Pine street" had no lock upon it, and he was welcome to enter without even asking permission.

Among the early school teachers here we mention Richard F. Fenton, Henry Gifford, Elisha Hall, Isaac Eddy, Jr., and Orrel Green as the principal ones. During the same time at the academy were Rev. Lewis C. Todd, Samuel Brown, of Ashville, and a person whose name we cannot recall. These are the principal up to the removal of the academy to Fourth street in 1829. After its removal, J. Elliott Chapin was the teacher of the common school in the lower room for several years.

Rev. Phillip Smith, said to be a Baptist clergyman, came to Jamestown in 1825 and opened a select school in Keyes's shop chamber. This school was the last of the series included under the name of Prendergast Academy. Smith was an educated man and a

good teacher. He was a small, near-sighted man and wore spectacles. He opened and closed each session of the school with a short prayer. He had certain set forms which he used, a peculiar posture and peculiarities of pronunciation which provoked the larger boys to imitate him, to his great annoyance. One peculiarity of pronunciation was, that such words as duty and dutiful he pronounced as if spelled juty and jutiful. Soon in consequence he was nicknamed "Juty Smith" and "Old Jutiful," and "Old Spectacles." For this disrespect the small boys got floggings, and the larger ones lectures on Christian deportment and *juty*. Smith very soon resorted to the plan of praying with his eyes open that he might detect those who mocked him. He soon found that this was not practical, for in watching his scholars he would forget his prayer and the room would be filled with a roar of laughter. He finally resorted to the plan of kneeling before his chair with his back to his unruly scholars, and after a short time the disturbance and mocking which had so annoyed him ceased. We have in a previous chapter described the situation of the Keyes shop—about eight feet below the house with the stairs filling this space between the two and going up to a wide platform at the west end, from which was the door into the schoolroom.

Silas Southland, who now resides on the lake this side of Lakewood, eldest son of Judson Southland who was a prominent citizen of Jamestown at an early day, attended this school. Silas was decidedly the fat boy of the town. His avoirdupois when ten years old was something tremendous—his diameter seemingly fully equalled his length, and his daring fully equalled his adipose; he was the butt as well as the pet of the school. Frank Waite one day said to him, "Let us see

you ride down these stairs on your sled." "No, I guess not," says Silas, "I fear it would hurt me. You ride down, and if you don't break your neck, I will try it." Frank declared that he dare not try it, but thought that Silas dare attempt anything. "Well," says Silas, "as you own you are a coward, and we all know you are, else you would not mock 'Old Juty' when he is praying, I will try it." Laying down on his sled he told Frank to give him a start and down he went, head foremost, not stopping until he had reached the middle of the bridge at the foot of Main street. That day he received the name of "Old Put"—a name that clung to him for many years, and to the present day for aught we know to the contrary. Mr. Southland will pardon us for bringing up this incident of his early life.

Mr. Smith taught a large and most excellent school for two years and then left for a more advantageous situation, we think in Ohio. A Miss Farnham then taught the school one term, but the school was not a success and she left. At the period we are now speaking of many objected to sending their children to the district schools, and Mrs. Charles R. Harvey—then Miss Rebecca Hayward—was induced to teach a select school. After Miss Farnham left, Keyes's shop chamber was rented for a billiard saloon, and the first billiard tables ever in Jamestown were placed there in 1828. The second story of Tew's tin and sheet iron factory on the southeast corner of Main and Fourth streets was secured and made into a school room. In this Miss Hayward taught her large and successful school. How long it continued we do not just remember, but we believe until near the time she was married to Col. Charles R. Harvey.

John Foster Allen, a graduate of Middlebury

College, Vt., was sent for and employed as principal of Prendergast Academy, to succeed Smith. Judge Foote contended that as there was no regular academic organization the school should be called a select school; at all events it was high time to abandon the affix of Prendergast as applied to the school as there was no warrant for it; that Abner Hazeltine had given that name to the second school taught in Jamestown under peculiar circumstances; that that school was as much an academy as a common school, and that as Judge Prendergast furnished the school room and paid the teacher, it was perfectly correct to call it Prendergast Academy or anything else they chose, but to continue it longer when the village was paying the teachers, would create confusion and trouble, and that it should be abandoned. Henry Baker moved that the school be continued under the old name. That he had nearly supported the schools for fifteen years, and according to his mind Prendergast should be the name of any Academy established here. Elias Haven moved it to be called Foote's Academy, and S. A. Brown suggested that it would be appropriately named if called Abner Hazeltine's *Cotton Factory* Academy. Of course every one laughed except Brown. Abner Hazeltine enquired if it would be satisfactory to call the new school the Jamestown Academy. He was willing to compromise on that, although he thought the name Prendergast should be retained. Although Mr. Havens had given Judge Foote the credit of being foremost in the move for a new Academy, he believed his fellow citizens who had been here much longer than Mr. Havens, would agree with him in saying that Judge Prendergast had done far more than any one else in Jamestown for the cause of education. He

hoped the citizens would not do a wrong now, because he had applied the name of Prendergast Academy to our first feeble schools. Dr. Foote thought Academy would be shorter and better; that very soon there would be a legal organization with a board of trustees, and that the name then probably would be Jamestown Academy, and it would be better not to use that name until the legal organization took place. If at that time it was thought best to name it after some prominent citizen he should not object. He did think that the name Prendergast was too long, and that it was best to wait until they had a legal organization. On motion of S. A. Brown, Esq., it was *Resolved*, that the *select school* to be taught by John Foster Allen, A. M. in the *old academy* be called "*The Academy*," without any affix whatsoever. That it is the sense of this meeting that neither the name Prendergast, Foote, Hazeltine's Cotton Factory, or any other person, factory or mill, shall be affixed to the same until so authorized by a board of lawfully appointed trustees. A few only voted, and Mr. Brown's resolution was carried by one vote. Thus ended in the greatest good humor Prendergast academy, which had been in use for fifteen years. Miss Frances Bristol, of Dunkirk was made assistant teacher. Mr. Allen remained principal for about two years, and was then succeeded by James Boutelle, who remained until 1835. During the first three years of this academy the following young men were fitted for college; George T. Stoneman, afterward major general, now governor of California; Glenni W. Scofield, now judge of the Court of Claims, Washington, D. C.; Benj. W. Whicher, Episcopal minister, is now a Roman Catholic; his wife was known to literature as Widow Bedott; Zacharia Eddy, son of Rev. Isaac Eddy, now

Rev. Dr. Eddy of Michigan; Hiram Eddy, son of Rev. Isaac Eddy, now Rev. Dr. Eddy of Connecticut; Thomas R. Hazzard, lawyer, settled at Monongehela City, dead; Orlando Havens, intended for the ministry, dead; Daniel Whicher, afterwards judge of the Supreme Court of Western Virginia, dead; Charles G. Hazeltine, oldest son of Hon. Abner Hazeltine, professor, dead; Ezra Jones, Methodist minister, Lansing, Michigan; Darwin Dewey, intended for the ministry, dead; and the writer, who is privileged to write M. D. after his name. Twelve is a very fair number, It commences with names of persons who have a national reputation and does not taper immediately to a point by any means. Of over half of them Jamestown may well be proud.

Boutelle was the last who taught in the upper room of the old academy building, built in 1817 on the southwest corner of the lots now occupied by Geo. W. Tew, Esq., removed in 1829 to the northeast corner of Cherry and Fourth streets, and which after the academy had been removed from it was known for many years as the "old red school house," and which after the erection of the Union school building was sold to B. F. Lownsbery, together with the lots on which it stood, and the frame of which to-day constitutes the frame of the Lownsbery residence.

Infant School.—In 1832 an infant school was established here by a stock company of a number of citizens. Trustees were chosen and a lot purchased on Fifth street west of Spring street, and a large building erected on the corner of Fifth street and the alley. All the paraphernalia of an infant school were provided at a heavy expense to the projectors. Miss Brewster, an experienced teacher, was brought from New York to

preside over the affairs of the institution. It was well patronized and flourished for about two years and then rapidly dwindled into nothingness. Parents soon became aware that they were ruining the health of their infant children for the sake of a little knowledge which they ought to gain at home. The building was used for the Jamestown academy during the erection of the new academy building on the corner of Fourth and Spring streets.

The Quaker Boarding School.—In 1833 Mrs. Mary E. Osborne, a widow lady and a Quakeress, came to Jamestown to establish a boarding school. She bought property of Gen. Allen on what was then known as the Frewsburg road, afterwards as Quaker street, and now as Foote's avenue. This purchase was on the west side of the street and about ten rods beyond the intersection of Mechanic street. Upon the plot of ground here purchased she erected a fair sized but very plain building for boarding school purposes. The next season large additions were found necessary, and small additions of cheap buildings were made year after year, until the establishment had a rambling, peculiar and anything but a neat, Quaker-like appearance. Notwithstanding the uninviting appearance of the buildings the school there taught was one of a very superior character. Teachers of a superior class for the most part were employed and young ladies from all sections of the country but especially of the state of New York were there yearly congregated. The methods of teaching there employed were superior to anything the writer had ever before met with—more like present methods so far as he is acquainted with them. Object teaching and by conversations was extensively adopted. If

there were any possible means or appliances to illustrate a lesson or fix it in the memory they were at once adopted. The question asked was not, whether the recitation was perfect, but was the lesson understood. Each class read up on, and talked over in familiar conversations, each subject presented until it was perfectly understood by the dullest member of the class. The teachers for the most part were from abroad. Among these probably none ever stood higher than the three Misses Dennis. But the teachers changed frequently; most of them must have been under prior engagements before they came, for when their time was up they could not be induced to remain longer, and were married soon after their leaving. Among the home teachers were Miss Clarissa D. Wheeler who subsequently taught in the Academy and who afterwards founded the Jamestown female seminary; Miss Elizabeth Breed, Miss Lucy Fletcher and the writer, who was the only male teacher in the establishment and was engaged to teach Botany, and to lecture on Physiology, Chemistry and Natural Philosophy. This school was probably the most flourishing from 1836 to 1841.

In 1843 a horrible tragedy was enacted here which destroyed the school. Alvin Cornell, brother of Mrs. Osborne, cut his wife's throat and then cut his own. Mrs. Cornell ran from the kitchen into the school room and there fell dead. Cornell, although he had cut his own throat from ear to ear, severing the windpipe, singularly enough missed the carotid arteries. The writer sewed up Cornell's throat and dressed the wound. He was left in charge of Justice W. H. Fenton and ourself for about three weeks, when we delivered him up to the jailor at Mayville. He was tried, convicted

and sentenced, but his sister clung to him and finally induced Governor Wright to commute his punishment to imprisonment for life. This horrible affair closed the Jamestown Quaker school forever.

JAMESTOWN ACADEMY.

We have considered it our duty to write up the schools of Jamestown to the commencement of the Union School and Collegiate Institute. The printers are now calling for copy and we are compelled to send what we have prepared to the press. In excuse we have this to offer. The subject to us was an extremely painful one. There was a severe quarrel about the location of the Academy building, it was finally located on the southeast corner of Fourth and Spring streets. Lysander Farrar was the first principal, he was succeeded by George W. Parker. After Parker, Charles G. Hazeltine, eldest son of the late Hon. A. Hazeltine, had care of the institution until they could provide some one else. Edward A. Dickinson was finally procured. He was its principal for many years, and for a long time was assisted by one of the best of teachers, Miss Eliza Kent. For over fourteen years the writer was intimately connected with the institution, but without remuneration. He spent over $1000 during that period for its benefit. *He had a reward.* Two persons well acquainted with all the facts in the case promised to write up what to us was a painful subject. Each after duly considering the subject declined. Although we have not at any time intended to shirk this duty perhaps it is quite as well that we are now compelled to pass it over.

CHAPTER XIV.

Our Early Merchants, J. & M. Prendergast—Richard Hiller—Silas Tiffany—Jehial Tiffany—Samuel Barrett—Henry Baker—Alvin Plumb—J. E. & S. Budlong—Elisha Hall—Wm. H. Tew.

DR. JEDIAH AND MARTIN PRENDERGAST.

In the spring of 1814 bought one lot of their brother James on the northwest corner of Main and First streets and erected thereon a store 20 by 45 feet, one and one-half stories in height. The frame was of three-inch plank sealed with thin boards in the inside and covered with clapboards on the outside. There was in the east end facing Main street a stout battened door in the south corner, and in the center a large window and a smaller one above; and on the south side facing First street two large windows with a door between, and in the west end a window lighting the upper floor. True, the building had for a foundation pine blocks and never was painted, but was substantial and large enough for the purpose intended. Why it should have been spoken of as a "shanty store" in some historical sketches of Jamestown we will not

stop now to explain, for the explanation would not pay for the paper on which it was written. It was one of the most substantial buildings of those early times. A young man by the name of Thomas Disher was the first superintendent of this store, afterwards Richard Hiller for many years was the sole manager. So much so that many supposed he was the proprietor, and it was as frequently called Hiller's as Prendergast's store. The late Rufus Jones, when about 18 years old, entered this store as an assistant. Still later Isaac H. Hiller, half brother of Richard Hiller, was for many years assistant and remained such until the store closed in 1836. Neither Jediah or Martin Prendergast were ever residents of Jamestown, although both frequently visited the store.

They dealt in general merchandise, dry goods, groceries, hardware, liquors, and all goods required by the early settlers.

RICHARD HILLER

Was a lumberman as well as agent for this store. For many years he either alone or in company with Horace Bacon, a brother-in-law, bought a fleet of lumber of Prendergast, rafted it and ran it to Cincinnati. In those days Eliakim Garfield was the most prominent raftsman on the head waters of the Conewango. Richard Hiller married Hannah, the eldest daughter of Joseph Garfield and Horace Bacon married Anna, the second daughter. They had several children. After leaving the store Hiller removed to a farm in the town of Carroll, where both he and his wife died a few years ago.

It is proper here to mention that Wm. B. Allen, Johnson Goodwell and Elial T. Foote, erected, near the time the Prendergasts were building their store, a

mere shanty on the northeast corner of Main and Second streets, and placed therein a few articles of merchandise. This concern was of short duration. While it existed it was in care of W. H. Fenton, who was then nearing manhood, and who is now the patriarch of the town. Who Allen and Goodwell were we have not been able to ascertain. We have several accounts of the closing up of this store, the most probable of which is that Foote and Fenton bought out Allen and Goodwell and sold goods there for nearly a year, finally selling the remnants of their stock to Silas Tiffany, who had purchased the lots and soon after erected a store.

SILAS TIFFANY.

Was among the earliest of Ellicott's substantial settlers and for many years was one of Jamestown's most important citizens. The incidents of his journey hither are related in his own laconic style, in the following letter written by him, and read at a meeting of old settlers, held at Fredonia in 1873.

Early settlers, friends and fellow citizens—It is with pleasure that I claim to be one of your number, and regret that I cannot be with you to-day.

More than half a century have I spent the days, months and years in your midst. In June, 1816, I left Buffalo for the "rapids" of Chautauqua outlet. Then the western trail was along the beach of Lake Erie and through the "Cattaraugus woods." The day's travel brought up at the old Cash stand. Left in the early morning after breakfasting on cat-fish and red potatoes. At Canadaway had a good meal at Abel's; at the Cross Roads ate with Perry Ellsworth. At Mayville stopped with Captain Scott over night; thence took passage by canoe down the lake, old jolly Tinkham the oarsman and pilot—fare 50 cents to the rapids, then a hamlet consisting of Judge Prendergast's saw and grist mill, and J. & M. Prendergast's store, with some small dwellings. Then the time from Buffalo to the Rapids was three days; now from same point less than three hours to Jamestown with a population of 7,000 to 8,000, where the hum of a busy and varied industry greets and tells of progress. Where once

the native Indian roamed a hunter's life, now smiles the blooming field. The school house tells of mental culture; the steeple pointing to heaven admonishes the wayfarer that he treads on Christian ground May the citizens of our country ever merit the reward held in reserve for the most worthy, is the prayer of

SILAS TIFFANY, aged 81.

JAMESTOWN, June 10, 1873.

We are indebted to a memoir of Silas Tiffany read by W. W. Henderson at the annual reunion of the Jones-Hazeltine Historical society at Chautauqua in June, 1883, for many incidents related in this memorial. "At the time of Mr. Tiffany's arrival in Jamestown the area now occupied by the city was largely covered with an unbroken forest of pine. Deer were numerous, and bears and wolves not uncommon. The year previous the village plot had been surveyed and the name of Jamestown adopted to succeed that of The Rapids. Of the few building that had been erected, was the house on Main street, built by Blowers for Judge Prendergast as a boarding house for the hands building the mill, and then the home of Dr. Hazeltine; the house on Cherry street built as a residence for Judge Prendergast and Captain William Forbes; the new house just completed for Judge Prendergast on the west side of Main street; the tavern of Jacob Fenton and a few other small houses and a few buildings yet incomplete. Soon after Mr. Tiffany's arrival at the rapids he purchased the lot on the northeast corner of Main and Second streets and erected a large two-storied store, to the north side of which he attached a one-storied building for a residence. The first person to occupy this residence was J. E. Budlong; afterwards Benjamin Budlong; and after Mr. Tiffany's marriage it was his own residence until 1837, when seven buildings on the east side of Main street, between Sec-

ond and Third, were destroyed by fire, including Mr. Tiffany's house and store. Not counting the shanty store on Mr. Tiffany's lots when he purchased them, his was the second store in the town; his first goods arrived in the fall of 1817. His store was first built on blocks, as then was usual. In the spring of 1819 he dug a cellar under it, and under the house and built cellar walls of stone picked up by the side of a small brook which runs along the west side of what is now Baker street. These stones were of poor quality and were laid up without mortar under the store, but with a kind of mortar made of ashes and clay under the house; these were the first stone walls built in Jamestown." Mr. Tiffany was for many years engaged in merchandizing in Jamestown, with which he connected the purchase of lumber, rafting, running and selling the same in Cincinnati and other southern markets. From 1819 to 1831 or 1832 his brother, Jehial Tiffany, was connected in business. In 1829 the brothers bought the mill privilege, and 1000 acres of land lying on both sides of the outlet at what has long been known as Tiffanyville, between Dexterville and Worksburg, and discontinued their store in Jamestown. Silas Tiffany continued to reside in Jamestown but his brother removed to Tiffanyville and there resided up to the time of his death. About two years afterwards the brothers dissolved partnership and divided the property to their mutual satisfaction, Jehial Tiffany continuing to be the manager of the mills and landed property.

Silas Tiffany, on September 20, 1831 married Lucy Hyde, daughter of the late Elias Hyde and step daughter of the late Benjamin Budlong. Silas and Lucy (Hyde) Tiffany had born to them six children, of

whom but three are now living, viz: Miss Cornelia Tiffany, Martha, wife of W. W. Henderson, Esq., and Lucia, first wife of the late Lieut. Albert Sprague, U. S. N., and now of Prof. Henry D. Ingraham, M. D., of Buffalo. Mr. Tiffany died on the 24th of June, 1874. Lucy (Hyde) Tiffany survived her husband two years and died in June, 1876. Mrs. Tiffany was a woman of sterling character. She had for the times received a superior education and was well known for her many accomplishments.

In speaking of the personal traits of character of Mr. Tiffany we quote the language of Charles Sterns, himself an early settler long associated with and observant of the men of his time, lately deceased. He says:

"The tall, spare gentleman now wending his way slowly down the sidewalk with a quiet dignity and genteeness of tread denoting the self-poised gentleman of the old school, is Mr. Silas Tiffany. Mr. Tiffany was an original, independent thinker, radical in politics, a Whig previous to the organization of the Republican party, and during the war an earnest, uncompromising Unionist. He possessed a genial, kindly disposition, especially observable in his domestic relations. His sympathies were easily enlisted in behalf of those struggling to secure an education, many young men could testify to encouragement and aid received at his hands. His interests in the schools were unabated. Let us for a moment reflect. More than three fourths of a century of participation in, and observation of the growth of this country. An eventful chapter in the history of the world, embracing great revolutions in politics, in religion, in science and the arts. A new world of inventions, of railways and telegraphs had grown up around him. Toilsome journeys like those of his boyhood abridged to days and even hours. Time and distance so almost obliterated that the citizenship of this broad republic of once isolated homes had become, as it were, a great home circle—a vast social presence and neighborship from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

Mr. Henderson tells us that "Mr. Tiffany was an optimist. His faith was reliant and hopeful in its hold upon established truths. In one of his latest conver-

sations on the subject of the future he expressed convictions based on the most exalted ideas of Supreme creative wisdom and power. His death took place immediately following the date of the last meeting of the old settlers of Chautauqua county held in Jamestown. But a few hours before he expired, with a smile upon his lips, he pleasantly referred to the proceedings of the meeting, repeating a humorous anecdote of the earlier days applicable to the subject. His going to sleep at last was like that of

> 'One who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'

Silas Tiffany was certainly a very remarkable man, and during his fifty-eight years residence in Jamestown one of its most important citizens. He was in all respects a gentleman—not in his own estimation, but in the estimation of every one who ever came in contact with him. He could be nothing else if he had tried, either in appearance, words or conduct. Handsome in form, —generous open countenance—refined and gentle in all of his movements, well educated, pleasant of speech, a fine conversationalist, pure in thought and in diction, unassuming, correct in his deportment, beloved by all who knew him,— it is difficult to see how Silas Tiffany could be anything else than a gentleman, and that, too, in any age of the world, and under all circumstances in which it would be possible to place him. It is not possible to come in contact with a man of his stamp without feeling a fascination more than ordinary. Any one possessing so many good qualities of person and mind, awaken in us a deep sympathy and an admiration we can neither repress or express. If it is or ever has been true of

any one, we feel that it is certainly so of Silas Tiffany, that he was a gentleman by nature and

"ONE OF NATURE'S NOBLEMEN."

JEHIAL TIFFANY

Was born in Randolph, Vt., in 1798, and emigrated with his parents to Darien, Genesee county in 1809, making that journey with oxen in twenty-six days. He came to Ellicott in 1816, went back to Darien the next year, and again came to Jamestown in 1818. He was for several years connected with his brother, Silas Tiffany, in merchadizing and lumbering. Purchased a large tract of land on the outlet between Dexterville and Falconer, and in 1829 built mills. From that time up to his death devoted himself to lumbering and farming. He died after a protracted illness Jan. 11, 1867. His son, John H. Tiffany writes us that "The first funeral in the old Congregational church was that of Mr. Tiffany's mother, who died when on a visit to her son. Mr. Tiffany was twice married; his first wife was a sister of the celebrated Dr. Silas Durkee of Boston. They had eight children; all now dead except the youngest son, who resides at Falconer. Mrs. Tiffany died in 1848. In 1853 Mr. Tiffany married Charlotte Hopkins, of Clarence, N. Y. They had two sons, James H., who died in infancy, and John H., who is still living, with his mother, on the Jehial Tiffany homestead.

SAMUEL BARRETT

We have already spoken of as one of the early settlers, and as engaged in the business of tanning and currying with Wilford Barker, and in lumbering with Henry Baker. He was prominent in the affairs of the town and of the county. Mr. Barrett was engaged for many years with various partners in merchandizing.

He was for many years President of the Chautauqua county bank. For several years he served as justice of the peace, and also as supervisor of the town, and in 1850 was elected as member of assembly. Samuel Barrett was one of Jamestown's most prominent and active business men, but he has been spoken of so frequently in these pages, that it is not necessary to say more of him here. He was frequently called upon for advice in business matters, his opinion being held in highest estimation. He had a large family of children of whom but three are now living, and Mrs. Lucy Barrett White, the only one living in Jamestown. Samuel Barrett died in Jamestown in 1872. His wife survived him for several years, but we have not been informed of the time of her death.

HENRY BAKER

Became one of Jamestown's most important men —next to James Prendergast probably the most important. Mr. Baker came to Jamestown at an early day, but as the memory of his youngest son does not agree with that of several old settlers and our historic memorandums, we omit what we had written upon the subject. He served in the war of 1812, and his services were paid in a warrant for land. In those days the soldier was not permitted to locate his land as now, but his warrant was given for a specific tract, located where the government might choose. Young Baker's land warrant was located in Illinois, then considered too far distant to be of much value, and he sold it for $10 to Dr. Foote, and took his pay in plug tobacco at one dollar a pound. For a time he lived in Fluvanna. He built a small shop near the lake, and when not engaged in cutting logs, made shoes for the settlers. Afterwards he came to Jamestown and started a shop in

Harrington's Ark. In the fall of 1822 he married Anna, a sister of Royal Keyes, who died the following May. The infant child was buried clasped in the arms of its mother. On the tombstone erected at the head of Mrs. Baker's grave in the old graveyard above Fifth street, for many years might be read the following couplet:

> "Clasped in the mother's arms the infant lies,
> Insatiate Archer, could not one suffice."

In the fall of 1823 Mr. Baker, in company with R. F. Fenton, rented the Ballard tavern for two years. He continued in this business for a few months and then retired, as it interfered with his lumbering. In 1825 he entered into partnership with Alvin Plumb, and purchased lands and a water power at the mouth of the Cassadaga and built a saw mill, but the next year he sold his interest to Plumb, and the mills were always known as Plumb's mills. In 1827 he bought an interest in the store of Barrett & Budlong, which was located where Kent's brick store now stands. Mr. Budlong withdrew in 1830 from the firm; the business was continued for several years more by Samuel Barrett and Henry Baker, under the firm name of Barrett & Baker.

In 1828 Mr. Baker married Maria, a daughter of Cyrus Fish, one of the earliest settlers of the county, coming in in 1813. Soon after his marriage Judge Prendergast offered to deed him a whole square on Third street west of the swamp, if he would place a good house upon it and make it his home. He accepted the offer and erected what at that time was the best house in Jamestown, and in which he resided up to 1844; afterward, for nearly twenty years it was the home of the writer. In 1863 we sold the place to J. S.

Cook, who resided there for a short time and then removed to Cedar Rapids, Iowa. It has been known for the last twenty years as the Cook property, and has become one of the most valuable locations in the city.

Col. Baker was one of the company which bought out the property of Judge Prendergast in Jamestown. "This purchase was made in 1836, and the company consisted of Aaron D. Patchin, Henry Baker, Samuel Barrett, Guy C. Irvine, N. A. Lowry and E. T. Foote, who with characteristic caution transferred his share, before the papers were completed, to E. G. Owens." The property consisted of the immense water power at Jamestown, and sixteen hundred acres of land, of which about three hundred acres were swamp lands, together with numerous village lots scattered all through the town. In a short time Irvine, Lowry and Owen disposed of their interests in the property to the remaining partners, and during the succeeding year Henry Baker was made sole purchaser, Judge Prendergast releasing the other partners. At the time the purchase was first made it was considered a very advantageous one, but in the fall of the same year the "great panic" and the greatest depression in trade ever known in the United States came on. Mr. Baker's associates became exceedingly alarmed, and it was not until after a hard struggle, and after Baker had had a long interview with Judge Prendergast, that he consented to be saddled with the whole of this great purchase. Every one prophesied that it would be his ruin, and in a certain sense it was, for he had a heavy debt holding over him for the remainder of his life. After his death in 1863 the balance of the debt was paid and a fine property remained to be divided among

his heirs. Col. Baker was a far seeing business man, and after he had made up his own opinion as to the results was bold and brave in accomplishing them. In 1846 he went into mercantile business with Rufus W. Pier, in which he continued for three years, then selling out to Wm. E. Barrett, a son of Samuel Barrett. In 1847 he sold the grist mill and accompanying water privilege to Wellington H. Griffith; it is now the property of D. H. Grandin. For many years before his death he was the owner of some 600 acres of land south of and in addition to the Prendergast purchase. This was his farm, and his home after his removal from Jamestown. On this farm he built a large and commodious residence, houses for his help, and numerous large barns. He devoted his time largely to farming, and added farm after farm until he was surrounded with over eighteen hundred acres of highly cultivated land, the large fields originally thickly studded with huge pine stumps, which were removed by his efforts, leaving the land as smooth as a western prairie, and divided up by the massive pine stump fences into suitable fields, will be an almost durable monument to his indomitable energy. As a politician he was a prominent and ardent Republican. A diligent reader, a man of excellent memory, a fluent talker, he was always an influential man in the county, and for many years was the standing supervisor of Ellicott, and a person of greatest influence in county affairs.

The same martial ardor that had kindled in his bosom in youth, flashed into a fierce flame in his old age, at the breaking out of the rebellion in 1861. With his consent three of his sons volunteered for their country's defence; two of them in Co. B. and his eldest

son was a Lieutenant in the 9th N. Y. cavalry. Well do we remember a meeting in Jones's hall after the Army of the Potomac had closed its disastrous campaign on the peninsula, and we were trying to raise still another regiment. When the clouds hung heavy and everything was gloomy, Col. Baker came in and took his seat on the platform. In response to repeated calls he addressed to his old friends then assembled a few brief remarks. He said: "I know we are called upon to make sacrifices, but thank God we have a country worthy of them. I was willing that my two oldest boys should go when their country called, but I did not want the youngest to go. He was too young to endure that fatigue and I told him so. But he said, 'You enlisted in the war of 1812 when no older than I am now. I want to go, but I want your consent.' What could I do? There was but one thing to do, and I said to him 'Go, go, and if wounded don't let it be in the back; if you will be a soldier, I rather see you dead than a poor soldier.' I have just received the intelligence, so long after the last battle on the James river, that Jim was wounded at Malvern and taken prisoner, and has had a leg off at the hip, and Charley is in the hospital sick with Chickahominy fever, and the last I heard of 'Dick' his company was serving the artillery at Yorktown. God only knows whether I shall ever see them again. I do not expect to see all of them. I do hope that at least one of them will come home." He stopped for a moment and gazed at the American flag suspended over the platform and with the tears streaming down his haggard face, he continued; "My family is dear to me. It makes me faint to think of losing my boys. But I love my country. I almost worship that blessed old flag.

There must never be another flag in any part of these United States as long as a man remains in the north to defend its stars and the stripes. Raise your regiment and that quickly; the country needs the men; I have no more sons to give, but I will give more money, and keep on giving as long as I have a cent left, and if I had three more sons old enough to bear a musket I would give them too. We must save that flag." The heart of that great assemblage was touched, the silence profound the tears plentiful. Thank God, the life of that old patriot was spared to see all three of those sons once more; spared to see that pall of gloom which had overspread the north, withdrawn; spared to know that victory was surely to be ours, and that flag safe and free to wave from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. And yet the case is a sad one, if the old Colonel was yet living. Richard, the oldest son, died in 1880, aged 48 years, from disease the foundation of which was laid in army life. James was an almost constant sufferer after the amputation of his leg from disease of the nerves of the stump, requiring at times an almost daily subcutaneous use of morphine to allay the pain; death came to his relief in 1884, at the age of 43. Charles recovered from his fever, but has had both eyes destroyed by an accident with machinery.

Col. Henry Baker died on the 31st of July, 1863, at the age of 66. Mrs. Baker is still living to mourn the changes of time and the destructive ravages of war.

It should be inscribed on his tomb stone, here lies

HENRY BAKER, THE PATRIOT.

ALVIN PLUMB

Came to Jamestown in 1826 and purchased thirty feet in width from the north side of Judge Prender-

gast's yard, and built a store which he filled with goods the following year. Charles Butler became a clerk in this store soon after its establishment. Later he became a partner with Plumb, and afterwards sole proprietor, selling his interest in 1831 to Chas. R. Harvey and John J. Leonard. When the store building was erected a passage way 10 or 12 feet wide was left to the north between the store and the Ballard tavern which admitted equally to the store house of the store and to the barn yard of the hotel. In after years this passage way became the subject of warm dispute but the matter was finally settled without litigation. The stores now occupied by Scofield & Dinsmore and L. L. Mason occupy the ground formerly occupied by the Plumb store and that part of the passage way awarded to it. Mr. Plumb was twice elected as Member of Assembly, in 1833 and 1837. He was elected County Clerk in 1843. He was at one time Post Master in Jamestown. He built the first steamboat on Chautauqua lake. He married a Miss Davis of Westfield and had children. His son and a son-in-law we are informed served in the war of the rebellion and both were severely wounded. He removed to Westfield nearly fifty years ago and there resided up to the time of his death. His death occurred a few years ago but we are not able to give the date. Alvin Plumb was a very active, busy, generous and good man. As a boy we remember him as one of the most important and as the best man in Jamestown.

JEDIAH E. BUDLONG,

Who for a year or so at an early date became the proprietor of the goods in the Tiffany store, built a store on the east side of Main street which we have designated as the Barrett & Baker store. J. E. and

Samuel Budlong were the first occupants—afterwards Budlong & Barrett, and finally Barrett, Baker & Co. The Kellogg & Higley store immediately above was built in 1833.

ELISHA HALL

A brother of the late Wm. Hall, built a brick house, the first brick building in Jamestown, on ground now occupied by Fenner's shoe store, and a store immediately south of it in 1831 in which for several years he did a general merchandizing business. Hall married Mary Foote, a sister of Dr. E. T. Foote. He removed to St. Louis many years ago where his children now reside, and where he and his wife both died. Their remains are interred in Lake View cemetery.

NATHANIEL A. LOWRY

Located in Pine Grove in 1828 as a merchant and buyer of lumber. He removed to Jamestown in 1833. His first stock of goods were displayed in "Noah's Ark" and Horace Jacobs was his managing clerk. The brick building erected by Plumb & Lowry on the northeast corner of Main and Third streets has already been spoken of. As soon as the building was completed Mr. Lowry occupied the north of the two stores. He made merchandizing secondary to lumbering and always, I think, had some one as partner in and manager of the store. Jacobs, Richard F. Fenton, S. C. Crosby, Wm. F. Wheeler and others were one after the other his partners. In 1844 he was stabbed in front of his own house (the house now owned by Dr. Hall on the southeast corner of Lafayette and Third streets, when returning home from his store in the early evening. Jeremiah Newman of Pine Grove, the would-be murderer served a term of years in

Auburn for the deed. Mr. Lowry died February 23, 1852.

The large wooden building already mentioned as the Trinity building, was built and occupied as then stated by Havens, Grout, Lakin and others. Small general stores were plenty in Jamestown from 1835 to 1845. In these stores were sold dry goods, groceries, hardware, etc. The complete list of those who first and last occupied them would be a difficult thing to give, for the stores were many and the changes frequent. Grocery stores were not plenty in those days. Those we had, generally combined therewith the saloon and the eating room. William H. Tew was a noted mechanical genius, and by trade a tin smith. He was at one time a notorious commissioner of highways. He was the father of our Union School. Years ago he was called a black Abolitionist, and was during his whole life a strong advocate of Total Abstinence. He was a man of strict integrity—firm in his opinions—a man of wealth, and influence and a banker. As he was over forty years a dealer in stoves and hardware we place him here with our merchants.

WILLIAM HENRY TEW.

Wm. H. Tew was not only one of Jamestown's prominent merchants, but one of its most prominent citizens in the conduct and management of affairs. He stood in the front rank of those who labored a life time to build up its moral and intellectual, as well as its material interests. A laborer himself, and a superior mechanic, he believed in the dignity of labor, and work honestly and thoroughly done, was to him a delight. His intellectual faculties were of a high order—his perceptions quick, his reasoning sound, and

his judgment seldom surpassed. He was a reader and a thinker, and he always took a high stand, in promoting the educational institutions of the village; and truthfully it may be said of him, that he was the founder of our Union School, in so much, that he was the bold and intrepid leader of followers, timid in an undertaking, then considered novel and radical, and which involved our town to so great an outlay of money. Mr. Tew was fond of society and excelled as a conversationalist; he rejoiced in a good story, and was always brimful of wit.

The honest, hard-working man, overtaken by misfortune, never went empty-handed from his office. We have in mind the case of a farmer and a superior mechanic in danger of losing all from endorsing the paper of a neighbor, but a scoundrel, who had procured his signature by false representations. He was owing Tew (with whom he had a business acquaintance only) and several others considerable amounts which he desired to pay before making an assignment, and sent a man from Busti to Jamestown with the money. Tew had heard of the man's misfortune, and made further inquiries of the messenger, as to the state of affairs. Instead of taking the money, he harnessed his horse and went to Busti in the midst of a fearful snow storm, to aid a man whom he deemed worthy but unfortunate. Tew was full of these *tricks* of generous benevolent feeling, so much so, that it was said of him "Tew's stubbornness is only equalled by his kindness." He always visited the sick and afflicted, and may this pencil drop from a palzied hand if we ever forget his kindness when the great misfortune of our life overtook us in 1860. He was the first to call and

mingle his tears with mine and to offer all the consolation in his power.

He relieved the wants of the poor and needy, but in some cases it aroused his ire to know that the food he had sent to a starving wife and children, was shared and monopolized by a lazy, shiftless, drunken husband. It was well for such that Wm. H. Tew could not exercise the power of the Sultan of Morrocco; if he could have done so, mutes and bow-strings would have found employment in Jamestown, He was generous to the sick the needy and the unfortunate; his heart melted before the needs of even the unworthy for he could not see distress without alleviating it—yet his hatred of the idle, the drunken and the profligate knew no other bounds.

Mr. Tew was born in Rensslearville, Albany County, N. Y., in 1808; two years afterwards his parents removed to Otsego county. At an early age he evinced a genuis for mechanics which became so conspicuous in after life. His education was that of our common schools and of the newspaper. As a boy he worked at cloth dressing, and afterwards as an assistant to his father who was a carpenter. His brother, George W. Tew, came to Jamestown in 1825 and established a tin and sheet iron factory. The following year William, then 18 years old, came to Jamestown and labored as a common workman in his brother's factory. We remember him very distinctly; his appearance at that time; and how he was lauded for his correct habits and dilligence in business. He was a great favorite not only among the young people of that day, but of the older ones also. He was constantly spoked of as one of the most industrious young men in the village, and as opposed to *drinking*, a habit to

which too many of the young men of those days were addicted, and also as strongly opposed to slavery. Wm. H. Tew brought his temperance and his anti-slavery opinions with him when he came to the town in 1826, and he never abandoned them up to the day of his death. A strong temperance man, he bitterly opposed the organization of the first temperance society attempted in Jamestown, because their pledge permitted the use of hard cider, ale and wines. He declared in the open assembly that their use was more baneful then the rum and whiskey against which they proposed to combine their influence. Young Tew said, there was but one kind of temperance society he would ever join, and that should prohibit everything that would intoxicate or even stimulate. He did not believe in cutting off Carpenter's whiskey,and permitting judges, doctors, lawyers and even ministers, to drink cider and wine. Perhaps he was drunk once, and that was after drinking what they called Muscat wine. He well knew that he was sick for two days, and that he had a headache and was dizzy for nearly a week. Drinks that produce such effects should be prohibited. A prominent leader in all good works in those days answered Tew—said he believed he intended to be personal in his remarks, and scolded him for expressing his opinions so freely at that time, and remarked that in such matters *boys should be seen and not heard*; that it was the business of older people to direct. The young man replied that he was not as old either in good works or in iniquity, as some of them, nevertheless he had opinions and he should not give them up as long as he believed them right. Silas Shearman sprang to his feet and said, "Tew you are right, and I go with you and when I join a temper-

ance society it shall be a total abstinence one." The leader declared there was no such society in the United States. Tew replied it was high time there was one. The reply was, you and Shearman are *Extremists.* Yes extremely right, replied Shearman. When the call for names to the pledge was made Dr. Hazeltine and three others replied, that they sympathized with Tew and Shearman and would wait for future developements. The meeting adjourned without effecting an organization, a short time after an organization was effected but it never amounted to anything. A year or more later a society was formed nearly on the plan proposed by Tew and Shearman, as spoken of by Elijah Bishop. Coming home from the first temperance meeting S. A. Brown, Esq. met Joseph Waite, Esq., "*Well and then*, *Squire* Waite, how did you like the *meetin*?" "A pretty question to ask—Sile Shearman is always putting in his gab when it is not wanted, and that young Tew bids fair to be worse than Shearman." "A very *promisin* young man *Squire* Waite, and would make a fine *appearin capting* in our militia. By the way *Squire* Waite, Mr. George Tew is about commencing the *readin* of law in my offis." "Success to him, but do you not think the young Abolitionist is a little too fast? You and me and our chairman, and many of our best citizens drink wine and cider and it never made me drunk." "*Well and then* Squire Waite I must confess I have had a headache, and sometimes all of the symptoms spoken of by Mr. Tew. You say he is but a boy and I should not call him Mr.—Waite, some men arrive at maturity quite young—if I remember correctly you commenced the study of law when you were 36."

When he became of age in 1829 his brother took

him into partnership; and in the spring of that year he married Rhoda Burnham, a prominent young lady of Jamestown, and who was previously of the town of Pomfret. In the fall of that year the brothers erected the large two-storied building on the southeast corner of Main and Fourth streets, and removed their factory from "Noah's Ark" to it, and added stoves to their stock in trade. In 1835 Geo. W. Tew became County Clerk and removed to Mayville and Wm. H. Tew continued the business alone. He afterwards bought a lot on the southeast corner of Main and Second streets (a portion of the old Disher tavern property) and in 1847 erected thereon a large brick block, the second of importance in the town. At this time his brother-in-law Rufus Jones became his partner, and they added a full assortment of hardware to the stock previously kept. After a few years Mr. Jones retired and went into business by himself; Mr. Tew continued business at the old stand up to 1867, with either his eldest son Harvey, or his son-in-law Wm. H. Sprague as partners. He gave his entire attention to this business for over 40 years, and retired from it with a fortune. At the time of his retirement from the hardware business, himself and his brother, Geo. W. Tew of Silver Creek, were the principal stockholders in the City National Bank of Jamestown, and he became the President, but not long after his health began to fail and in 1880 he was compelled to withdraw from all business. His enforced idleness, and confinement to the house were irksome and he became hypochondriacal. His mind soon began to brood over fancied ills, in sympathy with his physical ailments, and finally his mind became partially unhinged. Society, even of his most intimate friends, became distasteful to him, and he

confined himself to the house and the companionship of his children. During the last years of his life the writer occasionally visited him partly professionally, and partly socially. He suffered severely both physically and mentally, and he was constantly looking anxiously for the time to come when he should be relieved from his suffering and at rest.

In all his intense suffering Tew had one great consolation, and he appreciated it, it was his remaining source of happiness. During his long, painful illness of years, his children were most faithful and devoted, and watched over him with a constant and most tender solicitude; every, and the least want, if possible was anticipated. Such an example of filial affection we never expected to behold, and shall never see again. Those children who so tenderly and so long, watched with affectionate care over a stricken father, found a streak of silver lining to the cloud of their grief when he departed;—and the remembrance of duty then faithfully performed, will not only line with silver certain clouds which must arise in the future—but will also place a golden crown upon each.

To Wm. H. and Rhoda (Burnham) Tew were born five children; all now living, except the eldest daughter—Mrs. Julia Sprague.

In the fall of 1870 Mr. Tew married Mrs. Mary G. Smith, the widow of Harvey Smith, spoken of in the chapter on Newspapers. Mrs. Tew died about five years before her husband.

One of the most prominent characteristics of Wm. H. Tew's character was his sense of justice. He never failed to stand by the side of the weak against the strong, if he found their cause just, no matter what their character or standing might be otherwise. Is it right?

—was the question he always asked himself before embarking upon any important undertaking. But after his mind was once made up, his tenacity of purpose and of opinion was so great, that he was seldom swerved from his original purpose. He adhered to his opinions upon all subjects with a tenacity which is rightly termed stubbornness ;—so much so that it became a mode of expression in Jamestown, when a person would not yield to what were considered reasonable arguments, to say to him—"You are as stubborn as Wm. H. Tew." Mr. Tew *was* a stubborn man in the fullest sense of the word, but his stubbornness was always founded upon what he considered right and just, and in the end it was rarely found—never in things of importance—that he was wrong. It is a great pity we have not many more stubborn men like Wm. H. Tew. He formed his own opinions, and when formed, he firmly, stubbornly if you will, held to them. Wm. H. Tew worshipped at the shrine of the Just and the True, and we are quite willing to write him down

THE STUBBORN MAN OF JAMESTOWN.

CHAPTER XV.

Other Early Settlers of Ellicott, Carroll, Kiantone, Poland and Busti.

Capt. William Forbes.—We have not been able to obtain much information about this important early settler at the rapids. To that which we have, dates for the most part are wanting. If he did not come with Judge Prendergast, he certainly came soon after, and during the same year. We believe we are correct when we say, that Prendergast, previous to his commencement of operations at the rapids, had employed William Forbes and Horatio Dix to come and erect his mills for him. Be this as it may, it is certain that both of these persons assisted in erecting the first saw mill and were present when his log house burned.

When the company was raised in the south portion of the county in 1812, John Silsbee, a son-in-law of Wm. Bemus, was made Captain, Wm. Forbes Lieutenant, and Elijah Akins, Ensign. Silsbee was wounded at the battle of Black Rock, and the command devolved on Forbes, who soon was made Captain. Akins had the honor of bringing home the intelligence of the disaster at the *Rock in advance of all others.*

Forbes, previous to entering the army, lived in a plank house on the east side of Cherry street, below Second street; from this he removed to the mill house, built as a home for the sawyers. Mrs. Forbes desiring a more quiet residence, he built a small plank house near a spring which was on the back part of the lot on which the store now occupied by Whitley stands; it was not much more than a shanty, and he made immediate arrangements for erecting a larger house, which was also of planks, about fifty feet above and on the line of the street. After residing there a year or more he removed to the Disher house, which was no longer used as a tavern, and there resided as long as he remained in Jamestown. During his residence here he was constantly employed by Judge Prendergast to superintend his mills. In 1828 Forbes & Runyan rented the mills in Kennedyville and removed there. Two or three years later he emigrated to the west, we believe to Illinois. After Forbes removed to the Disher house, the plank house vacated was occupied by Wm. Clark, and afterward was known as the Clark house. This house, which was one of the land marks, was destroyed by the fire of 1837.

Gen. Horace Allen, came to the rapids in 1815 in a wagon drawn by oxen from Otsego county. He was originally from New Hampshire. His wife, who came into the county with him, carrying in her arms an infant child—the late Dana Allen—was Fannie, the daughter of the late Col. Nathaniel Fenton of Revolutionary memory—whose bravery and deeds of valor as a scout at the age of eighteen were nursery tales in the early days of Ellicott. After a long and most wearisome journey they arrived at the rapids, and for a time lived in the plank house on Cherry street, built after

the burning of the log house, as the residence of Judge Prendergast and William Forbes. Wm. Forbes, a few days before, took possession of a frame house (the second erected at the rapids) which had been built as a home for the superintendent of the mills and as a home for the sawyers. This house if now standing would be north of the east half of the N. Y. P. & O. passenger station. Allen immediately hired out to Forbes as a sawyer on the gang. To run the gang for twenty-four hours required four gang sawyers and two slabbers. Allen worked on the gang for nearly a year; his companions were Nicholas Dolloff, Jesse Smith and William Clark, all of whom afterwards became prominent men in the country. Sawyers in those days worked for twelve hours and something more ; their tours were from 12 o'clock to 12 o'clock ; and as one sett went "*off tour*" the other were required to be on hand to go "*on tour*;" the mills were not permitted to shut down, Mr. Allen writes, many years ago, "The entire business of the place at the time of my moving into the country was the cutting of about three million feet of boards a year, which was mostly run down the river, and the major part of the provisions and groceries used by the people were brought from Pittsburg in keel boats." The Durham boats which were constantly plying to and fro on the Allegheny river, and up the Conewango to Mayville, brought up to the rapids most miscellaneous cargoes of flour and pork, dried fruits, potatoes, codfish, tobacco, whiskey, nails, glass, castings, mill gearing, etc., etc.

After Dr. Foote purchased the reserved lot east of Judge Prendergast, Allen built a single saw mill, and built what is now known as the lower or Piousville dam, and a house near by, in which he lived for seve-

ral years. A mill as then located has been continued up to the present time, and is now owned by John T. Wilson.

Many years ago he sold this mill, and purchased what was then known as the Merrills farm on the south side of the outlet, and on which he afterwards resided up to the time of his death. He laid out several streets and sold a number of village lots on land which was not then in, but was contiguous to the village. This entire farm is now cut up into village lots, and a large portion covered with residences. The first house built on the Merrill purchase was Mr. Allen's home. It was a long, one-story house, south of what is now Allen street, and east of a small creek which runs through the land. He afterwards built a large wooden mansion on ground now occupied by the large brick residence owned by Mr. Kimball. This he afterwards sold to a Dr. Wellington, a Spiritualist, for a school; it soon after became a Water and Electric cure establishment, and finally burned up. To General Allen is due the credit, more than to any other man, of building up the town on the south side of the outlet. In 1843 he bought twelve acres owned by Dr. Laban Hazeltine, between Allen, Warren and Mechanic street, cut it up into village lots, and speedily had it covered with residences. Although there was at this time a number of scattered residences on the south side of the outlet, and especially on Quaker and on Allen streets, it is from the period when these lands were cut up into village lots that active building on the south side commenced. From about that time the building up of the town in all directions has become rapid. It was not a decade previous to that time, when the general opinion was that the south side would be but little used for residen-

ces, but the result forced a change in opinion. A decade after that time, if any business man in Jamestown should have expressed the opinion, that the fringe of swamp on both sides of the outlet from the steamboat landing to Piousville would be covered with immense factories and fine residences he would have been considered a fit candidate for a Lunatic Asylum. But all of this and more has already transpired. We have a large swamp territory still remaining; we hope no one will propose sending us to Tinkertown, because we now express the opinion that fifty years from now, a person visiting Jamestown would not have the least suspicion that there was ever an acre of swamp land between Prendergast Park at the foot of the lake and Falconer.

Horace Allen was one of our noted military men. In 1820 he was made a Captain of Infantry in the 162d Reg., and his commission was signed by De Witt Clinton. In 1823 he became the Colonel of that regiment, and his commission was again signed by De Witt Clinton. In 1826 he was appointed General of the 43d Brigade, and his commission bore the signature of Governor Joseph C. Yates. In 1829 he became Maj. General of the 26th Division of N. Y. State Infantry, his commission coming from Gov. E. T. Troup. In 1832 he received his discharge, which was signed by Adjt. Gen. John A. Dix. General Allen was once, perhaps twice, Supervisor of the town. He was for several years a worthy member of the Congregational church; when the church was divided in 1834 he went with the Presbyterian portion, and was an active and prominent member of that church as long as he lived. General Allen died at his residence in Jamestown October 3, 1863, aged 73 years; his wife Fannie (Fenton) Allen, survived him, and died in January, 1873, at the age of

81. There were born to Horace and Fannie (Fenton) Allen three sons. Dana H. Allen died a few years ago at his residence in Jamestown. Dwight, the second son, if we remember correctly, emigrated to California. Albert, the youngest, emigrated to the west several years ago, and is now a merchant in the city of Dubuque, Iowa. The family have now all disappeared from our midst. General Horace Allen was among the most important of our early settlers.

Jesse Smith was among the earliest comers to the hamlet at the rapids in 1814. He was one of the first sawyers in the mills, and in company with Capt. Dix built the first building erected here. Not long after his coming he married Emily, the eldest daughter of Capt. Dix, by whom he had six children. The eldest of these was Gilbert Dolloff Smith, spoken of in Chap. X. His eldest daughter became the wife of Geo. W. Parker, the second principal of Jamestown Academy. Parker read law in S. A. Brown's office, and not long after removed to New York, where he still resides if living; we believe his wife died several years ago. Clement, the second son, is a merchant in Riceville, Pa. The younger children we do not justly remember. One of the daughters married Mr. Winsor. Jesse Smith moved from Jamestown to Riceville and then to Panama many years ago. There is no one of the early settlers we more thoroughly remember than Jesse Smith, but our material on hand from which to write the history of him and his family is strangely meager, and it is now too late to gather it from members of his family yet living. All we can say is this: Jesse Smith as long as we knew him was a hard-working man, and a temperance man, when it was not easy to be such. Many years ago, long before he went to Riceville, he

removed to Panama. He may have resided at Riceville a short time, if so he again returned to Panama. Smith and his wife both died at Panama at an advanced age, but we are not able to give the dates of their death.

PHINEAS PALMITER, SEN. AND JR.—Phineas Palmiter so frequently spoken of in this volume was Phineas Palmiter, Jr. The elder Phineas Palmiter was a Revolutionary soldier and came in with his brother-in-law, Cyrus Fish, in 1814. He took up land on the east side of the road opposite to where Whitman Palmer has so long resided. Phineas Palmiter, Jr., came in after his father, but during the same year. The half block, bounded by Third street on the north, Spring street on the west, and Second street on the south, was first taken up by Nicholas Dolloff, and he built a plank house near the spring, which was prominent in early days, and gave name to the adjoining street. This property afterwards became Palmiter's homestead. Jason, the eldest son of Phineas Palmiter, Jr., still lives at the corner of Spring and Second streets, on the ground once occupied by C. R. Harvey's blacksmith shop. Phineas Palmiter, Jr., had four children, who lived to adult age. Amanda, Sevila, Jason and Jane. Jane became the wife of Wm. Landon, who died about forty years ago; Sevila became the wife of Stephen H. Crissey. Both died many years ago. Amanda was the wife of R. D. Warner, and had a large family of children. Several years ago the family emigrated to Missouri, where those now living still reside. Amanda died during the past year; she was the first girl born in Jamestown. Several years ago Phineas Palmiter, Jr., during a visit to his son-in-law Warner, who was keeping a hotel in Pittsfield, Pa.,

was thrown from a buggy and so injured that he soon after died. Phineas Palmiter, Sen., died at least fifty years ago. Abraham Staples, who died at a great age two or three years ago at Dexterville, was a brother-in-law of Phineas, Jr., they having married sisters by the name of Morgan. Staples was a carpenter and one of Ellicott's early settlers.

CYRUS FISH

With a large family, came into the country in 1814 with Phineas Palmiter, Sen. and Stephen Wilcox and their families. Fish was originally from Stonington, Ct. He enlisted when he was eighteen and served through the Revolutionary war. He married Bridget Jones in Groton, Ct.; she was ten years old when the battle of Lexington was fought, and went into the field and caught her father's horse while he prepared his gun and accoutrements to go to this first battle of the Revolution. They afterwards removed to Hill barracks (now Albany) and afterwards to Unadilla Forks. Wilcox took up the farm on which Wm. Root now resides, and Fish settled on the lower side of the road between Root's and Henry Baker's. (The road formerly made a bend to the south around the hill.) Near Fish's house was one of the early grave yards of the country—whether its location has been preserved, we are not informed. Fish during the war took a severe cold, which affected his lungs and from which he never recovered. He died and was buried on his wilderness farm in 1817; his wife died in 1820 and was also buried there. They had a large family of children, all now dead we believe excepting Mrs. Henry Baker. His eldest son, Cyrus, built a mill on a small stream emptying into the Cassadaga, known years ago as the Clove run, and there set up the first shingle machine in the

country. Many years ago he emigrated to Iowa, and there died in 1871. His only son was a victim of the war of the Rebellion, two of his daughters returned to Ellicott; Maria became the second wife of the late Daniel Williams of Ashville, and Susan, the second wife of Dr. G. W. Hazeltine, of Jamestown. Sheldon, who studied law in the office of Joseph Waite, died in Wisconsin; and Artemas, the youngest son, in Jamestown. Grace became the wife of Elijah Akins, and Harriet became the wife of Jesse Landon, who was the son of Reuben Landon, who built the first bridge across the outlet at the rapids in 1814. Jesse and Harriet (Fish) Landon had a large family. William died in Jamestown several years ago. Harvey died in Iowa. Lawrence, a member of Co. B, was killed in the war of the Rebellion; Cyrus resides in Chicago, Charles is a banker in Plainview, Minnesota, and A. J. Landon is one of Jamestown's manufacturers. Maria Fish became the second wife of the late Henry Baker in 1828, and is the mother of his children, and is still living. Lucy, the youngest daughter of Cyrus Fish, Sen., died at the house of Henry Baker several years ago.

MILTON SHERWIN

An important early settler, came to the rapids in 1815, making the journey from Saratoga county with an ox team, in company with Oliver Higley and family, making the trip in a little more than a month, which was good time for those days. Mr. Sherwin first settled in what is now the town of Busti, on lands which afterwards belonged to Gideon Gifford and now to Walter, a son of the late Gideon Gifford. There was but one farm taken up and an improvement upon it at that time, between him and the rapids, and that was Deacon Wm. Deland's, afterwards known as the Solo-

mon Butler farm, and is owned now, we are informed, by William Broadhead. Mr. Sherwin married Flora, daughter of Samuel Griffith and grand daughter of Jeremiah Griffith, in 1822. He became a resident of Jamestown in 1828, but had done much work here previous to that time. He became a member of the Congregational church at its organization in 1816. He was one of Jamestown's early builders and mill wrights. He is still living, next to Wm. H. Fenton, the father of the town.

ABRAHAM WINSOR

Was one of a Rhode Island family numbering twenty children. He married Sophia Bigelow in 1802, and came west into Madison Co., N. Y. to reside. He removed from there with his family in 1810, and came to Chautauqua, his first location being at Sinclair's—now Sinclairville. He was a Lieutenant in the war of 1812. I have not been able to obtain the precise date of his removal from Sinclairville to Jamestown, but I do remember attending a house warming in a building, erected by him, and in which now Mrs. Ezra Wood resides. His own family was half the size of his father's and we well remember when as men or boys they were all of them residents of Jamestown.

SAMUEL B. WINSOR,

A son of Abraham Winsor, was born in 1805 and has always remained a resident of Jamestown since his father's settlement here. To-day, seemingly he is as smart and active as forty years ago and can put up a log house as quickly and as well—taking the one on Marvin Park as a sample. The number of buildings erected by him in this town if counted up would be something amazing. His trade was that of a carpenter but emphatically he was a builder. *Sam* has been

one of Jamestown's military men, although he has never smelt powder where they burned it in quantity, and were careless in the use of their guns. In 1824 he enlisted in "Tom Harvey's" Green Rifles 162 Reg. 43d Brigade, N. Y. State militia. A year later he was honored with a Corporal's warrant in that *crack* company and two years later received a Captain's commission in the best company ever formed in Chautauqua County previous to the war. In 1829 he had reached the height of his military ambition and was raised to the command of the old 162d, the proudest looking regiment, either fighting or non-fighting, that Jamestown has ever beheld. The Colonel has been a useful man in Southern Chautauqua from boyhood to old age. When called hence, although the then resident minister of the Methodist church of which he has so long been an adorning member will preach his funeral sermon, nevertheless a military funeral should be awarded. In 1831 he married Anna Sears, daughter of William Sears, one of the earliest settlers of what is now known as Kiantone. In a conversation with Mr. Winsor a few days ago he related the following anecdote illustrating the generosity of Judge Prendergast and the way he assisted in every good cause in the early days. He said, "I have been a member of the Jamestown Methodist Episcopal church for over 56 years. When we were building the old church we had hard work to pull through with all the help we could get—our members were poor and not able to give much. In 1832 I took the job of finishing and seating the church at a much less figure than it was worth, but I thought that by hard work I could accomplish it. I went to Judge Prendergast and told him just how it was. He said to me, 'Sam, you go up,(where Pine street

now joins Main street), cut your logs and draw them to the mill.' I did so. The lumber was sawed,and I accomplished the work I had agreed to do. We raised some money which I concluded I would go and pay to the Judge on the lumber. He brought out the bill and it was a large one, as I expected. He inquired particularly about our church—how we were getting along, how much I had lost by the job, &c. He took the bill and receipted it in full, remarking, 'Sam, you are a young man, that will help to give you a start.' I never think of that transaction without feeling that there is a very soft place in my heart for Judge Prendergast, and I could mention many other cases showing the nobleness and kindness of that man. He did good even to his enemies; he was a father and a brother to all of us."

AUGUSTUS MOON

Was the first settler between the rapids and Walkup's mill on the Cassadaga six miles above. He served during the war, and in 1814 came from Canandaigua with a friend named Dr. Jaffrey Thomas. They came in the middle of winter. The snow was deep and it was difficult to keep the Indian trails they were obliged to travel. The day after his arrival at the rapids he retraced his steps one and one-half miles to a low, gloomy valley, dark with the large pines and hemlocks with which it was crowded and in which the howl of the wolf seldom ceased. The locality was then noted for being the wildest and most gloomy and as containing more wild, dangerous animals than any other in the country. But it struck the fancy of Moon and a few days later he had in his pocket an article for a mile square containing several hundred acres. The rich farms of Deacon Blanchard and of his son

Flint and surrounding farms are a part of that purchase. Moon who was a stout, hardy and withal go-ahead man, went immediately to work and built a log house. Finding on a portion of his purchase a sufficient number of maple trees to make it an object, he tapped about 50 of them and made a quantity of sugar which he boxed up and placed under the floor of his house. After this commencement he went east for his wife returning as soon as the journey could be made. He found his house all right, but the sugar gone, the Indians had used it up. Mr. Moon was soon joined by three of his brothers, Gideon, Jonathan and Samuel, to whom he sold each a portion of his land. For many years the locality was known as the Moon neighborhood. Jeffrey T. Moon, our noted policeman, is a son of Augustus Moon.

AMOS FERGUSON,

A special friend of Moon's, settled in an early day on the farm which has since been occupied by his son Amos, the poet. Frequently they would meet at the old Allen tavern in Jamestown and flip the copper for farms. Gust would say, "*Ame*, you have got a good farm and I have got a good farm, both paid for—I will flip a copper with you to see which shall have both." "Done, Gust, flip away." The one beat would say, "Well I guess it was a fair flip, but will treat and back down." This operation would be kept up until the landlord informed them that they had as heavy a load as their horses could draw home; they were placed in their wagons and their faithful horses would go directly home, with great intelligence, avoiding stumps and keeping in the road without staggering.

THE STRUNKS,

For a correct understanding of those early set-

tlers in the north part of the town, the Strunks, it becomes necessary that we enter more fully into their history than we should otherwise do, for the space we intended to occupy is already used up. About the year 1750 a brother and sister, named Henry or Hendrick, and Katherine Strunk landed in the city of New York. They probably came from Lippe Detmold in the north of Germany, as there are families still residing there of that name. They were poor, and as was then customary, their labor was sold for a series of years to pay their passage to this country. Henry was sold for five and Katherine for three years. Henry, after regaining his freedom, married in Albany and settled eight miles east of Troy, where he suffered all the ravages and privations, induced by the British soldiery during the Revolutionary war. Notwithstanding the changes and vicissitudes of an eventful life, he raised a large family, became moderately wealthy and lived to a ripe old age, leaving ten children, the last of whom was born in the year 1775. Of these the 4th, Elsie, the 7th Jacob, and the 8th John, emigrated to the town of Ellicott and settled as hereinafter stated.

Elsie Strunk married Jonas Simmons, a native of Berlin, Rensselaer Co., N. Y., a descendant of one of the earliest settlers of that county. We have to record of Jonas that he was a Tory during the Revolution, and was with Burgoyne's army in 1777. When it was seen that a retreat was the only resource for the British forces, Simmons was one of a party sent to clear the roads blockaded by timber felled by the Federal forces to prevent Burgoyne's retreat. This party, instead of clearing the roads made quick steps for the wilds of Canada. After the war Simmons returned to Rensse-

laer County, and married Elsie Strunk in 1785. Tories were not held in high esteem in that locality in those days and Jonas in 1809, came to the wilds of Chautauqua in search of a more congenial home. He made claim to the farm now owned by Gilbert Strunk at Fluvanna, returned to Rensselaer County, and during the following year emigrated with his family to his new home. He was accompanied by John Strunk, his wife's brother, and Benjamin Lee, whose sister was Strunk's wife. Simmons had 15 children, 13 of whom came with him. John Strunk had six children, four of whom came with him to Ellicott. Twenty children probably formed the largest train of emigrant school timber that ever moved into the county. John Strunk located on the farm now owned and occupied by Dwight Strunk, the grandson of his brother Jacob. Benjamin Lee afterwards married Katharine, a daughter of Jacob Strunk, and located a farm, north of the one taken up by Jonas Simmons. Jonas was one of our greatest hunters in those early days; he was a noted marksman, delighted in the chase and spent much of his time in hunting down the wild animals of the much wilder country. Jonas Simmons's large family furnished wives to some of the best of our early settlers, and from whom have descended some of the most prominent and most worthy of our citizens. Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, married John M. Pierce in 1804, and came to Chautauqua with her father in 1810, bringing her husband and one child with her, who in 1842 became the second wife of Henry Strunk, her aunt, Anna Simmons, being his first wife. Elsie Simmons became the wife of Samuel Griffith, who died in the year 1876 at the age of 84, his wife surviving. Sally A. Simmons, born in 1802, married Joseph

Cook, who first resided at Fluvanna, afterwards at Dexterville. They had six children. Mr. Cook met with an accident and had his right arm amputated; many will remember him as "one-armed Cook;" his wife survived him several years, dying in 1878 at the age of 76. Abagail Simmons married Holder Gifford for a first husband, by whom she had two children; afterwards she was married to John Camp by whom she had three children. She died at the age of 70 in 1874. Anise Simmons married James Ploss of Ellery, by whom she had eleven children. She died several years ago. Almira Simmons, the youngest of the daughters, became the wife of Henry, the son of John Strunk.

John Strunk had six children; he died at the age of 80 in the year 1856. He was a genial, intelligent man, full of anecdotes and fond of companionship and the bottle. He was in the habit of coming to Jamestown about twice a month. On these occasions he would imbibe liberally of the juice of the rye, and then entertain those fond of good stories in Solomon Jones's bar room as long as prudent, and when quite mellow would have his half-gallon jug of Fenton & Whittemore's make filled with Monongahela and start for home. This jug furnished the daily stimulant until the next visit. His first wife, Mary Lee, concluded that the best way to reclaim him would be to doctor the jug, as her best efforts at argument and persuasion were not productive of the desired results. Uncle John was a good talker, and would have some apt story at command which would completely upset her best efforts at argument. Under these circumstances she called Dr. Laban Hazeltine in consultation. They concluded that three grains of tartar emetic thorough-

ly dissolved and added to the jug when full, would be a good thing for the jug. The remedy was tried with excellent results. When the jug came home she would have a powder well dissolved in waiting, which she added to its contents and then the jug was well shaken. The next morning uncle John would imbibe his usual dose and drool and spit and declare he believed he was going to be sick; would take a second dose as a remedy, and was sick unto vomiting. At first he was alarmed and would send for the doctor, who knowing the cause, would tell him he was afraid that whiskey was destroying the coats of his stomach and he had better stop using it. Finally he came to the conclusion that the doctor was right, that the coats of his stomach had been injured; and he would cease drinking for several weeks, then hoping that the lining of his stomach had recuperated he would come to town and get the jug refilled; but the watchful wife was prepared, he would have another turn of drooling, sickness and vomiting and finally was fully convinced that whiskey did not agree with his injured stomach under any circumstances and gave up its use for a long time. After his second marriage he considered it a duty to celebrate the occasion. There was no one to doctor the jug, the coats of his stomach to his great joy were healed; whiskey did agree with him, and never disagreed afterwards as long as he lived.

Jacob Strunk and elder brother of John Strunk had ten children. He inherited the old homestead in Rensselaer county and was in tolerable circumstances, but disliking the tenure by which his land was held, and having so large a family to provide for, he concluded to remove to the then El Dorado of the west. In October, 1816, with his large family he started for

the land of promise. He made a favorable trip, without adventure, and immediately settled on lot 53, town 2, range 11, where he lived the remainder of his life in comfortable circumstances. He died in the year 1836, after a twenty years' residence in his new home.

Wm. H. Strunk, his son, who had resided with him, and who later became one of Ellicott's rich men, succeeded his father on the farm, to which he added acre after acre and farm after farm, until he was one of the largest, if not the largest land owner in the town. In 1834 he was married to Jane A. Van Vleck by whom he had ten children. He was foremost in improving the breeds of stock, especially of swine and sheep. He was charitable to the poor, and gave liberally for religious purposes.

Henry Strunk, the eldest son of Jacob Strunk, came into the county with his father in 1816. Being strong, vigorous, full of energy and ambition, he did not remain under the parental roof, but struck out for himself. His energy conquered all difficulties, and he became one of our wealthy, solid citizens. He purchased the farm of his father-in-law, Jonas Simmons, on which he resided over fifty years, rendering it one of the most desirable and beautiful farms in the country. In 1871, being in broken health, he sold his farm to his son Gilbert, and removed to Fluvanna, where he died in 1877, in the 83d year of his age. Few men were more widely known in Chautauqua, and none more generally respected. He had gained an enviable reputation for reliability in all his dealings, and for his enterprise and laudable ambition in improving his farm and his stock. He was a leader among the thrifty farmers of Chautauqua. His maxim was "thoroughness in whatever you undertake." He was always

abreast and frequently in advance of the times in all improvements in the use of modern methods. He wanted the best of everything and he had them.

Walter, the eldest son of Henry Strunk, married Polly, a daughter of Jacob Peterson. He has for many years been one of Ellery's substantial farmers. Elmira Strunk in 1843 married Ira Young, who during his life was a prominent farmer and stock raiser in Busti. Mr. Young died in 1879. His wife survives him. Gilbert Strunk married Cornelia A. Burtis in 1859; is now living on the old homestead, one of the rich, go-ahead farmers of Ellicott. George W. and Elias D. many years ago emigrated to the west, where they still reside. The youngest son, Marshall P. Strunk, is a lawyer in Jamestown.

Polly, a sister of Henry Strunk, married Rev. Abner Barlow in 1723. In 1835 they removed to Wisconsin. Polly faithfully shared with her husband the trials and privations of a missionary life in the west. She died in 1876, leaving a family of eleven children. Byron A., a son of Abner Barlow, has been for several years a resident of Jamestown, an active and successful lawyer.

Whatever may be our occupations or conditions in life—day laborer, mechanic, farmer, merchant, or dispensers of the professions, we cannot do better than to adopt the motto of Henry Strunk, "Whatever you do, do thoroughly."

JUDSON SOUTHLAND

Came into the county in the spring of 1818, taught school in Mayville during the summer, returned on horse back to Grafton, Mass., married Rhoda Forbush in May, 1819, and then returned to Chautauqua. He drove a three-horse team and had a tedious journey.

In 1820 he built a plank house on what is now known as English hill; in 1825 he came to Jamestown, and kept the Allen tavern for a year, and in the meantime built a long, one-story house on the corner of Pine and Fourth street, where F. A. Fuller's residence now stands. He was for many years Deputy Sheriff of the county, and finally one term Sheriff commencing Jan. 1, 1838. In 1841 he purchased the farm east of the Uriah Bently farm in Busti, now known as the Southland farm, where he resided up to the time of his death. Southland had a large family of children. I think there are but two of the sons living at the present time. Silas, thr eldest and the hero of Smith's school, lives on the homestead, Edward in Toledo, O., and the two daughters in Iowa.

URIAH BENTLEY

It is said, came into the county but a short time after James Prendergast took his celebrated tramp after the horses, coming down from Mayville to Miles landing in the Miles canoe. He finally settled on lot 9, range 12, tp. 2. He built a log house, and in the fall of 1809 he returned to Rensselaer Co., and the next year with his family came back to his new home. As near as we can remember Mr. Bentley died about forty years ago. He was a man of energy, and as the old saying was, full of days work. He cleared up a fine farm, on which his son Gustavus now resides. He had a large family of children, of which Gustavus is the only one now living. He spent nearly all his days, and raised his large family in the log house under the hill. A year or so before his death he erected a fine brick mansion in which his son now resides. We believe it was the first brick residence erected in the country—at least we remember no other. This exhausts our

memorandums relating to Uriah Bentley excepting the account of the meeting at Frank's already given. Among early settlers he was a prominent and important man.

JOSHUA WOODWARD

Came into the country in 1816, and settled on lot 52, now in the town of Poland. He had five sons, all of whom, we believe, are now dead. A grandson of Mr. Woodward now occupies the old homestead.

AARON FORBES

Settled in the town of Ellicott in 1814 on lot 57, now in the town of Poland. He had four sons, all now dead except Levi, who lives on the old homestead taken up by his father 73 years ago.

SAMUEL HALLIDAY

As long ago as we can remember, lived a neighbor of Forbes. He died many years ago leaving several sons, one of whom now has the honor of being the present efficient President of the Chautauqua County Agricultural Society. His mother, we think, was a daughter of Ezra Smith, another early settler in that neighborhood. Smith's mother lived to be over 100 years old.

RUSSELL D. SHAW

Came to Jamestown in the year 1828. He had been a druggist in Albany, and was burned out. Soon after he came to Jamestown he set up a drug store in a story and a half building which stood just north of Fenner's brick store on the east side of Main street; a store in which so many, first and last, commenced merchandizing, and which burned up several years ago. A year or so later his brother, Warner D., came to town, purchased his store and Russell D. moved to Fluvanna. Afterwards he returned to Jamestown and en-

gaged in hotel keeping and other pursuits. He had a large family of children, many of them now dead. Thos. A. Shaw of our city was, I think, his eldest son. Nelson Griffith married the eldest daughter. Another daughter was the wife of Capt. Darwin Willard, killed at the battle of Williamsburg, now the wife of John Vanderburgh. A third daughter married Alfred Dunham.

WARNER D. SHAW,

After running the drug store for two or three years bought the old Solomon Jones tavern and ran it for several years as Shaw's hotel. His wife was the daughter of Benjamin Runyan. They had, I think, five children. His eldest son, William, is a noted hotel man, the eldest daughter became the wife of E. P. Upham, and the second of B. B. Partridge. Mr. Shaw afterwards bought the Allen house, which was destroyed by fire in the great disaster of 1861. He afterwards erected on the same ground a larger building, of poor brick and illy calculated for a hotel. It is now the property of F. E. Gifford, who has remodeled it into stores and offices. We understand Mr. Shaw is still living with his youngest son in Michigan. He has been one of Jamestown's most prominent citizens.

OLIVER SHEARMAN

Came to Ellicott in 1828 and bought the Amos Bird farm, upon which his son, Gideon Shearman, now lives. Mr. Shearman's wife died before he came into the country, but he had a large family of grown up children. He was an excellent farmer, a man of great natural abilities, and as a mathematician excelled by few.

JOSEPH GARFIELD, SEN.,

Was a brother of Deacon Samuel Garfield, the in-

ventor of the patent scythe snath mentioned in Chapter VI; they were born in Worcester Co., Mass. The Garfields, through many generations, were defenders of the country down to our lamented president Gen. Garfield, who sprang from the same family stock. Eliakim Garfield, the father, who was a soldier of the Revolution, removed with his family from Massachusetts to Vermont soon after the war; Joseph was born in 1780, and was but a boy at the time of the removal. In 1803 he married Lydia Stearns of Stratton, Vt. He served as Captain during the war of 1812. One pleasant day in May, 1815, Samuel Garfield, who came in the year previous, was agreeably surprised to see his brother Joseph enter his log house in the wilderness; he had walked the whole distance from Vermont to Busti. In those early days, however, when three-quarters of the whole state was yet a wilderness, and civilization and its accompanying good roads was confined to the neighborhood of the Hudson river, walking to a man inured to labor was the easiest and most expeditious mode of traveling then in vogue. He spent the summer in viewing the country, and early in the fall purchased a farm on the Conewango about two miles above what is now the village of Russellsburg, and which for many years past has been known as the Sloan farm. In November he returned to Vermont, this time on horseback. The next spring he returned with his family and commenced his battle with the wilderness. Three years afterwards he sold this Pennsylvania farm, and in 1820 bought the farm two miles south from Jamestown, upon which he resided up to the day of his death. Garfield was among the foremost of our early farmers; his farm was among the first in the country in appearance, eliciting the remark of the

passer by, "a farmer lives there." Joseph and Lydia (Stearns) Garfield had seven children, all now dead except the eldest son, Eliakim. Hannah, the eldest daughter, became the wife of Richard Hiller. Samuel was the second son. Anna became the wife of Joseph Bacon, and Lydia the wife of Martin Grout. Joseph was the youngest son; Sally Ann, the youngest daughter, died many years ago when about twenty years of age.

ELIAKIM GARFIELD.

The eldest son of Joseph Garfield, was born in Vermont, and came into the country when a boy with his father in 1816. He was one of the rugged, tough, active, stout young men of Ellicott sixty years ago. He is now an old man, but when a young man, there was no other in the country who could and who did, the herculean labor performed by Eliakim Garfield. In 1829 he bought the beautiful farm on which he now resides, with his earnings as sawyer in the mills, and in rafting and running the lumber to market. In 1830 he married Perscilla, daughter of Aaron Root. In 1833 he was elected Captain of the celebrated "Harvey Rifles," which was public honor enough for him; we are not aware that he has been guilty of holding any other office, unless it may have been path master. He has been noted as a raiser and owner of fine cattle and horses, and for many years has been a prominent premium taker at our Agricultural fairs. For several years he has been a prominent member of the Methodist Episcopal church of Jamestown. To Eliakim and Perscilla (Root) Garfield were born six children, all now living.

ELISHA ALLEN

Came to the rapids in 1815, and bought the tavern

then building by Dix and Smith, and other property, and in the spring of 1816 returned to Vermont. In the spring of 1812 he had married Juliette Holbrook in Wardsboro. In September of 1813 his eldest son, Augustus F. Allen, was born in Wardsboro, and precisely a year afterwards his son Dascum was born. In the summer of 1817 he returned to Jamestown with his family, where he remained up to the time of his death in 1830. Adeline, his third child, was born in December, 1817, and died in December 1851. Prudence Olivia was born in 1821, and died in 1854. Abner H. was born in 1823 and died in 1848.

AUGUSTUS F. ALLEN,

From earliest manhood, was one of Jamestown's most energetic business men. He was a man of great financial ability, and from 1830 up to the time of his death stood in the first rank, and during a large portion of that time at the head of that rank in the town of Ellicott. He was in every, and the best sense of the term, a self-made man. No man during that time did more—unless it be his brother Dascum—in building up Jamestown and its interests than he. He was for several years the Supervisor of the town; in 1867 he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention of that year, and in 1874 was elected to Congress. But his health became impaired during the long political struggle of that year, and he did not live to take his seat. He had two children who arrived at maturity, a son and a daughter. The son died several years ago; the daughter is still living. His wife died about two years ago.

DASCUM ALLEN

Was a born lumberman; what he did not know about that business was not worth knowing. He

was everywhere known from Jamestown to Cincinnati as the big-hearted lumberman. If any man had been unfortunate and needed assistance, no matter whether friend or foe, he had but to go to "*Dase Allen*" and his necessities were relieved. He was frequently imposed upon by the designing, and lost a good fortune by endorsing the notes of those who never expected to pay. His greatest fault was that he loved too well his greatest enemy. He died April 7th, 1872. His wife, Susan Darling Allen, died April 7, 1886. They left three children, Horace F., Florence, the wife of Charles W. Grant, and Frank.

SOLOMON JONES,

The fifth son of Solomon Jones, Sen., is still living and has been a resident of Jamestown from earliest childhood. Fifty years ago Robert Falconer and John K. Cowing bought of the Dexters the Dexterville mills and lands, and some years afterwards Solomon Jones and A. F. Allen purchased Cowing's interest in the same, and soon after became sole owners of the property. After the purchase was made Solomon Jones removed to Dexterville and took the management of the property, and finally purchased his partner's interest, and for years has owned the entire property. For a few years past he appears to have retired from very active employment, but he can generally be seen occupying a cozy corner of the Chautauqua Co. National Bank, of which he has been for many years a director. In 1848 he married Elizabeth Cowing, a daughter of the late Capt. Calvin Cowing. To them was born one son. Frank was an unusually bright young man, but he was born with phthisical tendencies and his health was always delicate, as such persons are apt to be. He received all the advantages of a finished education.

He spent several years in Europe, part of the time in Heidelburg University and part in travel for the benefit of his health ; but the destroyer had marked his victim, and he died about two years after his return, Nov. 13th, 1873. Elizabeth Cowing died in less than two years after her marriage to Mr. Jones, of consumption. Solomon Jones went to Dexterville a young man. The short period of his married life was there spent, as well as the long period of his widower life, since the death of his wife. Although not a misanthrope or averse to the society of his friends, he has lived a life of quiet retiracy, attending to his own affairs, which have fully occupied his attention without awakening in him the least desire to meddle with the affairs of others. Affable in manners, pleasant in conversation, interested in public affairs, a laborer for the well being of his native town, generous in advancing its interests, charitable to the poor, we can say little more of Solomon Jones, Jr., than that he is and always has been, "the quiet, unassuming, retiring and unostentatious man of Jamestown."

OUR EARLY ENGLISH SETTLERS.

There were very few English in Jamestown until the building of the Alpaca factories. Of these genuine cousins, we now boast a large number, and our only regret is that we cannot count four of them where we have to content ourselves with one.

Over fifty years ago there came to our village four men—healthy and hardy looking ; dressed in drab fustian and corduroy jackets and small clothes, blue knit caps, long stockings reaching above the knee, and their feet encased in high, heavy laced brogans, with soles nearly an inch thick and full of hob nails.

They were working men, and when they pretended to work, work it was. They went up on what is now known as English hill, and bought land. How much they paid down on the land we know not; but they could not have been in debt long, for they were full of days work, and everybody employed them. Everybody wanted to see them work, for they seemed to like it, made them happy, and appeared to do them good. It was not long before they had converted a large portion of the low, wet, swampy land in the country into nice, dry, plough land. These men are all gone now, but they lived to become prominent, and well to do citizens in the town of their adoption. They raised fair families of children—how many now living we are not informed. Several of them, when the country called, enlisted and went to her defence in the war of the Rebellion, and they did not all return. The names of these four men were :

Simon Bootey,

John Fuller,

John Wilson, 1st,

John Wilson, 2d.

With a few exceptions, the writer has for several years past had but slight acquaintance with the children of these men, although he used to "*doctor*" them when young. To say the least, he hopes none of them have turned out worse than have a couple of sons of Simon Bootey and one of John Wilson, 2d, with whom the writer is well acquainted.

John Bootey, the eldest son of Simon, commenced well in that good old trade of blacksmithing. Now, we believe, he is following the profession of making harness.

Edward R. Bootey, a younger brother, has not

done quite as well; although he commenced as a fighting soldier in the fighting old 9th New York Cavalry. He was fortunate in getting back home, when so many of that gallant old regiment have never returned from the country's defence. They did good work at Winchester when Sheridan was twenty miles away, and when he had taken that noted ride, and was back to lead them, the war cry was, "Get out of this Early, Phil is coming," and he did get out with the old 9th close to his heels. When Ed. returned from the wars he was not in very good health. Instead of employing a doctor as he should, and being remembered by his patriotic friends on Decoration day, he was induced to take large doses of the law, on which he thrived, and ere long regained his health. It is said he ranks high among the lawyers of the county, and has served two terms as District Attorney. He has, we think, commenced to decline; he is now one of our City Aldermen.

John T. Wilson, was a son of the Englishman, John Wilson, 2d. He has always been a Democrat, a thing very scarce and of little repute in Chautauqua county. Furthermore he is one of Jamestown's foremost business men. John was a spindling, rather sickly looking boy, but he has gained in health and good looks almost as rapidly as he has in wealth and business standing in the community. We now believe he will outlive any Englishman of the same age, to be found in the Pearl City. John T. Wilson is one of Jamestown's foremost business men.

If our new batch of English citizens, with far superior advantages, will, according to their numbers, in fifty years turn out as many first class *American* citizens—men and women—as have Simon Bootey,

John Fuller and the Wilsons, the Pearl City will be the proudest city of its size in the Empire state.

SWEDES.

Jamestown to-day boasts of a population of several thousand Swedes. We have no better citizens than our Scandinavian population. A prominent one of them said to us a few days ago. "Please not speak of us as Swedes. There are a few Swedes among us, late comers, who have not yet obtained their naturalization papers, but as soon as they do they will claim, as I do now, that they are *Yankees* and have ceased to be Swedes. We love our country, the United States, and you well know that many of us have fought for it, and what is better, will fight for it whenever the country calls." It is nearly, if not quite fifty years ago that the first Swede man and family settled at the foot of English hill. That man was

SAMUEL JOHNSON.—He was a tanner by trade and worked for R. W. Arnold. We named a child of Samuel Johnson after our own baby daughter, Katie, who has *gone*. Katie Johnson, we are informed, became the wife of Capt. Conrad Hult.

Soon after Johnson settled in Jamestown other families came, and in a few years our Swede population could be counted by the hundred. Since that time they have become numerous, and are counted by the thousand. As citizens they are not excelled by any others.

CARROLL.

From its earliest settlement that part of the town of Ellicott now known as Carroll had a composite class of inhabitants. Previous to the emigration to this

country from Vermont and the eastern part of this state, there were a few small settlements along the Allegheny river and French Creek, especially in Crawford and Venango Counties. The route of these early settlers, who were mostly from Central and Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey, was by the Sinemahoning and the portage across to the Allegheny at Olean or above, and then down the Allegheny in boats built for that purpose. This was the principal route taken by the first settlers between Warren and Franklin, and in most instances they found their way up the various streams emptying into the Allegheny river. In this way we trace their course up the Conewango into the Beech woods (Farmington) and to Sugar Grove, before Southern Chautauqua was settled.

Carroll was set off from the town of Ellicott in 1825, and was named in honor of Charles Carroll, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The town of Kiantone was taken from the town of Carroll in 1853, and received its name from a creek running through the south part of the town, known with the Indians as the Kiantone.

Boyles and Walton took articles for lands in this portion of the town of Ellicott in 1809; but the first settler we have any especial knowledge of, was

GEORGE W. FENTON,

the father of the Governor. In 1807 he took up lands and built a log house near the junction of the Outlet with the Cassadaga, at what for many years has been known as Plumbs Mills. He had for neighbors James Wilson and James Culbertson, who had settled on the Outlet a short distance above him the year previous. In 1809 he sold his lands at the Cassadaga junction, and in the spring of 1810 removed to lot 52 on the

east side of the Conewango, about a mile below the present village of Frewsburg. George W. Fenton was born in New Hampshire in 1773; his father soon after with his family removed to the State of New York. George when of age, left his paternal home in 1804, and wandered west through the wilderness as far as Pittsburgh. He there joined the river boatmen, engaged in trade with the settlers and Indians along the Allegheny river and continued in that business until 1806. In the year of 1806–7 he taught the first school in Warren, Pa. In Warren he married Elsie Owen, who was born in Lunenburgh in 1790. Soon after his marriage he took up land on the outlet of Chautauqua Lake and built a log house as stated above.

Mr. Fenton continued to reside on his Conewango farm up to the time of his death. In his youth he had received a good education and was during his whole life one of Carroll's most prominent and most intelligent citizens. He died March 3d, 1860. His widow survived him fifteen years and died February 26, 1875. They had a family of five children: Roswell O., who married Leonora Akins; George W., Jr., who married Metta Howard; William H. H., who married Catharine Edmunds; John F., who married Maria Woodward. His youngest son was Reuben E. Fenton, the late governor of the State of New York, of whom we speak elsewhere.

JOHN FREW,

the founder of Frewsburg, came in 1812. Hugh Frew, his father, settled near by in the adjoining town of Farmington, Pa., as early as the year 1800. Soon after John Frew had settled on the Conewango he was followed by his brother, James, and soon after they built a saw mill and afterwards a grist mill on what is

known as Frew's Run. The family soon after left their farm on the hill (Farmington) and moved down into the valley (Frewsburg) where Hugh Frew, the father, died in 1831.

John Frew assisted Edward Work to erect his saw mill on the outlet in 1808, and the first lumber cut in the mill was by and for John Frew. This lumber was plank for eight flat boats which Frew built at Work's, took to Mayville, and there loaded with salt, which he run down the Lake, Outlet, Conewango and Allegheny to Pittsburgh. It was after this that the same John Frew brought over from Dunkirk one and a half bushels of salt on his back for the settlers who were in perishing need of it. It was this same John Frew who in the spring of 1813 killed the last deer known to have been killed at the great deer lick in the four corners of Main and Third streets in what is now the city of Jamestown. In 1816 he was elected Supervisor of the town of Ellicott, an office he continued to hold up to 1822.

We have stated that Hugh Frew settled in the Beech woods (Farmington) in the year 1800. His sons John and James came into the country with him, and also a dozen or more settlers who first settled in the Beech woods, or in Sugar Grove near by, and which at that time was but a part of the tract of land known by that name.

Robert Miles, a Frewsburg man, the builder of Miles's road to Chautauqua Lake in 1804, (and the father of the late Robert Miles of Warren and of Freddy Miles of Sugar Grove) and several others had come in during the last years of the last century, 1796 to 1798. Among these was the father of Benjamin Ross, who built Ross' Mills on the Cassadaga in 1816.

When the Frews, Russells and company arrived at what is now Warren in 1800, there was but one building there and that was the Holland Land Company's store. Of course there must have been settlers in the vicinity or a store would be unnecessary. The extent of our information is, that Daniel Jackson had a small mill for grinding grain, the bolt of which was turned by hand on Winters's Run. Of course there was or had been a man by the name of Winters there—and others, or a mill would not be needed. Among those who came in with the Frews was

John Russell and a number of others. James and David Brown and a man by the name of Bar, who it is believed, settled in or near Sugar Grove. These settlers were mostly from the settlements on the Sinemahoning in Pennsylvania, except the Browns and Bar, who were fresh from the bogs of the Emerald Isle. But they were all under the leadership of Russell, who was an ingenious mechanic, and had built a boat which could in a short time be put together or taken in pieces at will. In this boat Russell and his party conveyed their goods up the Sinemahoning to Driftwood, where they placed their goods and their boat on wagons and followed the Indian trail through the wilderness to Canoe Place on the Allegheny river. Here they again put their boat together and floated down the Allegheny to Warren. This party came very near returning to their old home and giving up the idea of a life in the wilderness before they reached Driftwood. They had several wagons, yokes of cattle, and a number of cows, which the Frews and others undertook to pilot through the thickets to that place. In this they came near failing. Much of their way they had to cut a road for their wagons and to make fre-

quent long detours on account of deep impassible gulchs, with which the entire country was filled. In this portion of their route they did not average one mile a day. They were about returning when Russell, weary of waiting for them at Driftwood, took the back track in search of them. Finding them he dismissed the principal mutineer from the party, who returned to the settlement alone, and encouraged the rest of the party to proceed. John Frew was accustomed to say those few days were the most discouraging of his whole life. John Russell took up lands on the Pennsylvania side of the state line and there reresided up to the time of his death in 1818. His son, Thomas Russell, moved to the town of Ellicott and built a mill on the Cassadaga in the year 1816, and there resided for many years. He had a large family of children, Angeline Parsons is still living, how many more we do not know. He was born in Ireland in 1783, and died in Jamestown in 1865.

JOHN OWEN

Settled on lot 41 on the east side of the Conewango in 1808. He came with his family in 1805 to Warren and there resided two years previous to his removal to Ellicott. He was originally from Connecticut, and had been a soldier not only in the Revolutionary but in the Old French War. He was a man of infinite humor, and passed through many adventures, many of them most thrilling, and was always well pleased to relate them to those who desired to hear them. In early days he kept a tavern at what is now Fentonville, and in the spring of the year, during the rafting season, his house would overflow with raftsmen. He would not be able to accommodate half of them with beds, the rest were under the necessity of

sleeping on the bar room floor. Although tired and weary, after a hard day's work at this laborious occupation, the raftsmen would quarrel among themselves for the privilege of laying on the floor in order to hear Owen relate his wonderful stories, and in the morning would declare themselves thoroughly rested and refreshed, and that Owen's stories would soften the hardest plank on the Conewango. John Owen lived to be 107 years old, and during the last days of his life was accustomed to declare he never had a sick day in his life. John Owen died in Carroll in 1843 of old age.

Ira Owen was a son of John Owen ; he was fond of hunting, and was noted for his deadly aim. He was a member of Capt. Forbes' Company at the battle of Black Rock, at which many of the enemy it was said, fell victims to his deliberate and deadly aim. Ira could not with his father, boast that he never was sick. He was severely and dangerously sick once and was cured by Dr. Smith of Busti. We believe he emigrated to the west ; his brother,

Ruben Owen, continued to live on the old homestead after his father's death ; he died several years ago.

JOHN MYERS

Settled on the Conewango about a mile from Frewsburg in 1814. He kept a tavern, and his place is known up to the present time as Myers'. He had a large family of both sons and daughters. Many of the descendants are still living in the town of Carroll.

There were several other early settlers in that part of the town of Ellicott now included in the town of Carroll, a few of whom we remember by name but of whom we knew but little personally, and have

obtained no important items of history. Among these are Josiah Wheeler, Robert Cowen, Rufus Green, Isaac Eames, Eli Eames and a few others.

KIANTONE.

In that portion of the town now known as Kiantone, we have a large number of important early settlers. Among these we have, first

JOSEPH AKINS,

The pioneer settler of this part of the town of Ellicott. He came from Rensselaer Co., and in 1807 *squatted* on lands on the Stillwater now owned by the heirs of Howard Russell. At that time the survey of these lands was not complete and were not in market. Akins was filled with the idea of building up a town, and passed over the heavy pine forests, and swamp lands of the outlet, to the dry and hard timbered lands of the Stillwater. The next year or the year after he laid out his town and induced Laban Case to build a hut of a tavern, and that very necessary thing in a new town, a blacksmith shop. We are not aware he ever succeeded in selling any village lots—in fact he had none to sell, far he had no title to the land he had occupied, and after procuring the usual Article could not give a deed. In 1813 a great effort was made to build up a town at Akins, in opposition to Prendergast at the rapids, but failed, and in 1814 the idea was entirely abandoned.

BENJAMIN JONES

Came in 1820, and first lived on a portion of the farm of the late A. T. Prendergast. He afterwards came in possession of the farm taken up by Solomon Jones in 1810, upon which he continued to reside up

to the time of his death, a few years ago. He was an eccentric man, although a man of great moral worth and ability. Many are the anecdotes told of Uncle Ben Jones. He had five children, the youngest, Henry, a man of much worth, is full of remembrances of the good old early times, and during Fair days will generally be found busily engaged in arranging a display of relics of the days of the fathers. Cynthia, the daughter, became the wife of

SETH CHENEY, whom we speak of in this connection because of an anniversary celebration held at his house on the evening of December 29, 1886. Although an impromptu affair, nearly all the old people of the county were there excepting ourself, and had a right down, old fashioned, jolly time. From the newspaper account of this affair we gather that Seth Cheney married Cynthia Jones, Jan. 8th, 1832, and that they have had three children, sons. At this jolly affair they had a variety of excellent music, Mr. Cheney, although 77 years old, playing the violin with his old-time spirit and energy. Mr. Cheney is one of the solid men of Kiantone, and the large stone house in which he has lived so many years is the land mark of the locality. Seth was the youngest son of

EBENEZER CHENEY,

Who came into the country in 1812 with a large family, all of whom we believe remained and became identified with the country. He had eight children—three sons and five daughters, who lived to adult age, and all identified with the growth and history of the country.

NELSON E. CHENEY was the eldest of this family. He came into the country with his father, and is now, we believe the *earliest and the oldest of the earliest set-*

tlers living. He was in daily attendance at our agricultural fair (September, 1886,) on Marvin Park, and no one appeared to be more interested in the busy scene around him than Nelson E. Cheney ; and few were more active in conveying themselves from one part of the park to another than he. But few would believe that if his life should be spared five years longer, he could celebrate the centennial of an earthly existence. Mr. Cheney has raised a large family, but how many or where located we are not informed. One of his sons was an officer in the fighting 9th New York Cavalry, and has represented our county in the Assembly of the State, and should again ; but so long as tricks of chicane will go further than true patriotism in securing a nomination in a district where a nomination is equivalent to an election, we think he will appear to the best advantage "holding the plow;" that is honest employment, to say the least. Two other sons, we believe, are physicians. Ebenezer Cheney's second son Levi we have already spoken of as a physician, and also of Seth, the youngest.

JAMES HALL

Was one of the six brothers who at an early day emigrated from Windham County, Vt., and became residents of this country when a wilderness. William and Elisha became residents of Jamestown, Samuel of Busti, and Josiah and Orris of Warren, Pa. This family has proved, we think, the most important of all, that at an early date left the green hills of Vermont for the wilds of Chautauqua.

William Hall, Sen., the father of the Halls who emigrated to Ellicott, was the son of Elisha and Elizabeth (Young) Hall, and was born in Hopkinton, Mass., in 1753. In 1781 he married Abagail Pease, and

immediately emigrated to Wardsboro, Vt. To William Hall, Sen., and Abagail (Pease) Hall were born twelve children, seven sons and five daughters. Six of the sons and two of the daughters found their future homes in this western wilderness. The following are the names of the children and the years in which they were born. Samuel, 1782; Lydia, 1784; Lydia, 1785; Lewis, 1788; James, 1790; Mary, 1792; William, 1793; Josiah, 1795; Abagail, 1797; Elisha, 1799; Irene, 1801; Orris, 1804.

James was the first of the sons to emigrate to the wilderness of Chautauqua in the spring of 1812. He took up lands in that part of the town of Ellicott now known as Kiantone, about a mile west from Kiantone village, and there resided up to the day of his death in 1846. He built a log house near where stands the farm house which for so many years has been known as the James Hall homestead. He immediately cleared and put into crops ten acres. In the fall of 1813 the corn and the wheat he had raised upon his small clearing he threshed and husked and stored in the loft of his log house, and the vegetables he laid away in a hole dug in the ground under the floor. Soon after on a warm afternoon, without a coat and *barefooted*, he walked a mile through the woods to assist a neighbor to put up a log house. His wife took her baby in her arms and walked a half mile or more through the woods to visit her sister, Mrs. William Sears, leaving the house alone. On her return to prepare supper, when she reached the little clearing, she discovered that the roof of the house was on fire. Laying her babe down upon the leaves she ran towards the house to save what she could. When she arrived at the log fence in front of the house, two men well

known, stood in the door and with threats bade her leave. She hastened to the woods for her baby and as quickly as possible returned to her sister's, there to await the return of the husband. There was no mistaking the object of these ruffians. A few days previous Ebenezer Cheney, the father-in-law of Mr. Hall, had returned from Vermont, and it was well known he was expected to bring a large sum of money with him. They supposed the money was in this house—but fortunately was in another—not finding it they fired the building to cover up the rumaging they had done in the house. Mrs. Hall coming suddenly and unexpectedly upon them before they had time to escape, they were willing to commit a much greater crime if she did not leave. The ruffians were not prosecuted or molested. The country was a wilderness and the two villains were known to be desperate men, and it was thought the safest way to let them alone, hoping they would soon leave the country. A few of the older inhabitants will remember the Kelleys. The location of the log house became Mr. Hall's garden, and to this day it is seldom that you can take up a handful of dirt therein without finding kernels of charred wheat as perfect as on the day it was threshed. A new log house was soon finished in which Mr. Hall resided until the autumn of 1819, when they moved into the frame house erected a few rods from the log one, and in which Mr. A. J. Phillips now resides.

At the organization of the town of Ellicott in 1813, James Hall was elected constable and collector. From that time on he served the town in various capacities up to 1823, when he was elected Supervisor and continued to serve as such until Carroll was set off

from Ellicott, after which he was elected Supervisor of Carroll until he refused to serve longer. In 1833 he was elected Member of Assembly. There could be no greater evidence of his unbounded popularity than this, not only in his own town, but in the county. The known Whig majority was about 2,000; nevertheless, James Hall, a notorious Democrat, was elected by 1700. Politicians had plenty of time then (as they have had since) to think of their crooked ways after that election. James Hall for many years was a prominent and worthy member of the Congregational church, and was a liberal giver to all religious and benevolent objects. His first wife was Polly, the second daughter of Ebenezer Cheney. To them were born three children, viz: Abagail, who became the wife of Benjamin Morgan, previously spoken of as a chairmaker; Lewis, who was born in 1815, married a Miss Davis of St. Louis, and is a prominent citizen of Jamestown. His wife died but a short time ago, greatly esteemed and beloved in Jamestown. Elial married a daughter of Samuel Barrett; he has for many years been a lawyer in New York city. After the death of Polly, James Hall in 1829 married Abagail, another daughter of Ebenezer Cheney. There were no children by this marriage. His third wife was Maria, the youngest daughter of Ebenezer Cheney, to whom he was married in 1830. To James and Maria (Cheney) Hall were born three children, viz: Erie, who married Jennie, the eldest daughter of the Hon. R. P. Marvin. He is a prominent member of the firm owning the Jamestown Worsted Mills in Jamestown. Mary became the wife of Capt. Tuckerman of the Burdan Sharp Shooters, who did great service in the war of the Rebellion. James, who went a mere boy,

a common soldier to the defence of his country, fell at Malvern Hill; his body returned to mother earth on Virginia soil. If ever a noble, generous, self-sacrificing, patriotic set of men stepped to the front ready and willing to lay down their lives for their country, those men went from Chautauqua county in the war of 1861. The post of Sons of Veterans in Jamestown is named after young JAMES HALL. May the example of his bravery and his patriotism inspire each of them to like noble deeds, should the country call and demand the sacrifice. In peace may they emulate the virtues, and in war, the heroism of

JAMES HALL, THE YOUNG PATRIOT.

ANNA CHENEY became the wife of Dr. E. T. Foote in 1818. They had a large family of children, but the last of the family removed from Jamestown many years ago, excepting Mary Ann, the only daughter, who married S. C. Crosby. Mrs. Crosby and her daughter Florence continue to reside in Jamestown. Anna (Cheney) Foote was a prominent and active member of the Methodist church. That church will hold her in affectionate remembrance, because of her noble Christian character, and courageous efforts for their upbuilding and prosperity when the church was poor and its friends few. Ruby, the eldest daughter of Ebenezer Cheney became the wife of

WILLIAM SEARS, who was born in Wardsboro, Vt., in 1787, and emigrated to Chautauqua Co. in the fall of 1810, a short time after Solomon Jones. In the following spring he purchased Lot 11 on which the village of Kiantone is built. He resided on this farm for many years, and up to the time of his death. His widow

afterwards married Charles Arnold of Dewittville. Soon after Mr. Sears had made his location he built a tavern which he afterwards sold, and built another which is still standing, and was for many years the principal hotel of the place. This location, as long ago as we can remember, was known as Sears', afterwards as Searsburg, then as Carroll, and after the division of the town as Kiantone. William and Rhoda (Cheney) Sears had two sons and two daughters that we remember,—there may have been others, if so we are not informed. The eldest son, Nathan L., lived in Jamestown several years, and at one time kept a Drug and Book store. He emigrated to the west several years ago. At this present writing, January 13th, 1887, our city papers announce the death of Nathan L. Sears, at his home in Gibson city, Ill. He was born in the town of Ellicott (Kiantone) June 16th, 1812. If not the first, he must have been among the first-born white children in Southern Chautauqua. His first wife was Deborah, daughter of Samuel Hall. She died in Jamestown about forty-three years ago. A younger son, Clinton, at one time attended "The Academy" in Jamestown, went to Yale College, and afterwards, we are informed, became an eminent preacher in Cincinnati. Anna, the eldest daughter, became the wife of S. B. Winsor and is still living. The youngest daughter married D. T. Brown and lives in Milwaukee. A Congregational church was organized at Sears' in 1815 by Father Spencer; the land on which the present Congregational church in Kiantone stands was the gift of Ruby Cheney Sears.

Ebenezer Davis came from Wardsboro, Vt., in 1812, and took up land near the Stillwater. His wife was Lydia, a sister of James Hall. They had

a large family of children, but we have not been able to obtain their names. The Davis's were noted for their musical talent. One surely and we believe two of Ebenezer Davis' sons became Baptist ministers. Emri Davis, a brother of Ebenezer came in at the same time and became a prominent man, in Busti. His son, now a resident of Sugar Grove, Pa., promised us a sketch of his father's life, a promise he has failed to keep. We now can only say, that Emri Davis, Sen., was for many years one of the prominent men of Busti. He died several years ago. He had, we believe, several children, how many, we are not informed.

SAMUEL HALL

Was the eldest son of William Hall, Sen., of Wardsboro, Vt. Samuel Hall married Susannah, the second daughter of Samuel and Deborah (Chapin) Davis, in Wardsboro, and emigrated with a family of five children to Ellicott in 1814. The names of these children were Samuel D., Elona, Edson, Deborah C., and John A., the last not yet six months old. After their removal to this county, there was born to them Chapin and James Monroe Hall. Samuel Hall took up a farm on the Stillwater on what is now the dividing line between Busti and Kiantone, and upon which he continued to reside up to the time of his death in 1859. Deborah Hall became the wife of Nathan L., a son of William Sears. She died in Jamestown in 1836, her husband being a Druggist and Bookseller there at the time of her death. Two, at least of the sons of Samuel Hall have been very important men in the history of the country. John Adams Hall is spoken of in other pages of this volume.

Chapin Hall was born in the wilderness in 1816—

in the wilderness which in after life he was so active in subduing and from which he derived his great wealth. Chapin married Susan Bostwick, the daughter of one of the early settlers. To them was born a daughter. She became the wife of Charles Wetmore, of Warren, the civil engineer—a son of the late Judge Lansing Wetmore, and brother of the present Judge Wetmore of Warren. To Charles and Rose (Hall) Wetmore were born two sons and a daughter, the latter dying in childhood. A few years later Charles Wetmore was accidentally killed. After many years of widowhood the daughter is now the wife of Mr. Alba M. Kent.

Chapin Hall was a man of great activity and bodily endurance; his mind, was a mathematical one, always filled with figures, and finance and ideas of great wealth, to the attainment of which he bent all his best energies. Early in life, and for many years his home was mostly at mills and on fleets of lumber on the Allegheny and Ohio rivers. Warren, Pa., claims him, we are informed, as a resident of that place, and Louisville, Ky., ranked him among her prominent citizens. The claims of Warren must be allowed, for it was from the Congressional district of which it is a part that he was elected to Congress, nevertheless he was born in Ellicott, received his education in her log school houses, and a short time before his death purchased of his brother the old homestead on which he was born and upon which his son-in-law now exhibits the choicest herd of cattle in Western New York—and he departed this life in Ellicott, at the residence of his brother, John A. Hall, Sept. 12, 1879. His remains are interred in Lake View cemetery.

Susannah, the wife of Samuel Hall, who lived and

suffered for several years with paralysis, died July 25, 1858. Samuel Hall died in October, 1859.

JASPER MARSH was among the earliest of the settlers in this part of the town, coming in in 1811. He took up a farm adjoining Joseph Akin on the Stillwater. He was a Revolutionary soldier, and was present at the surrender of Burgoyne. He was a mechanic as well as a farmer, and he supplied the early settlers many useful implements—spinning wheels, large and small, reels, swifts, chairs, hay rakes, pitchforks, and many other useful and necessary articles, in an early day came from Jasper Marsh's little shop on the Stillwater. We have not been able to obtain any record of his family. He had several sons, all, I think, remained in the country. Capt. A. J. Marsh of Washington is a grandson of Joseph Marsh.

EZBAI KIDDER

Was a descendent of the early Pilgrim stock; his forefather, James Kidder, from England landed at Salem Harbor in 1650; The forefathers of the Kidders, the Jones's, the Halls, the Hazeltines, the Davis's, and others whose descendants emigrated first to Vermont and afterwards to Chautauqua Co., settled early in the last century on or near the Charles river, in Mass. Ezbai Kidder was born at Webster, Mass., in 1787; his father the same year emigrated to Wardsboro, Vt. Ezbai came to Ellicott in 1813, and after thoroughly viewing the country returned. He returned in 1816, and at first was employed splitting rails and laying up a fence for Dr. Laban Hazeltine. He soon made a purchase of land in what is now the northeast corner of Kiantone. He married Louisa Shearman, a sister of Deacon Loring Shearman, whom he had known in Wardsboro, and who came into the

country with her brothers in 1814. They had one son and three daughters. The daughters married and raised families but now are all dead, except one, Mrs. Harlow Mitchell, of Busti. Louisa Shearman Kidder died in 1867. Ezbai Kidder died in 1880, at the advanced age of 92.

Samuel Kidder, who inherited the large property left by his father, now lives in the old homestead. He was born in 1825. Married Eleanor, eldest daughter of Joel Partridge in 1854. Both, as were their parents before them, are members of the Congregational church of Jamestown. They have had a family of ten children, eight of whom are now living. The Kidders have occupied that corner of Kiantone for two-thirds of a century, and the prospect is they will continue to occupy for a century longer at least.

POLAND.

Was set off from the town of Ellicott in 1832, and comprises township 2, Range 10, according to the Holland Company's survey. In 1804 and 5, Thomas Kennedy commenced a settlement at what is now Kennedy, and there erected the first saw mill in Southern Chautauqua. Although in the heart of a dense, unbroken forest, the timbers for this mill were cut, hewed and framed in the neighborhood of Franklin, Pa., and then floated up the Allegheny river to Warren and from thence up the Conewango to the place of their destination. Dr. Kennedy found his method of building a mill a very expensive one, and the labor herculean. Having reached Warren with the timbers, he there placed them on keel boats, for the remainder of the journey. The timbers having arrived, Dr. Ken-

nedy could not find men enough in the whole surrounding country to erect the frame, and spent many days between Warren and Franklin in picking up men for that purpose. The method for disposing of the first lumber cut at this mill was quite as extraordinary as of building the mill itself. The boards were rafted at the mills and run to Pittsburg in the usual manner. At Pittsburg they were drawn and stuck up for a year to season. Flat boats, in the meantime, were built at the mill, run to Pittsburg, the boards loaded into them and run to New Orleans. This was before the day of steamboats; the Paragon, that wonder of the world, which could be propelled by *hot water* at the rate of four miles an hour had not at that time been built by Robert Fulton in New York harbor. The hands who run the boats, returned by sea to Philadelphia, and from there *walked* home. In those days there was no way of coming up the Mississippi river except in row boats, through a wilderness country filled with savages, at that time at war with all white men, and constantly on the watch for scalps. The Atlantic ocean was by far the safest as well as the most expeditious route. Dr. Kennedy died in Meadville in 1813.

In 1831 the Kennedyville property was sold to Richard P. Marvin and his elder brother, Erastus Marvin, of Dryden, Tompkins Co., N. Y. Erastus Marvin moved from Dryden to Kennedyville to take charge of the property. Their father, with a second wife and family of children, sold his large farm in Dryden and moved into this county the next spring, stopping temporarily at Kennedy until he should find and purchase a suitable farm. During the summer of that year much sickness prevailed at Kennedyville. Erastus Marvin had the misfortune to break his collar bone,

and before he recovered from this injury was prostrated by fever and died. The father, deeply affected by the loss of his son and the endemic condition there prevailing, after a short illness also died, and two or three weeks after the widow died. Richard was deeply affected by these losses, and not having intended to take the management of the property he disposed of it and continued the practice of his profession in Jamestown, his health being greatly impaired for a year or two. Some years afterwards he removed the remains of his relatives from Kennedy to the cemetery in Jamestown, and after the establishment of Lake View he had their graves again removed, and they now rest in a beautiful lot, on which is erected a beautiful monument—Sarcophagus form—with the name simply "Marvin" upon it, with appropriate headstones—all of the finest and most durable granite. Robert Falconer and Guy C. Irvine succeeded the Marvins in the ownership of the property, and soon after Robert Falconer became sole proprietor, and he was succeeded by his youngest son, William T. Falconer, now dead.

ROBERT FALCONER.

Descended from a wealthy and ancient family in Scotland, who could never forget that they were "lairds" in the days of Monteith, Wallace, and McDugh, and bravely fought with Bruce at Bannockburn. Yet Robert was thoroughly a republican in opinion and practice. He graduated at old Aberdeen in 1808, and soon after emigrated to America, not only to increase his wealth but to enjoy its free republican institutions, to which he was a convert. For several years he was engaged in the purchase and sale of cotton in New York and Charleston, S. C. He sent large

invoices of cotton to Glasgow and to other parts of Scotland. In 1816 a brother in Scotland, who never was in America, desired to join him in the purchase of lands, with the intention of making a Scotch settlement, for which the brother at home was to select and send over an extra class of emigrants. In accordance with this arrangement Mr. Falconer came to Jamestown in 1817, and spent the summer in examining the country hereabouts, making his home with Dr. Hazeltine. He was an excellent surveyor, and many of our early roads were surveyed by him. During this first visit he would make long trips into the wilderness, always on foot, and frequently was absent for a week, greatly to the alarm and annoyance of his friends. His only companions on these excursions were his compass, jacob staff, and a heavy hatchet. His favorite resort was the wilderness along the Stillwater and the Brokenstraw beyond Sugar Grove, Pa. Finally he selected lands near Sugar Grove for his future home. That section was then almost an unbroken wilderness, and he had passed through it in almost every possible direction, running lines and ascertaining the area of certain tracts. Formerly it used to be said that a thousand trees in the forest bore the blaze of Falconer's hatchet. Dr. Hazeltine was accustomed to tell the following story about his friend, sometimes to his great annoyance:

He returned one pleasant day enveloped in an old camlet cloak, which had been patched with cloth of other kinds and colors. Under this could be detected the tattered remains of coat and pantaloons. He was cross and taciturn—did not wish to be questioned, and passed quickly to his room. He afterward gave the following account of an encounter with a bear: "In

the woods a couple of miles from Sugar Grove, I came across a nice, active cub; he did not run away, neither did he seem to be afraid. I stood admiring him when an old bear came slashing through the underbrush. When she came near, although I had not meddled with the young bear, I saw she was determined to wrestle with me. She would sit up and show her teeth, then come nearer, and sit up and again show her teeth. I made up my mind that she was near enough to be agreeable, and that when she sat up again I would prod her with the jacob staff. Well, she came and stood up, and I made a lunge at her. The old she *divil* pulled that jacob staff out of my hand in the winking of an eye; in doing so she pulled me forward on to my face. In a moment I was aware that the *divil* of a brute was unfastening my clothes where there were no buttons. I wished 'old clute' had her and her pretty little *divil* of a cub likewise. I assure you that I was grieved that the great she brute should handle my clothes in that manner, and presently I felt a miserable smarting where I could not see the mischief she had wrought, and I was mad. I got hold of my hatchet and came to my knees promptly, and dealt her a blow with all the strength at my command. It was an unlucky blow for the *beastie*, for I am quite sure its sharp edge came down through her left eye, and the way the old *divel* whorled around and grunted would have amused the best Hoelander that ever trod the Grampians.* I got up and seized my compass and the staff which was near at hand and ran with all my might. I did not look back to see if Mistress Bruin was coming until I was a good half mile

*A one eyed bear was killed on the Brokenstraw about two years after.

from the place of encounter, and then I concluded that it was best to estimate damages. I soon found, to say the least, that I was not presentable, and that I had suffered no severe personal injury, although I did find a large patch of bare skin where I wished it was not, and three deep scratches on my person. A large and quite important portion of my trousers was entirely absent, and I went immediately to the nearest habitation that I knew of. The only garment I could procure that would cover the seat of greatest damage was that old cloak, which I put on, heartily thanking the lender of the same for his kindness. I laughed much on my way home when I thought of the ridiculous figure that old bear had transmographied me into, and all the way back I busied my mind in trying to remember what I had read of the mendicant orders in the ages long agone. I concluded I was a worthy brother in habit if not at heart. The garment was patched with a sufficient number of colors, but too long I concluded to make of me a Joseph; it had the orthodox length, but too many colors to make me pass well for a Scotch friar. Doctor, I prefer you say nothing to my friends here about my tilt with the bear, and especially about the spoiling of my clothing, for I am a thorough Scotchman. I enjoy a good, hearty laugh if not at my own expense; it is not agreeable to be laughed at, you know."

Mr. Falconer returned to New York in the winter of 1818 and came back with his family in 1819 and settled in Sugar Grove, Pa. He was at that time considered the most wealthy man in this section of the country. He loaned considerable money and was very active in laying out roads and in aiding in the settlement of the country. In 1829 he removed to

Warren, Pa., and soon after became interested in the Lumberman's Bank, of which he was made the President. Through the rascality of those who were supposed to be its friends and supporters the bank was broken. Mr. Falconer in attempts to save it, lost largely in wealth, and his health was permanently impaired. He returned to Sugar Grove in 1840 a mental ruin, where he died in 1853.

Col. Nathaniel Fenton was born in New England in 1763. He joined the Revolutionary army when but a boy, and was an important, bold, brave and trusty scout before he was 18. Among Arnold's early efforts in painting was the representation of Fenton on horseback shooting a British officer who was pursuing him, both at full speed. Col. Fenton after the war settled in Otsego county. His wife was Rachel Fletcher, who bore him five children. Ovilla, the eldest daughter, married William Smith. They were early settlers in the town of Ellery. Fannie became the wife of Horace Allen, and they were among the earliest settlers of Ellicott. Elsie became the wife of Cyrus Coe, and they also became early settlers of that part of Ellicott now included in the town of Poland. Richard Fletcher Fenton, whose first wife was the eldest daughter of William Tew and a sister of Wm. H. Tew, were among the early settlers of Jamestown. R. F. Fenton was an active business man and intimately connected with the early history of the country. He married for a second wife a sister of the wife of the late Henry Barrett and afterwards of the late Smith Seymourr. The second Mrs. Fenton died a few years ago; her children reside in the old homestead opposite the Union school, and which was built by Mr. Fenton over 60 years ago.

Fluvanna,—or Fluvia—the youngest child of Col. Fenton, became the wife of Sumner Allen. They became residents on lot 58 in that part of Ellicott now included in the town of Poland. Allen was an important man in that portion of the town, and for several years he was the supervisor when set off as the town of Poland. Fluvia Allen died over forty years ago. Sumner survived many years and married again, but died several years ago. The eldest daughter of Sumner and Fluvia Allen became the wife of Flint Blanchard and the mother of our present Dr. Blanchard of Jamestown. A younger daughter (Delia) became the wife of Thomas A. Shaw. The two sons of Sumner Allen several years ago emigrated to the west.

Elias Tracy, Sen., was one of the earliest comers in this part of the town. He settled on lot 49, and we think died there many years ago. He was excessively fond of hunting, so much so that he was frequently called the old hunter, and we remember, when game was beginning to thin out somewhat in this section, he made a journey to Arkansaw, then in the Indian Territory, to follow his favorite amusement. He was a man of a quick, fiery temper, undoubted integrity, of a kind and affectionate disposition, and eccentric in dress and habits. "He did hate a mean, *woman beating*, drunken, lazy, lousy man, *wus* than *rattlesnakes like pisin;*' and such men would pisin a rattlesnake any day. Such men should always live in Ireland." The above sentence, with its hates and misplaced likes will be understood by a few ; it is here recorded for them only. Many anecdotes were in early days told of Tracy and his mule, but they are not adapted to the present day. Mr. Tracy was a man of sterling worth and was highly respected. He had a large family. We

have the impression the sons are all dead. Col. Elias Tracy, one of his sons, died at Falconer several years ago. The wife of Wm. H. Fenton, Esq., was a daughter of Elias Tracy, Sen., and is still living. Of the 3d and 4th generations there are many now living within the boundaries of the old town of Ellicott.

We have doubtless omitted to mention a number of the first settlers of the town of Ellicott who should have been mentioned in a work purporting to be a history of the town. We have not claimed to write a complete history—we do not believe there are historic memorandums extant from which such a history could be compiled. This volume is largely the writer's own recollections, strengthened by memorandums made at the time by himself or his father. Those happenings before his remembrance and before he was born, have been compiled from memorandums and history of occurrences and events written by Dr. Hazeltine, and found among his papers when they came into our hands after his death.

We might have made this history more perfect had we been able to get from home and visit certain families with whom our acquaintance is slight, and whom we seldom see. A few persons and families have been quite out of our memory, and from time to time during the past six months we have picked them up and placed them in their proper places. Some, possibly, we have after all failed to bring to our remembrance—but not intentionally. A few persons, either by failing to furnish us with the proper data, or by the plain, outspoken request that we would not mention them by act or by name in anything we might write, we have tried to accommodate; in fact, there are but two per-

sons who have made this request who would have been mentioned had we been so inclined, and they are of the smallest importance possible so far as the early history of the town is concerned, their fathers coming in as late as 1834. The types have made several errors we have attempted to correct—probably many remain which we have overlooked. We have been obliged to be our own proof reader, and have not had sufficient practice to be perfect.

Mr. Fred P. Hall took it upon himself to correct the press on dates. He assures us that he has personally compared the dates with the original copy and he believes them to be correct.

At one time it was our intention to add to our History a chapter on the early settlers of Busti, of which but a small part ever belonged to the town of Ellicott. With this in view we had collected considerable matter, in addition to the facts previously in our possession. When we came to put the facts we had collected in order for publication, we found that we must abandon the design. Our early history of the Franks alone, and which is as interesting and more romantic than romance itself, would require from fifty to a hundred pages, and a tolerable history of Busti would require nearly the number of pages found in this volume. We exceedingly regret our inability to carry out our original intention, for in our own estimation the history of Busti is fully equal in interest to Ellicott, but if it is ever written it must be in a volume exclusively devoted to it. We would be pleased to be authorized to attempt the work.

As the conclusion of our work draws near, we have carefully reviewed what we have written, and we confess to a feeling of satisfaction. Not a line has been

written under the impulse of ill feeling. If we had an inclination so to do, we have had watchful guardians over us who would have instantly suppressed such expressions. So far as the facts of this book are taken from memorandums written by our father years ago and at the time of their occurrence, there is no one who ever knew Laban Hazeltine who doubts their truthfulness. So far as they depend on our own memory we believe we have given a fair version of the occurrences. In this we are supported by other eye witnesses still living.

Our object has been to show to those who come after us what noble men our fathers were, the labor they had to perform, the trials they had to endure. There was little they did that was not praiseworthy, and that little we have strove to drop out of sight. And the few things that we mention in this volume as not praiseworthy were not the acts of bad men, but were the acts of the best and most praiseworthy of Ellicott's early citizens. The worst that can be said of them is—they were mistaken.

CHAPTER XVI.

Chautauqua County Bank—Robert Newland, the Jamestown Banker—The Museum Society and Fourth of July, 1860—William Broadhead—Lake View Cemetery.

THE CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY BANK.

But one of Jamestown's banks dates back into the times reviewed in these pages. The Chautauqua Co. Bank received its charter in 1831, and belonged to what was then known as the safety fund system, which was peculiar to New York, and was considered the safest system then in vogue. There was a great variation in the value of bank bills up to the establishment of the National banking system.

The first break made upon Judge Prendergast's yard, described in Chapter IV, was a strip on the north side, the width of L. L. Mason's store and the store below it, for Alvin Plumb's store and store house. The object in selling was to hide from view the barn yard of the Ballard tavern. To accomplish this Plumb contracted to build a long store house reaching from his store to what is now Mechanics alley. The Second break was a strip on the south side of his lot next to

Second street, to accommodate the new bank. It was represented to him that the best and most appropriate place for it was on the corner of Main and Second streets. At the urgent request of Barrett, Baker and Plumb, who supposed those who had the bank in charge would place the building on the corner, he finally sold for a nominal sum the strip of land on the south side of his house to the bank. The north line of what is now known as Sharpe's store was the north line of the lot sold, and was within two feet of the windows on the south side of James Prendergast's house, and which supplied it with the larger portion of its light. To reward him for this generosity, those who had the management of the bank in charge at that time, erected a one-story building close to and shutting out the light from these windows. At that time Judge Prendergast made the first threat, that he would sell his property and leave Jamestown; a town he had done so much for, and which had done so little for him. "He could not see why it was, a few persons hated him so profoundly; he had given them no cause, on the contrary had assisted them when their undertakings were laudable; it must be they wished him dead, surely they were willing to shut the light of heaven from his humble house, and he considered that a broad hint for him to die or leave." "I sold them those lots for less than half their value, expecting they would erect a good building on the corner: instead, they have put up a concern that is a disgrace to the town, and so placed it as to shut out at least three-quarters of the light from my house. At my favorite window, where I do my writing and read my newspaper I cannot see to either read or write on the brightest day." "I will sell my property here at a sacrifice, and leave. I have

lived here long enough, the last sixteen years have been years of turmoil and trouble for me." The Judge never forgot the injury, and probably from that time on was firmly resolved to sell his property and leave Jamestown.

The first cashier of the bank was Arad Joy, a gentleman of intelligence and high standing. He had a large family and when he came it was his intention and expectation to make it his future home. During his residence here he occupied the house on Third street which for several years past was the residence of Joel Hoyt, and was lately moved back to make room for Peter Hoyt's fine row of residences. He also bought of Judge Prendergast nine acres of land now known as Fairmount, on which he expected to erect his home. He became so disgusted with the management and condition of things that in about six months he resigned, and within a year of his coming left, shaking off the dust of the town from his shoes forever.

In the spring of 1832 Aaron D. Patchin of Albany was induced to take the situation of cashier. He was a man of energy and great force of character, and he brought with him prompt business methods and habits, and soon put the institution on that sound financial basis and business condition which has ever since attended it. After a residence of four years in Jamestown, having received the appointment of cashier of the State Bank at Albany, he removed to that city and afterwards established the Patchin Bank in Buffalo. His brother, Thaddeus W. Patchin of Troy succeeded him as cashier of the Chautauqua Co. Bank. Perhaps it is well to state that the year after Aaron D. Patchin came to Jamestown (1833) it was decided to enlarge their banking house and make a much needed

residence for the cashier. A substantial brick edifice was erected on the corner of Main and Second streets, built so as to include the old office, which was in use during the whole time in which they were erecting the new building. This substantial structure, one of the landmarks, was totally destroyed in the great conflagration of January, 1861.

ROBERT NEWLAND.

Robert Newland, of noble Scotch parentage—for in addition to noble blood he has the hair and complexion of the ancient Caledonian—came from his paternal home in Albany in 1834, to occupy the post of teller in this bank, and he has been connected with it ever since. For many years he was its cashier, and for many years he has been and is now its President. The Newlands appear to take easy and naturally to banking, for one of this Scotch clan, Abraham Newland, has for many years been the head of a rich and noted banking house in London.

In 1846 Robert Newland married Evelyn, the youngest daughter of Dr. Patchin of Troy, and sister of A. D. and T. W. Patchin, the previous cashiers of the bank. They had two children; the eldest, a son, died in infancy; the daughter is the wife of Daniel H. Post. Robert Newland is in every sense a citizen of Jamestown. He is intimately connected with all of its interests, and has always been active in all undertakings to promote its welfare. He has forbid our speaking of him in the laudatory manner we had

intended, (and we cannot speak otherwise and tell the truth) which the citizens of Jamestown will expect, but we yield to his wishes and pass him by with very few words. He came here a young man, he now quietly takes his seat with the aged. For nearly 53 years he has been connected with the Chautauqua County Bank. For that length of time he has quietly and thoroughly, and with the greatest satisfaction to every one interested, done the business alloted to him to do. He has seldom been away from Jamestown, and then for a short time. He is most thoroughly acquainted with the town and the surrounding country, with all of its wants and its needs. There is not a man in the country, however lowly his occupation, with whom he is not in sympathy, provided he attends to his business and is industrious. Temperate and industrious himself, he believes it the duty of every man to be temperate and industrious. He has always been plain in his attire, unostentatious in his intercourse with business men, retiring in manner to seeming timidity, he is nevertheless firm in his convictions and unswerving from his sense of duty and of right. Envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness never found a resting place in his heart. There never has been any room there for any but the noblest feelings, and the most ennobling traits of human nature.

Robert Newland is not only noted in Jamestown for his unswerving integrity, his laborious habits and close attention to business—and as being on all occasions and circumstances, the business man's true helper and friend—but above all, has always been one of that noble few, noted for reaching out the helping hand to the poor, the needy and the unfortunate. We say this with diffidence, for he is most signally, one of

those men who believes in, and practices the doctrine, "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth," and he has warned us not to speak of his private affairs or in words of eulogy ; holding as he does, firmly the opinion that "No man should be praised for his integrity, for diligence in business, for doing right, and helping those who need help ; if a man does not these things he is a disgrace to society, and if he does them he merely does what is the duty of every man to do, and should not be praised therefor." Knowing that this is his opinion, nevertheless, we are determined to say, for it is true, no man has lived in Jamestown for 53 years whose charities equal those of Robert Newland, or who is so deeply beloved by every class of its citizens. There is no laudation in our saying there is no man who excels him in the warmth of his affections, in conscientiousness, in generosity, in his devotion to truth, and to the highest interests of the town of which for more than half a century he has been a citizen. No man has evinced higher or more correct powers of judgment, greater financial ability, or more good traits of head and heart, which every man loves and praises, even if he lacks the ability, or that something more than integrity, to follow.

The memory of such men never perish from the face of the earth ; their names may not be enrolled on the scroll of the world's great and most noted ones, although they are the nation's true, but more humble advancers in enlightenment and Christianity. They are the moulders and makers of the higher communities, which in their aggregate make the nations. Their names will have a far more glorious and everlasting enrollment on the tablets of another world. The lives and deeds of such men ameliorate the con-

dition of man centuries after they have passed away, and their names are forgotten on earth forever, but they are remembered in that world in which good deeds and noble lives are rewarded.

The Museum Society and the Fourth of July, 1860—A Sketch for the Children of the Present.

From the year 1855 to 1860 there existed in Jamestown a society called the Museum Society, composed of Masters and Misses between the ages of ten and fifteen, some twenty in number, and mostly children from the primary department of Jamestown Academy. We will not write how this society originated, merely remarking that it was a very successful undertaking, and useful to the children engaged in it.

Many of those bright, happy children as they passed along the path of life, dropped by the wayside, and marble slabs and columns in our cemeteries have been reared to their memory—others have found homes far distant from the town that gave them birth, and the scenes of their youthful pleasures—a few only remain as citizens of Jamestown, and at the present moment we can bring to mind only three—Daniel H. Post, Edward F. Dickinson, and Mary Fletcher.

Those who aided the children in the formation of their society have all passed away from earth but one —perhaps we should say two, for Eliza Kent, then a teacher in Jamestown Academy, was interested in the children's welfare, and occasionally met with them and aided in their exercises.

When it was fully understood that we would com-

pile this volume, there came to us from all parts of the country, "Remember the Museum Society in your history;" and now as we are drawing it to a close, from all directions come letters, as if by conspiracy, saying, "You must not forget the Museum Society." Among them is a lengthy communication from Dwight Dickinson, Surgeon in the United States Navy, which we have determined to give in this connection. We send it to the press as we received it. If it affects the remaining members of the Museum Society as it has us, it will prove far superior to anything we could write upon the subject, and our space will not admit of more. Surgeon Dickinson is attached to the U. S. ship Portsmouth, and is now on duty, we believe, in the West Indies.

One of the most pleasant—one of the saddest—one of the sweetest—one of the most bitter excursions a human being advanced in life can make, is to go back with his memory and review these scenes of the past, which now seem all of life that has been worth the living. We cannot believe that these are *our* reflections only; are they not common to the human race? As we approach the bourne from which there is no return,—when life as it were has been lived, and as we wait for the great last change which closes this drama of being, are not these sweet sad memories given us to loose our hold on this world of sunshine and flowers, in which we have quaffed the sweetest draughts, but find in the dregs, bitterness. Are not these, preparations for the near at hand rest, and perchance life,—in the which all of these sweet joys which memory pictures, shall be repeated, and enjoyed, not for a time, but forever.

SURGEON DWIGHT DICKINSON'S LETTER.

U. S. S. PORTSMOUTH.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :—I am sure that the articles on the early history of Ellicott, written by yourself, which have appeared from time to time in the Jamestown Journal, have been read with great interest, not only by the present residents of the town, but by all those whom fortune has driven from their native place.

It is pleasant to think that the sites of old buildings and the deeds of our fathers, the pioneers, are being suitably recorded, and I hope these records will appear again in a less perishable form than in the columns of the daily newspaper.

Permit me to request that a chapter be devoted to some of those old settlers who took great interest in the youth of the town, in their education and in their sports. Among such you must take a foremost place. I remember well the dialogues you used to write for us children to speak in the Jamestown Academy; the class in botany that you organized; the lectures on physiology, and the instruction in chemistry; and that during the latter, your eldest son received evidence of an experiment which he bears to this day.*

In promoting our sports you were active and energetic. Your residence and grounds occupied the whole square between Third and Fourth, Washington and Lafayette streets. The large, two-story building had an extension of sheds and barns stretching at right angles to Washington street. In one of the rooms in

* The accident referred to is this: In illustrating the pressure of the atmosphere we took a wine glass, lit a piece of paper dipped in alcohol, and clapped it on my son Charles' left cheek. The boy dodged and brought the burning paper on the cheek. The result was a scar which is slightly visible to the present day.

this extension, a society of children, none over fifteen years of age, met weekly, after the early closing of school on Friday afternoons. The idea of the society was derived, I think, from the series of Rollo books published by Abbot, and the particular one called Rollo's Museum.

You freely gave us the use of the room, and the large lawn adjoining for a play ground. Your kind and gentle wife, Mrs. Eliza Hazeltine, always had cakes and cookies ready for the appetite that attends children's play, for games were indulged in, after the regular exercises of the society.

Our society had regular officers, president, vice-president, secretary, constitution and by-laws, which you helped us to frame. At every meeting an original composition was read by some member previously designated by the president. No one could escape, though some of the girls begged for a reprieve. Weekly, also, each member was required to bring some mineral, wood, shell, some article of curiosity, in short, which was carefully preserved and exhibited in our room. Somewhere there must be several boxes of those childish relics now.

The height of our importance was reached, however, July 4, 1860, when, as many of the older residents had gone to Randolph to assist in the ceremonies attendant on the completion of the Atlantic & Great Western Railway to that town, we were permitted to take entire charge of Jamestown's celebration of the National holiday.

Never were boys and girls prouder or more exalted, and we scarcely realized that our keen enjoyment was almost entirely the result of your wife's and your

own untiring labors. Nearing middle age as we are now, that fact stands out prominently to us.

We assembled in the old Academy grounds, corner of Fourth and Spring—many in costume, the girls wearing crowns to designate the states, Kittie Hazeltine being Goddess of Liberty, while Will Fuller was arrayed as Brother Jonathan; "Old 76" represented by Charlie Hazeltine. Promptly at 1 p. m. we marched under guidance of Robert Hazeltine, as Marshal, and George Harrington, Assistant Marshal. We were preceded by the Lowry Light Guards, a military organization of the town, many of whom were soon to make undying names for themselves, under command of the heroic Captain, James M. Brown.

From the Academy we proceeded to your grounds and there, under the shade of the lofty trees, we arranged ourselves on a platform erected by the boys, and decorated with flags. The parents and friends, with a large audience, gathered around, while an order of exercise was faithfully carried out. The president, Ed. C. Burns, introduced the Reverend T. H. Rouse, who made a prayer. Then the Declaration of Independence was read, after which an oration was delivered by Charles Hazeltine, and Will Pier made a patriotic speech. My part consisted in reciting a poem, something about Uncle Sam, who had never a wife, but daughters thirty-three. The number is now increased to thirty-eight, I believe.

A long arbor capable of seating nearly a hundred and fifty had been constructed by your direction, and after the regular order of speeches, etc. was over, we boys each selected a young lady and marched to the table. I was honored by the hand of Miss Kittie Hazeltine. The bountiful repast had been purchased by

yourself and mainly cooked under your wife's superintendence, and we children were waited on by the older young ladies of the town, tastefully dressed in national colors. I can recall Miss Eliza Kerr, Miss Mary Marvin, and Miss Florence Allen among the number.

No dinner could be complete without toasts, and the regular ones were from your pen. Let me give them, as printed in the Democrat of that time:

To the memory of the boy who could not tell a lie—George Washington.

To the memory of the laziest boy, and the greatest orator of the Revolution—Patrick Henry.

Young America—That's ourselves. The present and future governors of the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Africa and Japan.

Our Parents—Fossils—rendered obscure by the luxuriant growth of Young America in moss which surrounds them.

The 4th of July—May it continue to be celebrated by American Boys and Girls, as long as a Chinaman remains in the world to make fire-crackers, and until that time shall come when turpentine will not blaze, nor gunpowder make a noise.

Brother Jonathan—Known all over the world and everywhere else as the Governor of America from 1776 to 1860. If any inquire as to his genius, his muscle or courage, we have the pleasure of referring them to Mr. John Bull for further information.

The following were volunteer toasts:

By Master Willie Pier—The Lowry Light Guards—They shall be Captains and Colonels when we are in the Cabinet.

How quickly thereafter the first portion of this toast proved true!

By Master Pickney Marvin—Dr. and Mrs. Hazeltine—The friends of Young America. May the day soon come when we shall be able to return their many acts of kindness, and their self-sacrificing devotedness to our happiness.

By Master Fred Hawley—The Museum Society—

> Composed of priceless gems and pearls,
> Of manly boys and lovely girls.
> With modest pride we claim to be
> Fair types of Young America.

By Master Charlie Hazeltine—Our Country. May it ever extend from ocean to ocean, and reach from the ice bound north to the orange groves of the south.

By Master Robert Hazeltine—Our Commissary Committee—Our elder sisters. We love them, and we think our elder brothers do too.

By Master Eddy Dickinson—The Banner of the Republic,—

> May our path of duty be straight as its bars,
> And shine forth in beauty as bright as its stars.

Our appetites, not small by any means, having been fully satisfied, the Lowry Light Guards and friends who had waited upon us sat down. These again were succeeded by poor boys and girls who had not been expected. Such was your kindness and hospitality.

The afternoon was spent in games, and in the evening a fine display of fireworks (your own munificent gift) under the management of Mr. Westcott, was given.

Such, in brief, are the recollections of a happy day of childhood. Many of the participants have passed away, but all those living still feel indebted to you, my dear Doctor, for this and many other pleasures.

Hoping that your life may be long spared, I remain, your sincere friend,

DWIGHT DICKINSON,
Surgeon U. S. N.

That pleasant occasion was 26 years ago—and Time within that short period has completely changed everything here. The town, its inhabitants, the pursuits, everything is completely and most thoroughly changed. True, a few of those inhabitants of 26 years ago still walk our streets, but even they must be included in this great change—they are not the same men and women in appearance, in pursuits, in desires, in thoughts or in feelings—and those children of the Museum Society, more of them are with the dead than with the living. We cannot give a list of those children, those living or of those dead, but we at this moment have painfully in mind one of the queens of that day, and the May Day queen in the pageant held on our grounds the previous May Day. So beautiful, so full of robust life and health, the chief blooming, fascinating little minx of them all—the pride of the Museum Society, beloved by all who knew her, none ever nearer the soul of parents, of brothers, sisters and friends. The beautiful earthly casket which contained that bright soul, lies not far distant from another beautiful earthly casket in which once lived our own beloved little Kitty; the lovely being we have sketched above was BELLE MARVIN.

And where are those who labored so hard on that Independence day and for a week previous—we should have written for years previous, that these children might be good and happy? Gone, all gone. Thus it is, our most pleasing retrospections are min-

gled with feelings of deepest sorrow. Grief and bitterness cloud and mar our most happy retrospect.

WILLIAM BROADHEAD.

When speaking of our early blacksmiths and other tradesmen of early days we were at a loss whether to rank this great man of business with the past or the present. He is to-day with his sons, Sheldon and Almet Broadhead, owner of the most extensive manufacturing establishment of our city, if not of Western New York; nevertheless, he was one of Jamestown's early day workers and must not be omitted, because he and his sons, (born in Jamestown) are owners and operators of an establishment built but a few years ago. We heard the ring of the anvil, struck by William Broadhead's hammer as it resounded through our humble streets, forty-five years ago. He pounded iron in Gen. Harvey's old shop, and at the same time the anvil music played by Lyman Crane might be heard coming from another old shop three squares away. We shall not pass by such men by any manner of means.

William Broadhead was born at Thornton Heights in England in 1819, and Victoria, Queen of England, was born at Kensington Gardens the same year. To this coincidence we are inclined to attribute a portion of Mr. Broadhead's royal good fortune. His father was one of those sturdy specimens of the Yorkshire country who could not have been of the Barebones school

of Nonconformists, for after the day's work over the anvil was completed, he was accustomed to call his children around him and lecture them upon the value of good conduct, and impressed on their minds that no one could succeed in any undertaking without industry and strict integrity. William Broadhead in his youthful days labored at the loom, and learned the art of weaving; afterwards he worked with his father at the anvil. Having attained his majority, he concluded to leave "Old England's shores," and in the "new world" seek the fortune he so much desired.

In 1842 we find him pounding iron in the shop of Safford Eddy (the Harvey shop) in Jamestown. He found plenty to do, for he was a master of his trade, and one of those broad shouldered, thick muscled specimens, indigenous to the English highlands, to whom the heavy work of the smith would prove more a pastime than a labor. He was diligent in his business, and appeared to accumulate this world's wealth, while his neighbors engaged in the same business, and equally laborious, found it difficult to realize more than was sufficient for a livelihood, and some not that. His associates seemed to think that William Broadhead must be a penurious sort of man, who gave nothing in charity and lived on what would starve a Yankee. They soon learned, however, that he was far the most charitable of their *ilk* in town, and that he dined at a table supplied with the best our markets offered. It was certain, that in a remarkably short time he had accumulated a fair little sum, while they remained quite as poor as when Broadhead first came to town. One looking into the matter more closely, found that what he and his companions spent for whiskey (and they were temperate men) and other expenditures for

themselves and families, and which ministered neither to their standing in society, or to their good, if saved, would put into their pockets a considerable amount of money; but this did not explain the whole difference, and judging from transactions, with which he had become acquainted, he was forced to the conclusion that there was a financial ability in their English competitor which he and his associates did not possess. Whenever he purchased a piece of property as an investment, if he did not absolutely lose, he seldom made anything, whilst Broadhead always appeared to be lucky—always gained something, and not unfrequently doubled his money.

With means thus accumulated by diligent work, and by good judgment in buying and selling property he after a few years bought an interest in what was then termed a Scythe Snath factory (see Chapter VI). This industry was founded on the inventions of Samuel Garfield, and the first factory was operated by him, and was at that time the most profitable business in Jamestown. Under Mr. Broadhead's management the business was more than doubled in the amount of goods manufactured, the expenses lessened and the profits increased. Twice his factory was a total loss to him and his company by fire, and after several years of hard but profitable labor he went out of the business little richer than when he entered it. But he had established a standing with financial and monied men which was the key of his future success. He had gained for himself a name for strict integrity, great financial ability, and undivided attention to business. This of itself was a fortune, and he had the ability to avail himself of it, when the time arrived and the proper opportunity presented. For years afterwards

he confined himself to diligent labor and to operations within his means.

Finally, his two sons having arrived at the age of manhood, and showing a turn and ability for merchandising, he established a clothing store and took the sons as partners. This establishment under the management of the sons, grew into the largest establishment of the kind in Jamestown or in this section of the country.

In 1872 Mr. Broadhead, accompanied by his wife and daughter, made a visit to his old home and many remaining friends in England : and to that visit our present large, intelligent, and rapidly increasing English population is to be attributed. Being a weaver in his boyhood days, it was but natural that he should visit the old and many new factories in the neighborhood of his old home, in which cloths of all kinds were manufactured. During his visit to these factories, the idea came into his mind that an establishment for the manufacture of alpaca and other dress goods would be a good thing for him to introduce into Jamestown: After a thorough examination he concluded that an Alpaca mill would be a profitable thing for Jamestown as well as for Wm. Broadhead, and what would be profitable to both must be accomplished. He returned home with his mind filled with this grand enterprise. His first move was to purchase the land on which the Hall Alpaca mill now stands. Under his leadership buildings were speedily erected, and the manufacturing company of Hall, Broadhead & Turner formed. Machinery was purchased in Bradford, England, and Mr. Turner, one of the company, Appleyard and others, thoroughly schooled in all branches of the business, with a host of operatives emigrated, and took up

residence in Jamestown, and soon the new enterprise was in successful operation. After a couple of years Mr. Broadhead withdrew from this company, and not long after, at the urgent request and counsel of Mr. Appleyard, a man of education and thoroughly conversant with all branches of the business, he purchased the site on which once stood Hazeltine & Falconer's Woolen Factory, and thereon erected a building to accommodate fifty looms and the other necessary machinery for the manufacture of worsted goods. The company building and operating this second factory is now, and has been from the commencement—William Broadhead and his two sons, Sheldon and Almet Broadhead. They have enlarged and continued to enlarge their borders, until the Worsted mills of Wm. Broadhead & Sons cover an acreage we dare not estimate, the last enormous building being six stories (or more) in height. The first great addition was in 1878, accommodating 272 looms and other necessary machines. New buildings were added in 1880–82, and the last enormous buildings were erected the past season. Now 550 looms and all other machinery required are in full operation and more soon to be added. The two sons, who have been thoroughly bred to the business, are responsible for the right conduct of this establishment. William has too much building to attend to to be occupied with such business. He is now finishing up a large brick building, containing three large stores—what else we are not informed—which spans the outlet. Where and what he is to build the coming season has not transpired. Such is a history in brief of Jamestown's

VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

THE EARLY BURIALS AT THE RAPIDS—THE FIRST BURYING GROUNDS—CEMETERIES.

We stated in a former chapter that there were no deaths in Jamestown until the fall of 1815. The first person to die here was a relative of Judge Prendergast named Elisha Wing; he died at the Judge's house in November, 1815. Capt. Forbes and two or three others were requested to select a suitable place for the burial. The hills to the west of the village, and between the swamp and the present steamboat landing, had been denuded of a large portion of the pine, and a few acres, in various portions cleared and used as potato patches, etc. At that time a spot somewhere in this locality must be selected, for all others were in the forest. No permanent location for burial purposes could be made. On the top of the highest hill was a clearing of about two acres, and this was the place selected for Wing's interment. The location was where now is the crossing of Clinton and Fourth streets, and here Wing was buried. The second death was nearly two years afterwards, when a Mrs. Simmons hung herself with a skein of yarn, and was also buried here. The third person to die at the rapids was Austin Nelson, the Schoolmaster, a relative of the Cheneys, who died of fever at our father's house, and as no selection for burying ground had been made, was buried here, late in December, 1820. The fourth adult burial was a young man by the name of Jones who died a few days after Nelson of the same fever, and soon after a young man name Willard Blanchar died of the fever, and was the fifth and last adult buried at this locality; and these were all the adult deaths in Jamestown between its first settlement in 1811 and 1823, a period of twelve

years. During that time eight infant children were also buried there.

In 1823 new ground was selected, above Fifth street and between Cherry and Washington streets. The writer well remembers the first burial in that ground, or what was so intended. It was a child of Aaron Taylor, who lived in the log house at the Still. The ground selected was in a thicket of second-growth pines, extending from Main street to the boatlanding, and south to the swamp, that is to Fourth street. Many of the hard wood trees were also standing and a few pines. This interment was made precisely where Hoyt's house stands on the southwest corner of Fifth and Cherry street. It was soon after ascertained that the burial was not on the ground intended, but the grave there remained until C. N. Butler built the house in which Mr. Hoyt now resides.

The year previous to Judge Prendergast deeding this lot for burial purposes to the Congregational church, Sam'l A. Brown had strongly opposed its being located on the other side of the outlet; for this reason, this field was for a time called Sammy Brown's grave yard. In 1844 this burial place was becoming crowded, and the village bought the next square north, including the street, of Henry Baker, and added it as an addition to the square which had been given by Judge Prendergast. In 1858 the grounds were again becoming crowded, when the writer prepared and published in the village papers a series of articles, with the intention of showing that the burying ground was contaminating our springs—that the grounds then in use would be insufficient after two or three years—that in truth no desirable locations at that time for burials remained, and urged the immediate selection and pur-

chase of grounds for a cemetery. In July of that year a meeting of the citizens was held at Shaw's Hotel at which the trustees of the village voted the sum of $1,500 for a cemetery. It was then urged that this would not purchase a sufficient amount of ground. The writer, who was Chairman of that meeting, had previously had several conversations with Milton Ford and Zalmon Hollister who owned the north portions of the present cemetery, and had obtained their terms. In order to purchase both pieces—the Ford and the Hollister—a Cemetery Association was formed according to statute. By joint vote of the Trustees of the Village and the Association, Warner D. Shaw and S. S. Cady were made a committe to meet the owners of of the land and purchase the same as advantageously as possible. A few days afterwards the land was purchased, officers were appointed, and the writer as Secretary and Superintendent went immediately to work, clearing up the then exceedingly rough and uninviting piece of ground, and laying out the land into a cemetery. After getting thoroughly to work, Warner D. Shaw and ourself made up our minds to buy the ten acres adjoining on the south owned by Mr. Dawley, and add the same to the association portion of the cemetery, thus giving a street on three sides of it. Prominent citizens approved and promised their support and the means to make the purchase. A. F. Allen, Henry Baker and Wm. H. Lowry promised that they would together contribute $500 towards the Dawley purchase. E. T. Foote of New Haven promised $50, Warner D. Shaw and G. W. Hazeltine $50 each, A. T. Prendergast gave us $50 as a donation. Not one cent promised by Allen, Baker, Lowry and Foote was ever paid. With the exception of $150 paid by Shaw,

Hazeltine and Prendergast, the Dawley purchase was paid for out of the sale of lots.

On October 5, 1859, Lake View Cemetery was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, a large assembly of citizens being present.*

Our object in mentioning Burials in this volume is this. We believe Lake View Cemetery the most tastefully laid out cemetery of its size we have ever seen. We worked faithfully over it for several years. The plan of that cemetery with all of its beauties and all of its faults is *our own and no one's else.* We are proud of it, and if justice is done the credit will be to our small account of good deeds accomplished here. We claim it as our due and as our right, and here publish and record our claim. *Justitia virtutem regina.*

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*Those desiring further information we refer to a small volume of 100 pages prepared by us, and entitled Lake View Cemetery, published in 1860. By referring to the Secretary's report of the proceedings of the first Cemetery meeting it will be seen that the motion to call the grounds Lake View Cemetery was made by G. W. Hazeltine. In the volume above mentioned, the credit, if any, is given to another. When the manuscript was in the hands of the printer, a person, not present at the meeting, ordered the change. Why, was not stated.

CHAPTER XVII.

Semi-Centennial of the Chautauqua County Agricultural Society—Dedication of the Log House on Marvin Park.

On the 1st of September, 1886, the semi-centennial meeting of the Chautauqua County Agricultural Society was held on Marvin Park, and a log house erected by the old citizens of Jamestown and vicinity, as a memorial to their fathers—the pioneer settlers of Chautauqua County, was dedicated by appropriate services. So many interesting happenings, all at the same time, and all connected with or having reference to the first settlement of the county, should not be passed by with no reference to them in this volume. The event awakened in us many early recollections; some recorded at the time, others we now place on record.

At an early day the largest and most densely inhabited of all the swamps bordering on the outlet was called the "*Big Fly*," and extended on both sides of the stream from the lake to the rapids, and with a few

short breaks to the Conewango. It was filled with all kinds of wild beasts, *habitats* of the country. They doubtless considered it a secure and pleasant locality in which to live. It was covered by a heavy growth of large trees, was the especial home of wild animals ; and prominently of the bear and the wild cat (lynx). The most blood-curdling stories of "*painters*" (panthers) used to be told in those early days. Many had frequently seen them, or *imagined they had seen them.* They were of enormous size—as large as a dozen ordinary panthers ought to be. Some had frequently heard them crying like a child—trying, they said, to coax children down into the Fly, and if any should thoughtlessly be induced to go the *painters* would devour them. During the early settlement of the country a few panthers were killed in this neighborhood, two we remember in the Fly, and two on Moon brook; we also remember that old hunters, those who came in as hunters, and not as settlers, used to say they expected to find many panthers here, but were dissappointed, that there were very few of them in this wilderness. Doubtless these nursery tales about *painters* were invented and told to their children by early settlers to keep them from wandering too far from home and into dangerous places, for bears were plenty, and we believe far more dangerous than the panther. They were continually *snooping* about the clearings, and made it an especial business to examine every farmer's pig pen and tip over his beehives. The few panthers kept aloof from human habitations and concealed themselves in deep recesses of the forest ; nevertheless we could write a chapter of thrilling adventures that occurred in or near the " Big Fly," in early days, but space forbids. We have already been admonished

that a sufficient number of pages have been given up to bear stories.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago Judge Marvin purchased a large tract in this swamp which is now included within the boundaries of our city. Ever since he made the purchase of this almost valueless land as then considered, which it was necessary to fence to keep cows out of instead of keeping them in, the Judge has been yearly detected busily engaged in farming thereon, and finally there were whisperings among his neighbors that they feared the Judge was becoming a little *daft*. We would not dare to estimate the miles of ditches he caused to be built in that swamp—many of them costly and covered up, underdrains we believe they are called. Year after year it has been observed that the cows could feed nearer and near the outlet, and that the Judge's potato patches were in close pursuit of the cows. The Judge finally bought some large hills, very small mountains, in the neighborhood, and for many years, during the summer time a score or more of men might be seen *scraping* away at these hills, and a line of wagons conveying the gravel to the swamp. In the meantime the Judge was growing older, and the wi-perings of his friends about daftness became audible and unmistakable. The hills slowly but surely disappeared, and in useless localities valuable building lots commenced to appear. Miles of thoroughly built, high, close board fence were built, enclosing about one hundred acres of this swamp. The purest and best of spring water was brought by underground pipes from the surrounding hills, and is now flowing in and out of appropriate troughs in all parts of the ground, which has been by the ditches and gravel rendered as dry and firm as any

of the surrounding hill lands. Permanent, well roofed sheds covering a mile or more in extent, for cattle and horses, to which another mile is to be added in the near future, have been built. One of the finest tracks for the speeding of horses and the exhibition of cattle is now building ; a hamlet of substantial, fine-appearing buildings—we can give but few names—Floral Hall, Dairy Hall, Mechanic's Hall, Machinery Hall, Dining Hall, Offices, etc., etc. etc.—have already been built, and to cap all a substantial log house was erected last summer (1886) to which a log school house and other buildings of logs, patterned after the log buildings of the early days, are to be added, Col. Winsor, the projector informs us, if required for certain purposes. These magnificent grounds, this wonderful erection, is the Tamarac swamp of forty years ago, the great or "Big Fly" when Jamestown was the Rapids, and to-day Marvin Park, a creation of which we are, and well may be proud. Mrs. Grundy is most profoundly silent, not even the faintest whisper is heard—the Judge is not daft.

During the summer of 1886 a log house was erected by Col. S. B. Winsor, aided by the old citizens of Jamestown and the neighboring country, in commemoration of the early settlers of Chautauqua County. On September 1st it was dedicated. The ladies of the town prepared a dinner in honor of Judge Marvin and the Old Settlers, to which all of that class on the grounds were invited. Dr. G. W. Hazeltine had been requested to make a dedicatory address, to be followed by Judge Marvin, who was to remember the founder of Jamestown, and thank the Ladies for the sumptuous dinner they were expected to prepare, and in which no one

was disappointed. The whole affair passed off in a manner agreeable to all concerned.

The occasion was the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the Chautauqua County Agricultural Society, and as we have stated the log house was erected as a memorial of the early settlers of the county. A pamphlet giving an account of the erection of the log house and containing an accurate picture of it, the dinner, by whom gotten up, and the names of the old people who partook, and the dedicatory speeches given in full, of which a thousand copies were printed and circulated, especially among young people, asking them to preserve the pamphlet and to be present at the Centennial Fair to be held on Marvin Park in 1936. Doubtless a few children who were present last September will be present on that occasion—then old people—with that little pamphlet, on Marvin Park in 1936. How encouraging the thought that we, although not there to see, will be remembered even for fifty years. But we have some misgivings. Will they not wanderabout enquiring, Who was Judge R. P. Marvin? Who was—— but we stop, but such is fame.

We give the following extracts from the speeches on that occasion :

FROM DR. HAZELTINE'S ADDRESS.

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Engaged as I have been for some months past in writing up the history of the town of Ellicott and the more prominent of its early settlers ; of fathers and mothers who lived in houses built of logs, of which the one before us is an excellent pattern, I have been led to reflect upon the immense labor they performed, and when I consider the hardships and privations they endured, and the care they took to establish within

their borders the church, the school house, and the printing press, that you might live in elegant ease on farms of unsurpassed beauty, enjoying all these Christian privileges, all of these educational advantages, all of these great sources of enlightenment, of power, of wealth, and of happiness; when I reflect upon all this, they become in my imagination, the most noble, praiseworthy people of which any country can boast.

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A few days ago I was permitted to view a rude picture of a small log cabin and its surroundings, set in a small notch in the forest. The young friend who exhibited it to me, said it was taken by her grandmother in the winter of 1815, and remarked that her grandfather came into the country from Vermont in the spring of 1814, and drove a team for some neighbors who were emigrating to Chautauqua; that soon after his arrival he bought the article for 200 acres of land, and set to work and slashed and partly cleared a couple of acres, and built a small log cabin. "He hired the span of horses he drove into the country for three months, and when the time expired one of the owner's sons came six miles through the woods and helped him three days to get his cabin up, then took the horses home. After sowing some mustard and other seeds, and planting a bitter-sweet to be trained over the door and window, and planting a few seeds, and flower bulbs as Mary had directed him to do, he started for Vermont, walking nearly the whole distance, catching an occasional ride for a few miles. A short time after his arrival home his father gave him a yoke of oxen he had himself broke, and which he preferred to a span of horses, and a new wagon with a good canvas cover, and a small box of tools, but little else, as he did not

think it best to draw a heavy load on so long a journey.

On the 24th of September Mary's things were put into the wagon and everything prepared for the journey. At 5 o'clock the next morning John and Mary (these were the names of my grandfather and grandmother) were married. The bountiful wedding breakfast was eaten, mingled with many tears, although nearly all the young folks present, afterwards found their homes where they lived and died, in Chautauqua. After breakfast was over, John's brother and Mary's brother lifted her up and placed her in her seat in the wagon. Mary's father said a short prayer and kissed her good bye, and then went to John who was leaning on the ox yoke and said, 'John, take good care of yourself and Mary. You have my blessing. May you be prospered and have God's blessing. It is now time to start. Good bye.' John spoke to the oxen, they moved out of the yard, and the long wedding journey had commenced. We were given the whole history of their long journey of over six hundred miles to their home in the wilderness; that Mary, near Utica bought two cows with calves old enough to stand the journey, which she herself drove over 250 miles to the new home." My informant added, "Grandmother did not have to drive much after the first few days, they followed, and seemed troubled if the wagon for a moment got out of their sight." I might give you an account of their whole journey, and of their first year and more at their new home. Suffice it to say they had hard labor and many trials to endure, but they were prospered and conquered all difficulties. We will add the comment of my young friend: "Yes, I am descended from early settlers of this county, but I

do not wish to be any nearer to the first settlement of a country than I am now. It would not suit me to be married at 5 o'clock in the morning, get into a wagon full of furniture, and ride after an ox team for six weeks; live in a little log shanty with the wolves howling all about, and live on johnny cake and pork and deer's meet for five long years before I saw any of my old friends. I wouldn't do it for the best John in Chautauqua County, even if I loved him as much as my grandmother loved my dear old grandfather. At least, I now think I would not. I cannot positively say what might happen, but I am perfectly safe now in saying, *I would not.*"

This, my friends, is but a fair sample of our fathers and mothers; the picture is under drawn, not over drawn.

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Duly considering these great labors and privations of the early settlers, you, their descendants, should have engaged the most silver-toned eloquent voice in this whole country to speak to you to-day, and to dedicate this log house to *their* memory. It is an humble edifice, but in such they lived and died. If each of those logs were gold from the mines of California—if the roof thereof was silver from the deep bowels of the Rocky mountains—if its floors were covered with the soft carpets of Wilton—or with rugs from Persian looms—they would not half as well speak your affectionate remembrance, and the deep love you have, and which I trust your children will have to the latest generation, for *your* fathers and *your* mothers, who wrested the beautiful farms on which you live from a howling wilderness, and left them—with the cattle on a thousand hills—to you a legacy.

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The hardy Saxon who had planted himself on the Atlantic border of this continent, claimed under nature's universal charter, the whole country to the Pacific coast as fast as he could send his sons to take possession. These settlements grew and their population rapidly increased. The ancient oak and pine fell before the stroke of the axe. We see them even before the settlement of this county passing over the Alleghany Mountains at the south of us, and up the chain of the Great Lakes to the north of us, making roads, building bridges, subduing the forests, and establishing themselves on the border of the Lakes and on both sides of the Ohio even to the Mississippi. The wilderness is everywhere changed as if by magic into a civilized country, smiling with plenty. Such are the wonder working effects of industry, and our own county emerges from its wilderness state but slightly in advance of the planting of all the arts of industry and civilization over the whole continent, from ocean to ocean.

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I desire, my friends, that you should fully realize how rapidly this county has grown up. Within the memory of living men, it has been reclaimed from a wilderness whose only inhabitants were Indians and wild beasts. During that time, it has passed its infancy, the log cabin period, as well as that of its early manhood, your own boyhood days, in which the last land office payments were made, the stumps pulled, fences made, and good frame barns built and the first frame houses of the more forehanded erected, and to this has succeeded the period in which your own beautiful farms and palatial dwellings begin to appear.

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The hamlet of the Rapids has passed away. Jamestown, the village of your fathers, to which you were accustomed to come on horseback to mill, has spread out into the Pearl City, immense factories have supplanted the saw mills, and a hundred steam whistles summon thousands of busy operatives to their daily labors, instead of Aunt Nancy Prendergast's tin horn summoning the Judge and Alexander to dinner.

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It is only a little more than 70 years ago that the town of Ellicott was set off from the town of Pomfret, then including the present towns of Carroll, Poland, Kiantone and a part of Busti. Where Jamestown now stands there was not a single inhabitant, not a tree had been cut or a log cabin erected. The location was known in the north part of the county as the Rapids. The wild deer then lapped the brackish water of which he is so fond at the crossings of your principal streets. Seventy years ago there were less than 150 inhabitants in the whole town of Ellicott, as then organized, but those settlers had come to stay, to live here and to die here. Nine of those hardy pioneers of seven decades ago, came together at my father's house, up to that time the usual meeting place, and named their home, the hamlet by the rapids, Jamestown, in honor of James Prendergast, the noble, generous hearted founder of this locality. The nine in their surroundings saw the promise of a future village, and more than one in fevered dreams had seen the spires and pinnacles of a future city, towering heavenward on yonder hills.

Those few years only intervene between us and our present environments, and the days when

Through the deep wilderness where scarce the sun
Can cast his darts, along the winding path
The pioneer is treading. In his grasp
Shines his keen axe, that wondrous instrument
That like the fabled talisman, transforms
Deserts to fields and cities. He has left
The home in which his early years were passed,
And led by hope, and full of restless strength,
Has plunged within the forest, there to plant
His destiny. Beside some rapid stream
He rears his log walled cabin. When the chains
Of winter fetter Nature, and no sound
Disturbs the echoes of the dreary woods,
Save when some stem cracks sharply with the frost;
Then merrily rings his axe, and tree on tree
Crashes to earth; and when the long keen night
Mantles the wilderness in solemn gloom,
He sits beside his ruddy hearth, and hears
The fierce wolf snarling at the cabin door,
Or through the lowly casement sees his eye
Gleam like a coal of fire.

[Alfred Street.

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Where we now stand was called the Fly, and was the chosen home of the bear, the panther, and the lynx. And what is it to-day! Marvin Park: a proud name which it will continue to wear as long as the city of Jamestown continues to stand on yonder hills. Yet in its infancy, Chautauqua is proud of it, and the name it bears. Chautauqua county has as much reason to be proud as any other county of the Empire state. Proud of her early settlers and their beautiful daughters, the women of to-day;—proud of her judges, and of her learned men;—proud of her daily and weekly newspapers;—proud of her schools;—proud of her manufactories;—proud of her working classes, in whom there is taint of neither socialism or anarchy;—proud of her farmers and mechanics; and proud of yonder beautiful lake, which, God grant, may forever bind her together, one county, one people. Cursed be the man or set of men, who ever attempt to

divide Chautauqua county; to cut in twain old *Jadaquah*, the medicine waters of the ancient Senecas. Better for them that mill stones be fastened around their accursed necks, and they cast into the "*bottomless hole*" opposite to Long Point;—*court house or no court house*, Chautauqua county first;—court house afterwards. We are proud of Chautauqua lake, with the greatest and most unique Educational Institution at one end and the Pearl City and Marvin Park at the other, and surrounded on all sides by the most beautiful landscapes in the world. We have a right to be proud, and who shall chide us for being proud.

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Where can you find a more beautiful and serviceable piece of ground anywhere than will be this Marvin Park when completed? And we trust Judge Marvin and his son, Robert Marvin, will not fold their hands until they have completed it according to their original designs. Jamestown *is* proud of its environments. And this county from Dunkirk on the north to the "*boot jack*" on the south, is proud of Jamestown, a few long-haired or bald-headed politicians to the contrary. The people of this county are proud of Chautauqua and all her belongings. And I now say to the venerable Judge that although it will be long before this county forgets his legal learning and his statesmanship, nevertheless, when the marble marking his resting place in Lake View Cemetery on yonder hill shall have crumbled into ruins, and his achievements at the bar, on the bench, and in the counsels of the nation are forever forgotten, Marvin Park will remain in name as in reality, a blessing and a joy to this people, and a monument unto himself forever.

Half a century ago the south part of this county

had not ceased to be a wilderness, and save the few who lived near the saw mills where boards were cheaper than logs, the inhabitants lived in log houses, houses like unto this you have here erected. Our fathers wore coarse clothes made from cloth, wove by our mothers on looms in log houses like this; our mothers! the best, the handsomest, smartest, most energetic women that ever lived.

Within that period we have developed from a small village into a small city, and that development has been healthy, strong and vigorous. What is to be the future development? Without claiming to be a prophet, we answer, in the future, as in the past, our course is to be onward, right onward, until you celebrate on Marvin Park, by the side of this log house, the centennial as you do to day the semi-centennial of the organization of the Chautauqua County Agricultural Society, and hereon hold a Fair of the county's products. You cannot prevent this onward movement if you would; you are bound to pass through another fifty years of advancement and prosperity. Onward, right onward, is to be your course. Let others, less fortunate in their location, with less backbone, and less favored by nature, do all the growling. It is far better to live three miles away from a small lake with a crooked outlet, and by the side of a swamp like this, with "Bob" Marvin to sow it with hills of gravel, and to reap such an abundant and substantial harvest of Park and Fairground, than by the biggest lake on the continent. I say Fairground, for I most sincerely believe that this society will here hold an annual fair until yonder outlet shall forget its crookedness and become straight.

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There are few here who have not seen a log cabin before; many of you have lived in one, and climbed its perpendicular ladder to the spacious loft and there slept as sweetly and soundly as in the most elegant residence of which this county can boast. It was in such buildings as this your stalwart fathers lived when they reclaimed from the unbroken wilderness the farms which are now your beautiful homes. You have erected this log dwelling to their memory and to the memory of your mothers, In no other way could you as well have shown your love and affection for them.

And now we dedicate this house of logs as a monument and memorial to the pioneer settlers of Chautauqua County; and I charge those who from time to time may be the officers of this association, or who have the care of Marvin Park, to guard it and see that it is kept sacred to the purposes for which it was erected; as a memento of the past, sacred to the memory of the settlers of this great county, as it *was* and *is* and always *shall be*—Chautauqua. Bounded on the north by the possessions of our pleasant friend and neighbor, Mrs. Victoria Albert-Coberg Canada, on the east by the remaining portion of the Empire State, on the south and west by the farms of the heirs of Mr. Penn, and by *E. Pluribus Unum* to the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean—Chautauqua County—the Yankee center of all creation—and so may she remain, *one and undivided unto the end of time.* We charge you to furnish it with the spinning wheel, both great and small, and with the loom, for it was with the aid of these that your mothers manufactured the first cloth that covered your poor bare backs. I charge you to rightly arrange the roomy fire place, and erect the

chimney of sticks and untempered mortar, and make fast therein the proper lug pole, or if you will, the ponderous crane, well supplied with hooks and trammels. For it was before a fire built of four-foot logs in such a fire-place, your mothers baked their johnnycakes on boards hewed from the ash and the maple. It was from such lug poles that they suspended their pots and kettles containing the venison and the bear's meat and potatoes, and prepared the frugal daily meal; over which your fathers expressed their deep thanks, and asked the blessings of Almighty God. We charge you to keep the hearth thereof well swept and the cosy benches in the jambs in good order. For it was in those warm corners that many of you courted the girls, then dressed in linsey-woolsey of their own manufacture, who have since proved so true and faithful helpmeets through the best part of your lives. We charge you to see that the windows thereof are kept in good repair; when a glass is broken see that it is immediately renewed; if that is not possible, a clean piece of white paper must be substituted: old hats and bundles of rags must not at any time be allowed, for they speak louder than words, of laziness and unthrift. We charge you to see that the door thereof is in good order; the hinges of wood well greased to prevent any unpleasant, *or from sleep awakening squeak*: the latch in good order, and the latch string *hanging out*: for the log cabins and houses of your fathers were not only *their* homes, but they were also the asylums of the way worn and of the traveler lost in the wilderness.

As charged, you are expected faithfully to perform and to deliver this log house, with its fire place, its chimney and its chimney corners, its lug pole in good

condition, its hooks and its tramels, and all utensils, its wheels and its loom and other furniture, its windows and its door, with proper latch and hinges, to your successors at the *Centennial fair*, to be held on Marvin Park in 1936, *fifty years from to-day*, at which time the *young people here to day* are invited to take their places at the dinner table prepared for the *old settlers* of Chautauqua County, and listen to the interesting address to be delivered on *that* occasion.

After Dr. Hazeltine had taken his seat, Judge Richard P. Marvin arose and spoke substantially as follows:

What shall I say, not what should be said? The mind takes in, in a moment of time, what may require hours to utter in speech. I have thought of the numerous families of the early settlers in Jamestown and this part of the county, and the peculiar characteristics of these families are strongly marked; and the idea had occurred to attempt a description of them, and there entered into my mind dozens of these families. I am compelled to abandon any such attempt. I will refer only to the founder of Jamestown—now the city—whose Christian name, James, was given to the village by its earliest inhabitants. The family consisted of James Prendergast, his wife, Nancy Thompson Prendergast, and an only son, Alexander, then a small boy. Mr. Prendergast was at an early day, appointed one of the county judges, and hence was known in all parts of the county as Judge Prendergast. It must suffice in my very brief remarks to say that Mrs. Prendergast was universally beloved on account of her own lovely character. No account was ever kept by her of her charities to those who for a

time, struggling with the difficulties of a new settlement, literally in the wilderness, needed temporary aid and encouragement. She was a good, a noble woman, of Scotch ancestry. * * *

The life and character of the Judge has been often sketched. When I say he was the right man in the right place do I not say all that it may be necessary to say here. So saying implies that he used what for those days were quite ample means, in erecting mills, a necessity for a large extent of country, then rapidly filling up by those brave, sturdy settlers, who were to make Southern Chautauqua what she now is; by assisting the building up of the village, rendering aid and encouragement to all worthy enterprises. His son grew up in the village here. After his father, in 1836, sold his Jamestown property, the family for a time lived in Ripley, and then moved into the town of Carroll, now Kiantone, some six miles south of Jamestown. Here the Judge owned a large tract of valuable farming land, largely improved at the time. It was here that the son, Alexander, developed a taste for farming, based upon a sound judgment. The management of this large property was left mainly to Alexander, and to him, I think, more than any other man in the county, for many years, we were indebted for the great improvement in cattle, especially the Durhams or Short Horns. He imported some of the best specimens of this favorite breed of cattle, and as his herd increased, he sold, upon reasonable terms, the young full bloods, and their descendants are to be found, more or less pure, in all parts of the county, and they appear at all our agricultural fairs as competitors for prizes. But, my friends, say what I may of your indebtedness to

him for improved methods of farming and of improving the breeds of cattle—these dwindle into nothingness when we contemplate Alexander T. Prendergast's great nobleness of character. He stands in the front rank of nobility viewed as a generous, charitable man, As such he is far above my feeble praise. I should have stated that Alexander, after his mother's death married in Ripley, Miss Mary Norton, who became the female head of the family; she is still living and present with us this day, and all that it may be proper for me to say here is that the union was a happy one. They had two children, a boy and a girl. The girl, a beautiful and promising one, was taken from them at the early age of about ten. The boy, James. attained early manhood. His character was noble and worthy of imitation by all young men. As he was the sole heir apparent of his father's large wealth, liberal advances were made to him. He conceived the idea of erecting in this village a monument to the memory of his grandfather and to the family, and he purchased the lots on the corner of Main and Third streets and erected the beautiful block known as the "Prendergast Block." James served one term in the legislature of the state, probably the youngest member in it. He died after a short illness, at the age of 31 years. Naturally thoughtful, he had prepared the drafts of a will, by which he gave the Prendergast Block for a Jamestown library. This paper was found, after his death, unexecuted, and here was at once exhibited a noble trait in the character of his father, Alexander, who was the heir of his son, James. He declared instantly, that the intention of James as manifested by the unexecuted paper should be carried into full effect. An act of legislature was procured incorporating the James Prendergast Library

Association, and Alexander Prendergast and his wife executed a conveyance of this valuable property to such corporation. Alexander Prendergast, who had left his farm, (though still continuing its management) and moved into Jamestown, died August 1, 1885. Thus this Prendergast family is extinct. It has taken more of my time to say what I have said of Judge James Prendergast and his family than I thought, but if I said any thing how could I have said less.

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It is due to the enterprising and thrifty farmers in this and adjoining towns, that I should notice specially their act of love and reverence for their fathers and mothers, who, imbued with faith, hope and charity, entered with the pledges of their love, into the dense forest, built for them the house of logs, cut on the spot from tall, straight trees, these farmers to whom reference is here made, conceived a few weeks since, the happy thought of placing in the Marvin Park a memorial of those who felled the forests and commenced the making of the beautiful farms which they now occupy and enjoy, and upon which they have substituted the brick or the framed house for the log house of their fathers, in which some of them were nurtured, and reared, and educated in the log school house, perhaps a mile from the hearthstone so dear to them, and the entire family circle. To these men are we indebted for the beautiful log house just dedicated, and to them we make our acknowledgements and render our thanks. With these enterprising farmers, to conceive was to execute. Such is the spirit of the age. They put their hands to the plow and look not back but to see that the furrow is straight. As to the dedication of this house, in this historical memorial, it will not be

expected of me to commit the folly of attempting to add to the eloquent dedicatory address of my friend Dr. Hazeltine. I can add nothing of interest to what he has said so well. I will add, however, that he cannot surpass me in admiration of united Chautauqua, three-fourths of whose territory situate in the valley of the great Father of Waters and one-fourth in the valley of the St. Lawrence, through which magnificent rivers, the springs found on all the farms, and the rivulets and large streams find their way to the ocean thousands of miles away; occupying the gateway between the East and the West caused by the Alleghany Mountains; extending on the North, into the adjoining county of Cattaraugus, and on the South, into Georgia, the Alleghany and upper Ohio rivers gently flowing along its western base, to join the Mississippi in its southern course to the sea; hence the numerous railroads crossing the county east and west, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and other roads north and south to the rich ore and coal beds of the mountain and the petroleum oil fields of Western Pennsylvania. All these are beneficial to the farmer, and where may he look for a more satisfactory home? May Chautauqua County ever remain as she is with her present boundaries—no division, no disintegration.

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It occurs to me that the ladies, who have taken so lively an interest in the dedicatory services, have, for some time, been thinking, "Has the Judge forgotten us?" Ladies, if you think so, you have done me unintentional injustice. No, no, you have not for a moment been forgotten, but you have been a trouble to me all along my extended remarks. My mind has

been occupied in endeavoring to think out remarks appropriate to the occasion. I have not been able to satisfy myself, and am really, in your presence, not a little embarrassed. I think I comprehend to some extent your beautiful conceptions, if I have not mistaken their design, you have carried them into execution most elegantly, most artistically, you have fed us most bountifully, and after the manner of the fathers you have our thanks.

As to the guests; you have succeeded in bringing to your table many octogenarians, more a little short of that age, and I am sure I can truthfully say, not one of your guests left, or will leave the table with any appetite for more, and I shall be safe in saying that all of us have been delighted with the entertainment, and in behalf of all your guests I tender to you our warm and earnest thanks, trusting and believing that the interesting chapter of history to which you have so well contributed will be known, read and understood by your children and their children so long as the monument built on these grounds, to commemorate the virtues of your ancestors, shall remain Repeating our thanks, I bid you farewell.

MEMORIALS.

REUBEN EATON FENTON

Was the youngest son of George W. and Elsie (Owen) Fenton, the pioneer settlers on the banks of the Conewango, in that part of the town of Ellicott now known as Carroll. He was born in the town of Ellicott July 4th, 1819, and he died in the town of Ellicott August 25th, 1885.

It is not for us to write the biography of this eminent man; or the history of the times in which he lived. It is not for us to follow his footsteps through the important places he filled, or to speak of the prominent parts he played in this great drama of life. Other and far greater biographers and historians will do all this. Reuben E. Fenton did not belong to the town of Ellicott, or to Chautauqua county, or to the state of New York—but to the United States and to the world. The attempt to confine the labors of his life—or the memory of them, to our small territory, would be as insane and as futile as that of the imbecile, who, with his pint cup, would remove the waters of the beautiful Conewango because they rippled past the

mansion in which he was born,—forgetful that they would soon be claimed by the sparkling Alleghany, and then the bright Ohio, and that ere long the mighty Mississippi would bear them on her majestic tide to the great ocean that washes every shore.

But we may be permitted to say that Ellicott was the town in which he was born; that his boyhood days were passed on the banks of that beautiful stream which conveys the crystal waters of Chautauqua Lake in the first part of their journey to the far distant Mexican gulf. That the neighboring school house of logs is where he gained his first rudiments of knowledge, and where he studied his Daboll, that sowed in his young and fruitful mind those small seeds of mathematical knowledge which in after years grew into that noble and wide extending tree,—spreading its branches over the nations, and bearing so great a fruitage of financial knowledge on which a world's commerce and wealth are founded. It was the home of his youth, and it was in Chautauqua's Academies and Seminaries of learning that for the most part he gained that rudimentary knowledge which laid in his expansive intellect that broad foundation on which he reared the superstructure of his future fame. It was here, while quietly following the pursuits of his early life, that the greatness which was inherent in him was discovered and clearly discerned by a few acute minds, and in early manhood through their influence he was sent to the Nation's Congress. The opportunity thus presenting, Reuben E. Fenton's great mind expanded and matured by its own native and inborn power. He well knew the qualities of his own intellect and how much of ability it could be made to yield by thorough cultivation; he understood wherein his greatest power

consisted, and he diligently used every means to cultivate those faculties which he was aware could alone secure him success. He read with the greatest ardor all works on government, and especially the political history of our own country and its advancement in the science of government, and instituted rigid comparisons between the genius of our own laws and those of other countries.

It is seldom that a man is as self conscious as was Reuben E. Fenton. He was aware that his powers were equal to the heaviest of tasks ; he knew that he could comprehend all that men had known. He felt conscious that his powers of acquiring, and his industry, were unsurpassed, and still more:—he felt that knowledge in his mind would not be a dead and useless weight, but that a power was in him inherent, to mould and transform, and to bequeath to the future high and worthy thoughts and desires, on all subjects upon which he should fix his mind.

For several terms he was re-elected to Congress in succession, excepting one term, and very soon his opinions came to have great weight, and although yet young, he was looked upon as a leader, and was placed on the most important of the congressional committees. But what to us was more important than all was his conduct during the war. The ardent patriotism he then evinced, belongs only to the highest order of minds, for it is the teaching of all history, that true patriotism manifests itself in the greatest strength in the most gifted individuals. The love of country is a sentiment so expansive in its nature, so wide in its views, so benevolent in feeling, so far-reaching, energetic and powerful, that it is beyond the comprehension of cold hearts and narrow minds. Patriotism is

the attribute of generous, benevolent and noble natures, and is the highest conferred on man by his Creator. In it is centered the wealth of all past experiences, and keeping in advance of human actions, penetrates the future. It is exhaustless in invention, and connects causes with effects, and in past events learns what the future should be. True love of country fills its votaries with a hope which cheers and is ever sustaining; it is fertile of expedients, firm amidst dangers, and always sustains the weak and faint hearted. It shows its greatest and most glorious power in caring for those who have fought its battles; not those only who led the soldiery in the midst of the fight, but the poor soldier himself, who, as he lies bleeding on the field of strife, finds his best and life saving friend in the true patriot. It is he who secures him good attendance when sick and wounded, soothes his nostalgia, renews hope, and excites to deeds of future valor, and thus builds up an army and a state that connot be conquered. Reuben E. Fenton was one of the true, unfailing patriots of the war of the Rebellion, and as such gained for himself that glorious appellation, not only in his own state, but in all the Northern states, and even among the stricken soldiers of the rebel south,

"FENTON, THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND."

Twice he was elected Governor of the Empire State, a station he filled with honor and signal ability; full of patriotic zeal he was signally the man the Empire state needed in her great emergency.

Reuben E. Fenton regarded the Republic with more than filial love and affection, and he never for a moment doubted that it would be rescued untarnished from the peril which menaced it; and, that placed on

a still more secure basis with slavery abolished, and his country able to truly say that all men are free and equal, it would shine with greatly increased lustre, and would continue to hold aloft the beacon torch which should finally be a light to enlighten the whole world. He deemed it his duty to prosecute the war with renewed vigor until the last musket should be wrenched from the grasp of the last traitor to the Republic. Patriotism and love of country were the all-absorbing themes of his discourses in the old log school house on the banks of the Conewango ; he constantly kept them before his mind as constituting a bright beacon, constantly advancing before him—constantly attracting him by its brightness, and constantly alluring him onward. Now, when he had become the Governor of his native state, and during a period in which the Republic was menaced with the greatest danger, and its very existence threatened with destruction, he felt that duty demanded that he dedicate to her service his best talents, and energies, and powers. The state of New York was kept at the front in sending her men and means to the country's defense. He proved himself

THE WAR GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

At the close of his term as Governor he was chosen to represent the state in the United States Senate. Of all the manifestations of human ability and power, Mr. Fenton regarded that of Statesman the highest to which men could attain. To accomplish himself as such he made all knowledge attainable subservient;—not only history, political economy and science of government yielded to his active mind their neccessary treasures, but poetry, philosophy, and the classics of

ancient and modern literature were compelled to afford all the aid they could to minister to his wants. A friend one day approached him with the question, "Fenton, why do you devote so much time to these deep, abstruse studies of law, government and political economy? You are only building a monument which at your death will melt away and disappear like some gorgeous cloud pile, which the wind and the sun scatters, never again to appear." "You remark truly, my friend, that all of man's knowledge disappears, is buried with him and is soon forgotten. As a matter of ambition I consider all of this work but a vanity and vexation of spirit—but it is not with an ambitious spirit that I try to make myself conversant with this matter, but that I may discharge my duty to the very best of my ability to my constitutents and to the country. Do you not find in duty well performed one of the greatest sources of happiness? I do, and when I have discharged my duty to my satisfaction, the winds may throw down the monument, as you are pleased to call it, as soon as they choose—I care not."

Fenton was impelled to the deep studies of finance, political economy, and science of government, not only that he might more understandingly and more thoroughly perform his duty to his constituents and to the country, but likewise from a love inherent in his nature for the work. The mechanism of his mind was particularly adapted to such investigations; and furthermore, he was smitten with the beauty of the ideal he had formed in his own mind, of the duties required of a true statesman, and he was urged by an irresistible desire to give that ideal expression in his own acts. He labored for this as the painter labors to express the glowing conceptions of his imagination upon the can-

vass, and for the mastery of his art. Reuben E. Fenton bound himself for life to this pursuit, and no change of circumstances in himself, or in the affairs of the country, no weariness, no increased weight of toil and of labor, could induce him to abandon the ideal which his mind had produced. He did not depend upon his acquired knowledge, it was the creation of his soul—it existed as an unfashioned image of beauty in his mind, and he worked incessantly to give that image with all of the attributes with which his intellect had clothed it to the world. It was a perfect ideal, an image of beauty, which had been born of his own soul, had in embryo taken root in his own mind, there developed, and had come forth enwrapped in his own soul's deepest thoughts and desires: as truly so as the best and most beautiful creations of Grecian art which have survived the centuries, came forth to astonish and enrapture a world-enwrapped in the soul of Phidias.

When we reflect upon the character of the man, and the vast work he accomplished, his great traits become more and more apparent, and his intellect stands forth as one of superior order. The memory of his good deeds—his remarkably studious and laborious life—his devotion to the service of his country—his labors in the cause of liberty and universal freedom—his more than nobleness, after his retiracy to private life—his interest in the welfare of his childhood's home—his sudden death—when we reflect upon these, Reuben E. Fenton stands forth in our presence with an interest, a power, a nobleness, we cannot escape. And the record of these virtues is the noblest legacy the great and the good can bequeath to posterity. They are the foundations of principles, which influ-

ence the future, act through all time, and are never forgotten. Their true power may not be rightly and fully comprehended in the present, but they will become more and more deeply felt in the future, and will become more and more efficient for good as the nation advances in true knowledge and virtue. The good such men do can never die; it endures with life-giving and eternal power, and forms in the hearts of thousands a beautiful ideal, in which it lives forever.

His affections were deep and tender; he was calm, quiet and unassuming in demeanor, and faithful and true to all the conditions of domestic and of public life. His devotion to his family, his friends, and to the country and to its welfare, shone more and more brightly to the close of his life. There is nothing in his character we more admire than the quiet, dignified manner in which he withstood the injuries and insults heaped upon him when his great and growing advancement stood in the way of an ambitious, unscrupulous and powerful contemporary and associate. The calm philosophy, stern integrity, and love of virtue with which he mantled himself, and nobly stood and proudly fell, a martyr, midst the general corruption, was an act of Roman virtue and patriotism, far exceeding and above our feeble praise. It is upon such men that the true advancement and enlightenment of nations have always depended and must continue to depend. Their noble deeds are soon implanted in the mind and imprinted on the heart of the child, and from child to children, and handed down to children's children—from generation to generation, until the good flowing from the heart and mind of one man have filled the whole earth. His devotion to the country and to its welfare shone more and more

brightly to the close of his life. A public service commencing so early, at the very dawn of manhood, and continuing so long—of equal brightness, so filled with generous, patriotic and noble acts, is not recorded on the pages of our country's history, superior to that of Reuben E. Fenton. This is the verdict of to-day, and it will continue to be the verdict when the history of his acts and of his time is written.

The day that Gov. Fenton died we stepped into the bank to see him on a matter of business. We were met by our friend, Mr. Kent, with the jocose enquiry, "If we were still living;" we replied that we were, and intended to continue until he was disposed of, which probably would not detain long. Mr. Fenton came around from behind the cashier's counter, laughing, and said, "You are both older men than I am, but you should not be surprised if you both outlived me. I have a difficulty here," putting his hand up to his left breast—"that troubles me occasionally, and I feel it now—I do not know what it is—but I sometimes imagine the difficulty is at the heart, and I think it quite probable I may die suddenly." We passed into his private room, and were engaged with business perhaps fifteen minutes! Another person, in the meantime came in. We chatted for a short time; we never saw the Governor in better humor or in better spirits. We asked him in a jocose way, what had become of his heart disease? He replied, "Oh, it is there, Doctor. I feel it, and it troubles me; but we must not always brood over our ailments in the presence of friends." We soon passed out and came home, and a few minutes later one came running into our house with the intelligence, "Governor Fenton is dead." He never left the room in which we left him, alive.

On the day of his burial the sun rose bright and warm, after four days of cloud and cold and gloom. It did seem as if nature had been weeping and mourning his departure; and now when so many had gathered together from all parts of the state, and from other states, to lay him away for his final rest—was smiling through her tears, and bidding us to look beyond the highest honors this world can give, to those greater rewards in reserve for the well doer here. This was the feeling at the time, and remarked by many, as they were engaged in the last solemn rites to the dead. It was a solemn day with all of us, the whole town was dressed in the deep habiliments of mourning, the factories and all places of business were closed, all things wore an appearance of deep solemnity and mourning, save the smiling heavens above.

Tuum, honos, nomenque, laudesque, semper, manebunt.—Virgil.

"Your honors, your name and your praises shall remain forever."

JOHN ADAMS HALL.

There has lived in our midst no man more deserving of remembrance by those with whom he was associated in his native town, than the late John Adams Hall. We say native town;—he was born in Wardsboro, Vt., December 27th, 1813, and was brought by his parents to the wilderness of Ellicott the following spring. His infancy was spent in an emigrant s home, and his earliest recollections were of that humble home in the wilderness. In a log school house in the forest was implanted in his mind the germs of that knowledge, which taking root, expanded and grew into so fair an educational tree, the fruits of which in after life he has so often presented to us.

We approach the preparation of this memorial with a singular timidity, for John was among the first and most valued of our boyhood's associates, and that early friendship is one of a few that has come with us, under all the various circumstances of life, up to his death. Those ties of friendship, wrought in boyhood's days, have always refused to be broken. When he left home at the age of fifteen, and went to Warren as a clerk in his uncle's store, we made many a visit thither to see John Hall, and when he, twenty years later left the flourishing business he had there built up, and, actuated by filial duty, returned to the home of his childhood to assume the care of his aged and declining parents, no one rejoiced over that return more than ourself. And although for several years, those early ties seemed to be loosened—for we only occasionally met—yet when together, the bonds of that early friendship assumed their former strength, and if possible, bound us stronger than ever.

Up to the age of fifteen John's days were spent on his father's farm, and his education was that of the winter's school, taught in a log school house a mile distant from his father's home; the remainder of the year he was engaged in work on the farm, consequently his early school education was limited. Of a gentle and rather timid nature, he united with a remarkable quickness of apprehension, a love of books. In a person thus constituted such a love is equal to a liberal education, and so it proved with Hall. His education was largely gained by reading choice and well selected books, and in him it proved the most valuable education that he could have acquired. John A. Hall's character and deportment from youth up, never failed to commend itself, and to command the respect and approbation of all who came in personal and daily contact with him. We sincerely believe that his most controversial editorials, his most scathing articles on morals and on temperance and conduct; the sarcastic sentences in his Paul Pry letters from Washington and elsewhere, and his failure to support the candidature of certain men for office, never made for him a pronounced enemy—for they were written and prompted by the most generous sentiments, with no ill feeling towards individuals, but with a thorough hatred of vice and wrong methods and wrong doing. His enemies, we may say, dreaded the lash, but bore no ill will to him who so thoroughly and correctly applied it, and no man had truer and more cordial friends and well-wishers in all sections of the country than he. No one was ever injured by an unkind word or deed of his. Mild and respectful in his intercourse with all whom he met—tolerant in his judgments—reasonable in his expectations—easy to be pleased—patient and cheerful to wait

the appointed time for his success—content to forego what was denied—he was not a person calculated to make enemies, but on the contrary, to win the good will and esteem of all. His enemies, if he had any, were those political *shysters* who could not bend him by either money or influence, to their nefarious purposes. He loved his party, to which he was always true—but he loved truth and honesty far more. A rare serenity of mind endowed him richly with that truest independence that can belong to man, and which to him, every one who ever knew him accords. Occupying a conspicuous and responsible station, in which an agitator would have found abundance of temptation and scope for turbulent activity and opposing views, and which unavoidably, from the circumstances of the times, invited harsh and determined assault, he knew how to be inflexibly true to obligations without losing his temper or even marring his good feeling. The candor of his mind was remarkable: he was willing to give error a fair show, for he trusted in the power of truth, and always believed that it would finally prevail. Who is there that will say that John A. Hall was unjust in an adverse statement, or ever knew him to sharpen an argument with a taunt? As the editor and conductor of a public journal he was signally the right man in the right place. The essential and spontaneous uprightness of his understanding, gently influenced his mind to the open and willing reception of all truth, and by a sort of insensible but irresistible contagion, inspired in him a true love for it. He was gentle, but of great firmness in counsel, and his action was marked by a steady tranquility of spirit. A truer man to stand courageously by what his cautious judgment had once approved as fit and right, never lived.

His great faith in the final success of truth, whatever its source, over falsehood and error, was the day star that guided and controlled all of his actions. It was always his working principle, and he constantly followed it in all the concerns of life. He never paraded his opinions when out of season, and never thrust them obtrusively forward. He had all the warmth and none of the blindness of enthusiasm ; he was founded in strong convictions and deep feeling, but guided by a sober judgment and a sterling common sense. Always firm in his opinions, he was nevertheless timid, and more retiring and unassuming than timid, and for this reason, we imagine, never took that rank which his powers of mind and ability entitled him; and we do know that his great generosity and kindness of heart frequently prompted him to work for the advancement of others to the injury of his own preferment. It was hard for him to withstand the entreaties of a friend when his own advancement was the main impediment in the way of a friend's accomplishment of his desires. He never coveted office, and always placed others who did above himself, half believing that they were better qualified to fulfill its duties than himself. This was, we think, his weakness ; for he had abilities which would have placed him among the foremost in our state legislature, and would have shone in the halls of Congress. But the preferment of friends, guided by a modest estimate of his own powers, he could not master, and resulted in placing persons of less ability in stations he should have occupied. He never sought or asked for high station for himself, and was never envious of the success of others.

John A. Hall's rule through life was to do well

everything he undertook; and he always hesitated at placing himself in situations in which his powers would be taxed in new and untried ways. For ourself we unhesitatingly say: that as a fully rounded man—by which we mean as a domestic man, as a son, as a husband and as a father—socially, as a neighbor, a citizen, as a member of society and of the state,—in morals, religion, and politics, he was, and is, our beau ideal of a perfect, "full-orbed" man. In all things he yielded to his sense of what was just and right, and to the greatest public good. One writing of him at the time of his death speaks of him as the good man—as one who never did another a wrong intentionally—that he honored virtue and purity, and the trend of whose nature was constantly upward—that all of the relations of his life were most admirable—and that his example should be constantly held up as worthy of mention. He was correct and prudent in his business habits, frank in utterance of opinions, and a supporter of all reforms the purpose of which was to improve the condition of society, or to meliorate the condition of man. One of Mr. Hall's prominent and most shining virtues was his forgiving spirit. Forgiveness was never withheld from the person who had wronged him and asked to be forgiven—and the forgiveness accorded was full, hearty and without mental reservations. On the contrary, if he had unintentionally injured any one he was not satisfied until he had most fully asked forgiveness for the fault.

Dr. Townsend, in his funeral discourse, says: "He never carried bitterness in his heart; and when he had done wrong he was magnanimous enough to say, I have done wrong; I desire your forgiveness. In his religious beliefs Mr. Hall inclined to the sunny side of

Christianity, and believed from his youth that there was an eternal hope for all mankind."

It was a beautiful thing that the wife and mother, after so many years of faithful companionship, surrounded by all their children—save one who had gone before—were permitted to be present at the passing away of the husband and father. And among the many floral tributes that clustered about the casket in which he was laid, was one of most touching beauty and expressiveness. At the head was a pillow of rare white flowers with "FATHER" in purple immortelles across the center. How sweet the thought of passing to one's final rest in the midst of such a display of filial affection.

What was written by Mr. Shankland of the Jamestown Standard, at the time of his death, so accords with our own views, and is so much better expressed than we can do it ourself, that we transcribe what he wrote here. It is a beautiful, truthful and deserved tribute:

"The qualities of Mr. Hall were of a kind to readily inspire friendship, particularly so among those who were anyway intimately associated with him. His nature was in every sense kindly, and generous, and it was easy for his sympathy to be aroused and to lean out with warmth of expression towards those who were depressed by misfortune or grief. It was one of his strong characteristics that no rival jealousies ever swayed him. He was pleased with the success of others, and enjoyed their well doing. His feelings were based on the golden maxim of doing and acting 'unto others as he would have them do unto him. His heart was expansive and broad in all the kindly emotions towards his fellow man, and his faith was

large in the uprightness and stability of humanity. He believed that the good predominated largely over the bad in mankind, and he never was disturbed by imaginary fears, nor the croakings of others. His temperament was of the sanguine order, and he was easily moved to enthusiasm. This characteristic was no more conspicuously displayed than in the warmth of his friendship towards those of his chosen circle of intimates and old acquaintances and neighbors, and gave life and feeling to any cause that he espoused, making him a genial and entertaining companion. Mr. Hall was a man of strong and well guided emotion, which at times, perhaps, reflected qualities which gave a force and strength to his action and opinions, but he was sensitive and careful not to intrude by unjust or ungenerous conduct on others. As a neighbor and citizen he was considerate and obliging, and his genial, frank and modest demeanor inspired respect and commanded friendship. He was liberal and generous in his views, intelligent and entertaining in his conversation, and thoroughly democratic in the simplicity of his habits and manner. These were gifted qualities to make friends, which were aided by the glowing warmth of his nature. In the family circle he was the affectionate and kindly husband and father, and in the community he was progressive, enterprising and thoroughly loyal to its best interests."

The Dansville Advertiser says of him: "A man of pure and noble nature, of quiet, simple habits and retiring nature, comparatively few knew the worth of the man, and these he drew towards him as the magnet draws the steel. To us his death seems like the death of a member of our own family. He led an honorable, useful and successful life, in the highest sense of those

terms; honest, courageous, pure-hearted, he lived fo the betterment of his kind."

The Elmira Advertiser speaks of him in these words: "Western New York has met with an irreparable loss in the death of John Adams Hall, editor of the Jamestown Journal. At the age of seventy-two years this earnest-minded, upright and exemplary man, this able, conscientious journalist, this model husband and father has gone to his rest and reward. His name is honored wherever it is known, and the good example of his life is emphasized to all who saw its purity and strength, in the peace and resignation of his Christian death."

From many different sources we might select mentions of John A. Hall in similar language. As a farmer, as a merchant, as a man of business, as a journalist, and as a public servant, there is nothing to be said of him but the highest praise. In this memoir it has been our attempt not to speak of him as a man of business, but as a private citizen and as a member of society; for truly it may be said, he adorned private life.

In March, 1835, John Adams Hall was married to Emily Perry, who survives him.

To John A. and Emily (Perry) Hall were born seven children, all now living but Henri, who died after attaining adult age. The names of the children were as follows: Marian, Ann Eliza, Edward L., *Henri*, John A., Irene A, Fred P.

On the evening of the 29th of January, 1886, peacefully and without pain, John Adams Hall, in the evening of a long life, surrounded by his family, passed from earth and entered upon eternal rest. In the full sense of the words he was the

MODEL CITIZEN AND TRUE FRIEND.

THOMAS W. HARVEY.

At the time we wrote our chapter VI, in which is mentioned the early blacksmiths and other artisans of the country, we were laboring under the erroneous impression that there was no one of the Harvey family living. We were informed immediately afterward that Hayward A. Harvey was not only living, but also a man of importance in New York; that as an inventor he had a reputation as world-wide as his father, the General. That his residence was in Orange, N. J., and that he was President of the Harvey Steel Works in Wall Street, New York City. We sent him a few pages of Chapter VI, which elicited a reply in which he stated that he well remembered the persons, and many of the transactions therein mentioned. That they had served to bring back vividly to his memory happy days of boyhood, when he was one of the Jamestown boys and his father was the village blacksmith. He also expressed his regret that we did not know more of his father after he left Jamestown; spoke of his own numerous inventions, and concluded by saying there

were *errors*, which would not effect the value of our work, but which he thought it would be well to correct if not too late. We wrote to him immediately that the work was too far advanced to obtain from him the necessary data and put them in shape for publication, that within ten days, at the farthest, all would be in type, but desired him to send the corrections he had mentioned The letter herewith published, received last evening, was the reply.

What we here write can scarcely be called a memorial, but we desire to add a few more words to what we have already written of Thomas W. Harvey, and must place it here, or exclude what we wish to add, altogether. We desire to bring into our memory once more—the General, Aunt Melinda, and their children, as we remember them and so frequently saw them in the long ago, in that old house, which was their home for more than twenty years. That old house is most indelibly painted on our memory. The General built it himself, with the royal assistance of Royal Keyes. Old Father Hart put up that monstrous stack of chimney in the center, with those two immense fire places, the one looking north into the *living* room, and the other south into the *spare room;* the unplaned clapboards painted by the hand of time a dark brown, slightly streaked in places with a lighter color; the windows, of the then orthodox size and shape, with two sash to each opening and each opening containing twenty-five panes of 7x9 *rainbow* glass, not one more or less. We well remember those two blocks on which was a piece of plank for door step, the large heavy front door, a compromise between a panel and a batten, and that heavy fancy door handle of Harvey's own make—the door opening against Hart's stack of chimney—turning

north we gained the *living* room—turning south we entered the *spare* room—which was seldom used unless some visitor occupied the spare bed surrounded by curtains, which stood in one corner.

In those days door handles were of all possible sizes and shapes for outside doors, and were manufactured for the most part by our own village blacksmiths; but to our liking some of the handsomest were the work of the carpenter. Knobs of what we now term porcelain were then unknown. We do remember in primitive Jamestown one door knob, that was a small brass affair, and but few knew how to manipulate it—whether to *twist*, *push* or *pull*, and was a great vexation to people in those days, when you entered a man's house by the command from within "come in;" so much so that the owner was known as "the man who lived in a house with a knob on the door." We remember Gen. Harvey's house perfectly, but we cannot realize, what is certainly true, that the grade at the crossing of Pine and Third streets is now twenty feet or more lower than it was then. At that time the boys could slide down hill both ways on Third street from Pine, which then was a ridge, dividing the town into an east and west portion.

General Harvey took great pride in military matters. He was a proud appearing officer, and always perfectly dressed for the particular post he occupied. Nevertheless, as a military officer we believe he was fully equalled by his brother, Col. Charles R. Harvey.

It was our intention to add a chapter on our early militia trainings, but found that our space would not permit. It then was but a short time after the closing of the war of 1812, and the military spirit ran high. Thomas W. Harvey, soon after he came to Jamestown,

organized what was known as the Green Rifles, because of the color of the dress—which was a sort of frock made of a coarse, soft kind of green flannel. The frock reaching to the knee—with pants or leggins to match, and these bordered with a short, thick, black fringe—wide black belt with large *silver* clasp in front, containing bullet pouch, tomahawk and scalping knife—very large powder horns, attached by red cord, which slung the horn on the right side—hard wool hats with narrow brim, large brass plate in front and tall, heavy red plumes. As *some* would *now* express themselves, they did look "*just splended*," "*too sweet for anything.*" Harvey took great pains in drilling and disciplining this company of savages. We well remember when the boys on training day morning would watch near the house for Captain Harvey's appearance, and when he came out would shout, "There comes Captain Harvey." Before he had reached Potter's Alley there would be a salute from a drum corps down at Allen's tavern, and where you could not see a green uniform one minute previous, you would see a hundred savages, brandishing their tomahawks and giving the characteristic whoop—and before the drum corps could march three rods to their place on Third street east of Main, every member of that company would be in their proper places in line. It was a proud company; they had a proud Captain, but neither the Captain or the company were half as proud as those early citizens of Jamestown who watched their movements. After Harvey left the company it began slowly to lose in discipline, and when the old military organization a dozen years later gave place to the new, it was in the last agonies of dissolution.

And we remember that wonderful sham fight on

"General Muster Day," up among the logs and bushes where Frank E. Gifford's residence now stands, and where Capt. J. E. Budlong with his "Infantry," and the "*Floodwood*," under Capt. Ellick Jones, whipped the Indians and took Old Tecumseh (Capt. Harvey) prisoner, and marched him back across the "*flat*" and over the *bridge* and up *Main street*—the Green Rifles following, whooping and yelling and firing their guns and brandishing their tomahawks, as if they were determined to rescue their chief—and we were in hopes they would—but that was not a part of the "*sham*."

To Thomas W. and Melinda (Hayward) Harvey,* were born five children. There may have been others who died in infancy—we are not informed—but these the General *lugged off* with him when he removed to New York.

1. Artemesia—who about the time of the removal became the wife of Rev. Amos P. Hawley, the eldest son of Alpheus and Keziah (Berry) Hawley.

2. Vespasian.—Our old friend, Hayward, must excuse us for here giving an anecdote of his father—we have the opportunity, and as is usual with us, we cannot forego the pleasure of resuscitating those incidents which it would, perhaps, be better to forget. Gen. Harvey was among the earliest members of the Congregational church. At the time under review, good old Father Spencer feared the General was using more of the goods manufactured at our then flourishing

* See note on page 148.

Mrs. Thomas W. Harvey belonged to the Vermont family. She was a sister of Mrs. Solomon Jones. Many years afterwards Keziah (Berry) Hawley became the second wife of Gen. Harvey.

"*still*" than was for his welfare, and had cautioned him on the subject. He feared that Brother Harvey, if he had not then, would soon wander from the fold, and as he was sent into the wilderness as a shepherd to look after wandering sheep, he considered it was his duty to caution him. He was afraid he was getting more spiritual consolation from the *corn field* than from the *old Academy;* that the worm of the *still* was drowning the *still small voice*, etc. Harvey's answers were evasive, and not up to Father Spencer's theology. Spencer was quick witted, and was as noted for his waggish and sharp reproofs as for his earnest, faithful preaching, and as an old Revolutionary officer, was more of a general than the General himself. In due time Harvey and his wife presented their infant son for baptism. Spencer asks, "What name do you give this child?" The answer was, "Vespasian." "Dissipation, Dissipation?" "No, Vespasian," says the General, with a little more voice, getting red in the face. "Dissipation, I bap—" "No, no—Vespasian, I tell you," roars the General, in his deep, bass voice, a streak of mad at the same time running through the deep red of his face. The child was baptized Vespasian; Father Spencer all the time well knowing what the name was. As soon as the services were closed, Spencer quickly disappeared, mounted his horse, and was not seen until his next quarterly visit. To cap all, the sermon Spencer had selected to be read on the next Sunday morning, was on the great virtue and rewards of temperance, and Deacon Deland called upon Gen. Harvey to read it. He came forward and read the sermon, not knowing the subject. The General at that time was the favorite sermon reader; his deep, strong, bass voice filled the old Academy, and every

one was pleased when he was called upon to read. Those who heard that sermon read were accustomed to say that Harvey never read so well in his life; it seemed as if every word of it came direct from his heart, and it reached the hearts of those who listened. General Harvey never entered that Distillery afterwards but once, then officially as coroner.*

3. Hayward A.,—the third child, was one of our bright, active, mischief-loving boys of the early days—when Jamestown was a boy's paradise. He must have sadly missed the old haunts for years after leaving them. We have not seen him since the spring of 1842. He was then treading in his father's footsteps, and now is the father of eighty important inventions (patented) of his own, in this country, and twenty of world-wide reputation, for which he has patents recorded in Europe.

We received a few days ago the photograph of an elderly, white whiskered, bald headed, quite good looking personage, sent as that of Hayward A. Harvey. We know we are growing old—but to pass that old man upon us as the true likeness to-day of the boy who knew every crook and turn of Jamestown streets when he was fifteen years old—don't work with us—it is unsatisfactory, and we have laid it away to take its place in our album of the early inhabitants of Jamestown—to be deposited with the Historical Society for future reference.

In compiling this history of the early days of Ellicott we have most assuredly learned this—that many years ago, if not now, Jamestown was a great place to be born in, if not to live in. The number of full-

* See page 230.

sized, full brained, useful and eminent men that were born and have gone forth from Jamestown and vicintiy is something wonderful. They are witnesses for what we have contended for all through this volume, that Chautauqua county was peopled in a very different manner from what most new countries are. Our contention has been, that the first settlers of Chautauqua, for the most part, were the best members of the best families—the descendants of the Pilgrims of New England and the Dutch families who peopled the valley of the Hudson. They were the sons and daughters who claim the nobility of having descended from the first—the Pilgrim Fathers to the northern portion of these United States.

4. Olive—Was but a child when her parents removed from Jamestown. In 1841 we were for several months an inmate of General Harvey's house in New York. Olive was then just blooming into womanhood. The most beautiful, the most accomplished, the most noble girl we ever knew;—but the destroyer had set his seal; and a few years later she went home.

5. Charlotte.—We feel positive this was the name. A very young child when her parents left Jamestown. We know nothing of her history.

Harvey Steel Company,
New York, Feb. 2, 1887.

Dr. G. W. Hazeltine, Dear Sir:—I thank you for your pleasant mention of my father, the late Gen. Thomas W. Harvey, who spent the early days of his life in your town, and in which I was born. My early recollections are of Jamestown, and you mention many

occurrences in your book that come up as old memories and old acquaintances in my mind. I most sincerely regret that you did not know more of his great labors in later years. In addition to his machines for making screws and pins, he invented a number of important and now indispensable machines that are used the world over. In truth there is no man who has originated more useful machinery than he, and his reputation has become world wide.

His electric Motors were not quite the failure you represent; he lived to astonish New York by putting in motion an amount of machinery requiring a heavy steam engine to run it. He lived to demonstrate the feasibility of Electricity as a motive power.

Mrs. Hawley became my father's second wife. She died, as you state, from injuries received at Norwalk, May 11th, 1853. My father married for his third wife Miss Sarah L. Cowles, of Connecticut.

My father died June 5th, 1854. His widow is still living. Very truly yours,

HAYWARD A. HARVEY,

Harvey Steel Works, 52 Wall St.

ALEXANDER THOMPSON PRENDERGAST.

Alexander Thompson Prendergast, the only child of James and Agnes (Thompson) Prendergast, was born in Pittstown, Rensselaer Co., N. Y., February 3d, 1809, and died suddenly from apoplexy at his home in Jamestown, August 1st, 1885. His only son died before him. He was the last of his family. With him the family of James Prendergast, the founder of Jamestown, becomes extinct. He was the worthy son of a most noble parentage. He was a man of rare intelligence, sound judgment, unbounded generosity, and unswerving integrity.

What is Goodness? We may not be able to mention all of those attributes of the human soul which enter in to the make up of the truly good man; and if we have ever been fortunate enough to know such a man, our description must always fall far short of our estimate of him. We can never paint such a character, and then looking at it say it is the true image of the good man; there will be imperfections not seen in the original. We do not urge that Alexander T. Prendergast was perfect, without fault or blemish, but we do know that goodness was his great, overwhelming characteristic, which stood forth prominent and foremost among his many noble traits and virtues;—the prominent features of his mind may after a time be forgotten—but those of his heart will live forever. If we should attempt to point out any weakness or blemish in his character, as exemplified by his life, it would not militate against the perfectness of his goodness, and we shall not attempt to describe that of which the

world sees too little—to write a full description. Nevertheless, he was in the highest, best sense of the words, "A GOOD MAN." He represented a class of men of whom there are few, indeed, in this world, on whom all eulogy is lost. A class, of whom the mere record of their good and generous deeds is far superior to the highest eulogy—and of whom the record is impossible, for good deeds were their constant, daily life. Of such men all written memorials are tame and unsatisfactory to those who were witnesses of the noble lives they lived and of the generous deeds they performed. After reading the most carefully prepared memorial of Alexander T. Prendergast, there will arise in the minds of those intimately acquainted with him the feeling that full justice has not been done to his memory; that there is something that should have been said that has been omitted; something that should have been written that has not been;—forgetful that the good deeds of such men fill their whole lives, and that a few short sentences cover the actions of the whole life. There is nothing more difficult than to prepare a fitting remembrance of the truly good man, of one who loved his neighbor as himself, of one in whom there was no guile;—of one in whose whole life there were no dark streaks of envy, malice, or uncharitableness, or wrong doing, to serve as a sombre back ground to the truthful picture you may draw of a pure and useful life. The contrasts of light and shade are wanting.

Alexander T. Prendergast was a man of superior intellectual gifts and strong reasoning powers. His reasoning was largely from cause to effect—this was a mental characteristic of the family;—he was not apt in dealing with comparisons, and his judgment was seldom at fault, only when he desired to do some great

good to some unworthy recipient of his charity. In such cases he would compare the seemingly needy condition of the unworthy and in every way bad character of the person seeking his aid, with his own superior condition and ability to relieve, and thus be led to give to persons the most debased and profligate.

He was brought up at the feet of his pure minded, gifted mother. He received a plain but thorough education in everything useful, and was well prepared to enter college. In addition he was well versed in the political and economic history of the country. Brought into the wilderness when a child, his whole education was received at home, but his watchful father was careful that he should be instructed by the most competent of teachers. Being an only child his parents were willing to take sole charge of his moral and social training, and to direct as to his mental culture, and they discharged these duties with the utmost faithfulness. He received a few months instruction as a child from the Rev. Amasa West, who taught the first school at the rapids; and he was for three terms a pupil in the Prendergast Academy, two under Abner Hazeltine and one under the Rev. Phillip Smith. For something more than six years his education was in charge of Dr. Laban Hazeltine, who was to him a most thorough and pains-taking preceptor. He was thoroughly prepared, and expected to enter Union College in 1824 during the sixteenth year of his age. When the time came for his leaving home, it was found that the father, the mother and the son, were mutually opposed to the separation, and the idea of a college education was abandoned. The mother declared the son should remain and assist his father, and that the cotton factory (1823) had just been converted into a grist mill and

they had no money with which to defray the expense, and if they had she was of the opinion that another year or two with Doctor Hazeltine was to be preferred to four years in a college, when the danger of contracting bad habits was considered. During the next year he pursued a course of reading in Mental Philosophy and Physiology, reading thoroughly the works of Locke, Reid and Dugald Stuart in Philosophy, and Haller and Darwin on Physiology. It may be said that his scholastic course closed with the burning of the mills in 1827. An affectionate regard sprang up between the teacher and his pupil, which was broken only by death. Living at home as he did during the whole period of his education, he was constantly under the watchful supervision of his parents, who most thoroughly supplemented his mental progress by the moral and social inspiration of their own noble characters. They inspired in him those generous and manly actions of which he gave subsequently so memorable an example. His father was a man of strong intellect, rigidly correct principles,—generous, but always standing for the right. His mother was a gifted, noble woman, with a highly cultivated mind acting on an organization in which all the higher feelings predominated. It was under these favoring circumstances that Alexander received his superior education.

Alexander T. Prendergast not only inherited the noble qualities of his parents, but in early life was called upon under his father's training, to practice all the generous qualities which should be, and were, his by heritage. His father had always stood a self-constituted guardian betweed the pioneers and much of the distress inevitable to the privations and hardships

of settling a new country. There were two memorable instances, at least, in which he tided the early settlers over periods of impending famine and financial distress, and that, too, when his own possible financial ruin was staring him in the face. The first lesson he taught his son was "*never to collect a debt from a poor man, and to always help the needy.*" That in all instances "*it was better to give a man money instead of collecting a debt from him if needy.*" Another rule was that "*no man owed him when it was easier for him to go without the money than for his poor neighbor to pay it.*" No one can be found, or could be found, who ever knew either the father or the son, to go contrary to these their golden rules.

Soon after James Prendergast sold his property in Jamestown, in company with his son he looked over a large bundle of notes and obligations, and separated them into two portions. One of the piles represented over $10,000—the other far less. The Judge says "Alexander, here are over $10,000 in notes, mostly collectible, but we can get along without the money, and it will be hard for most of these men to pay; I propose we burn them up, we will enjoy it much more than the collecting of them." "I think so too, father, and if you say so we will see them blaze now." They were placed on the fire, and in a moment were gone. An approving smile on the father's face and the simple remark, "You have made a good many men happy, Alexander," was all that was said.

Alexander T. Prendergast was one of the most affectionate of sons, one of the most noble of youthful companions, and one of the truest of friends. It is true he had but two or three youthful companions, and

they were somewhat older than himself. It should be borne in mind that there were not half a dozen of his own age in the early days of Jamestown, and they were not fit companions for a boy entertaining the high ideas that he entertained. It used to be said of him that his greatest enjoyment consisted in taking a stroll through the woods, with or riding *behind* Dr. Hazeltine on his old horse Charly when visiting his patients; that he preferred these excursions to going a fishing, and that he never had shot a gun in his life. The boys younger, among whom we unhappily must number ourself, gave him the nick name of "Charly's Hitching Post," it being his custom to hold the horse during the time the Docter was visiting his patient. We can again vouch that boys have a terrible aversion to nick names—for many the time have we seen Alexander leaving his persecutors without deigning a réply, and going home, with the tears streaming down his face. And we well remember a small boy, who, seeing Alexander passing one day, screamed out, "*Charly's Hitching Post*," who was saved a flogging by Alexander's prompt interference with the father, and we are positive that that boy never applied that nick name afterwards. We can now remember a dozen poor children who, if living to day, would bless the memory of Alexander T. Prendergast;—and one in particular, who appeared before our father's house one cold day, barefoot and with neither coat or jacket. Alexander, who was passing, took the boy home with him, and soon he was seen returning with shoes and stockings on his feet, and with warm clothing.* A

* Such families are found in all towns, both new and old. The presence of two or three families of this kind, in the early days of Jamestown, undoubtedly aided in originating the idea that Jamestown was settled by a rough set of inhabitants. Families of this *tramp* species are found everywhere.

man named Scovill, with a half dozen or more ragged children, had come to town—how no one knew—had driven the the hogs out of the Blowers slab shanty, (spoken of on pages 39 and 210) and taken possession. That Alexander made one of those boys happy we had the evidence of our own eyes. Aunt Nancy was busy the next day with the remainder of the family, and before night the Judge had them comfortably housed in the rooms that had once been his own home on Cherry street. We could relate a large number of similar happenings, but this we beheld with our own eyes, and had its origin as we have stated. In those early days, any person who had Alexander for a friend was sure not to suffer, for invariably he had Uncle James and Aunt Nancy for backers. We ask the few old settlers, and those of our own age still living, who were boys and girls at the time of which we are speaking, how many times, on some cold, dreary day, they have seen Alexander looking into the habitations of the poor and the needy; how many of *his* orders on the mill for flour and meal they have seen; and how many little packets of tea (1-4 lb.) they have known of his leaving with those too poor to buy so costly a luxury. His private account at Prendergast's store at one time, for tea alone, was nearly two hundred dollars, the price of tea at that time being from two to three dollars per pound.

In after life, Alexander T. Prendergast was the exemplar of the loving and faithful husband, of the affectionate father, of the kind and helping neighbor, of the good and patriotic citizen, of charity towards every human being, and kindness towards all of God's creatures.

He was, during his whole life, a diligent laborer, believing that it was every man's duty to earn his

daily bread by the sweat of his brow, and that idleness was the fruitful parent of misery and wrong doing. From childhood he honored his father and his mother, and loved his neighbor as himself. He fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and housed the needy and unfortunate; he visited the sick and the decrepit and ministered to their wants and necessities. He was pure in heart and in mind, never puffed up by the vanity of riches or by the extent and value of his possessions. He was always more ready to relieve the wants and distress of the sick and needy, than to join in the joys and pleasures of those who had been more fortunate in life.

In addition to all the other sterling, good traits of character and good qualities, Alexander T. Prendergast was one of the most patriotic men of patriotic Chautauqua county. He contributed his thousands to the country's defense. He gave to every soldier from Kiantone one hundred dollars as soon as enlisted. Some curious anecdotes of greed in high places might be told as happening during those stirring times of enlistments; suffice it to say, that a few unpatriotic—although passing as patriots—were in those days to be found even in Old Chautauqua. The country was saved, and home wrongs should be forgotten and forgiven by us as they were by Alexander T. Prendergast.

Goodness was the great, prominent, all-ruling characteristic bequeathed to Alexander T. Prendergast by his noble mother. He inherited his father's superior intellect and his mother's great heart and pure soul. Of his ancestry we have spoken in the first chapter of this volume. The Prendergasts were a peculiar family of men;—strong minds, sent forth in stout bodies, well fitted to be the leaders and rulers of men.

Every word we have written of Alexander Thompson Prendergast is strictly true, as every fair minded, honest man, who was intimately acquainted with him, will testify. Our picture of this truly great and good man is finished;—great because he was good.

Alexander T. Prendergast was one of those men whose very existence was a blessing to his race. The lives of such men are not only a heritage to the communities in which they lived, but to the country at large and to the world. Such men manifest the grandeur of moral power, by showing in themselves the highest moral advancement of the human race. They have lingered on the extreme verge of moral power, and have set up their monumental pillars and trophies on the uttermost limit of human virtue and charity. That heavenly virtue charity, seemingly so difficult to follow, to any great amelioration of the condition of our fellow beings, was a virtue inherent in his soul—and founded on his deep, abiding goodness.

In April, 1847, Alexander T. Prendergast was married to Mary, the daughter of Thomas and Anna (Patterson) Norton, of Westfield, representatives of two of the old families of the cross roads. Mr. Norton was the first cabinet maker, and afterwards started the first grocery store in Westfield, but he was by nature a student and an artist, and had received a thorough scholastic education, and his leisure hours were spent in more congenial pursuits. He was a great student, especially in theology, and became a noted expounder of the bible and its doctrines ; he had a natural bent and inclination for scripture exegesis and for deep biblical studies. Mary inherited the literary and artistic tastes of her father, and her passionate love for flowers

we never knew equalled, but by one, our own sainted mother. Alexander's large but plainly furnished house on the Kiantone was soon converted into bowers of beauty and fragrant loveliness, and happiness reigned in and over all.

To Alexander and Mary (Norton) Prendergast were born two children. JAMES was born June 18th, 1848, and died December 21st, 1879; of him we shall speak hereafter.

CATHERINE (KITTIE) PRENDERGAST was born April 2d, 1854, and she died at Marquette, Michigan, August 2d, 1864. Kittie was a most exquisitely beautiful child. She died when but little more than ten years old, but her mind was so mature that she was no companion for children of that age. In intellectuality she would grace any circle of more than twice those years. She was a great reader of books, and of books of that high intellectual standing that would fail to interest children of her own age. A knowledge of high character seemed to be intuitive with her, and she would converse with remarkable earnestness, knowledge and good taste on subjects that her elders were scarcely acquainted with. She was of a cheerful, lively temperament, or, as Coleman E. Bishop expresses it, "She was a ray of light and warmth in every heart upon which she beamed." Shall we say that Kittie Prendergast was too beautiful, too bright, with ideas too noble, too advanced, for a life on this earth? Oh, no; that would not be the true explanation, for a few thus gifted have been permitted to live long, happy, useful lives with us, and it would be a reflection upon the goodness of the All-Father. But we are forced to admit that such precocious minds too frequently come to us in bodies too frail to stand the wear and tear of

a life here. And yet this was not the case with Kittie. She had a good constitution and was filled with good health, although of that delicate make up which is a constituent of beauty of body and precocity of mind. The natural laws are as unbending as any of that great code which the Almighty has given for our earthly guidance. The other world which Kittie so highly adorns will afford us good reasons for God's mysterious providences, without our reflecting on His goodness to us here below.

It is not often that parents are as devoted to the welfare of their children as were Alexander and Mary Prendergast to theirs—but they are gone, and Alexander has followed. Mary only remains, a lonely watcher among the tombstones.

Many were the hearts that ached when the words were passed from mouth to mouth in our streets, "Alexander Prendergast is dead," many were the tears of sincere grief, of deep sorrow then shed. We met a man on one of our streets that day, one not noted for his goodness, and but little respected by his neighbors, weeping as if his heart would break. "Why do you cry?" we asked. "My only friend is gone; Alexander T. Prendergast is dead." "Was he your friend?" "Yes, he was my friend; he was *everybody's friend.* He gave everybody money, clothes and bread when they needed. It is not because I shall get no more assistance from him that I cry, but it is because I think 'HOW GOOD HE WAS.' If you ever write anything about Alexander T. Prendergast say he was 'A GOOD MAN.'" The appearance of that miserable man, and the earnestness with which he spoke, made an impression upon us, which will always remain bright in our mem-

ory. We shall never forget it, and when we remember the one we think of the other. There is a tender place in our own heart for that miserable, degraded man, and we feel that we would give a world to have him say of us from the depths of his heart, as he then said of Alexander T. Prendergast,

HE WAS A GOOD MAN.

JAMES PRENDERGAST, Jr.

James Prendergast was the only grandson of James and Agnes (Thompson) Prendergast, and the only son of Alexander and Mary (Norton) Prendergast. He was born in Kiantone, Chautauqua County, N. Y., June 18th, 1848, and died in Buffalo, December 21st, 1879.

Spirit! thy labor is o'er!
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore
And the race of immortals begun.
Spirit! look not on the strife
Or the pleasures of earth with regret—
Pause not on the threshhold of limitless life,
To mourn for the day that is set.
Spirit! no fetters can bind,
No wicked have power to molest;
There the weary, like the—the wretched, shall find
A haven—a mansion of rest.
Spirit! how bright is the road
For which thou art now on the wing!
Thy home is with him—thy Saviour and God
There—loud hallellujahs to sing.

—Mozart's Requiem.

James Prendergast passed from life in the prime of manhood, breaking the last worldly ties that bound his parents to earth. In his death the bright anticipations of the citizens of Jamestown—of a city, founded by the grandfather—carefully cherished by the father—and which had become the especial care of the son—were quickly blasted. There are misfortunes which overtake towns as well as families, that we have no right to attribute to the will of Heaven. James Prendergast passed away from earth in the prime of his manhood and in robust health. That he should lose his life from a surgical operation for a trivial ailment, from which a fatal termination should be no more looked for than from the pulling of a tooth, is a sad reflection upon surgical ability. One of those unaccountable accidents so frequently taking place, robbed us of one of our most prominent and most important citizens. We bow reluctantly to the *fiat* of *fate*, for with him a noble family has ceased to exist;—a line, bearing Nature's stamp of nobility has disappeared, and forever. Earthly ties have been forever broken—earthly hopes forever destroyed. But Shakspeare speaks truly when he says,

"The grave's the pulpit of departed man,
From it he speaks"—

The great fountain of human character lies beyond the limits of mortal life, where human passions cannot invade. It is there that the spirits of all ages, after their sun is set, are gathered into one firmament, to shed their unquenchable light upon us. It is in the great assembly of those who have *gone*, that great and gifted souls—the philosopher, the lover of his country and his kind—complete their benefactions to mankind, by becoming imperishable exemplars of goodness

and of virtue. Therefore, we grieve not at the departure of the young or of the eminently wise and good. They cease to walk with us the weary days of earthly life—but all they desired to accomplish they leave with us, a rich inheritance, and their good works go on—although they have been permitted to enter into rest a few short years before us.

His sudden and unexpected death came upon us mournfully and sadly, but it is not for these reasons we so deeply deplore his loss, but because of what he was, in and of himself. Most strictly true was that sentence in the Rev. Mr. Burford's discourse, at his funeral, which reads in these words. "The solemn requiem bell had scarce ceased to toll for a Nestor* of good men, ere another dirge arose, unexpectedly, from the stricken hearts of old and young, rich and poor, in this county and city—when the lightning flashed upon us the sad intelligence of the death of JAMES PRENDERGAST—the knightly gentleman, the faithful friend, the affectionate and obedient son, the enterprising citizen, the honest and charitable landlord of large property, the very center of a cultured *coterie* of friends and admirers, here and elsewhere; the attached member of literary societies, the honored and faithful Legislator in the Assembly of his State and rising luminary of his profession. Seldom or never (certainly not in one so young) has such a sharp and heavy blow been received to society in this region, as that experienced at the sad news of his demise." The bright and manly qualities which brought forth this tribute, plainly indicate that the head was filled with knowledge of a high grade, and the heart with generous and honorable charities and affections;—that he possessed not only

* Hon. Abner Hazeltine.

the highest and choicest fruits of intellectual training and culture, but that the best and most ennobling sentiments of which the heart is capable, were among his richest and most lofty possessions. Errors and failures, excepting those inseparable from human nature, were not among his attributes; and it is certainly true, that whatever of fault might be perceived in his character, were largely the exaggeration of his virtues;—an excessive anxiety that everything he did should be *perfect*. It may be said, there were times in the great multiplicity of business, building and public affairs, he undertook too much, more than his powers of endurance would well bear, yet he accomplished them, and *perfectly*, the injury, if any, being to his own over taxed powers. The idea of thoroughness and *perfection*, went with him in all the duties of life; as much in the choice of a piece of furniture, in the hanging of a picture, the direction of a party of pleasure, in the reading of a book and in everything he undertook, up to affairs of vital importance; each and all, the trivial as well as the important, must be as thoroughly and *perfectly* done as he was capable of accomplishing. His rule was, every thing must be the best of its kind. His father once said to us, since James' death, "I have often thought of a conversation I had with him when he was eleven or twelve years old. It made an impression on my mind that caused me to remember it; he was home from school at the time. He said to me 'Father, I have been making for myself a rule to be guided by all through life. It is this:—'Whatever I do, to do it as *perfectly* as I possibly can, however trifling the thing to be done may be.' My rule, father, differs from that of many others in this—I include the little things, those that are usually considered of

trifling importance or none at all. I think I have seen that the division line made by men between the important and the unimportant varies almost as much as do the countenances of men; and some include in their list of trifles, things of the highest importance, if they expect to succeed and be honest and respected. I feel quite sure that if I perform little duties as thoroughly and as well as it is possible for me to do, it will aid me to do well things of more importance. Among the boys at the school I notice quite a number who do not get their lessons well, and they are generally considered the bad boys, and I can safely say they are the poor scholars. Now, if they shirk and cheat themselves while acquiring their education, and get *rusticated*, wont it learn them to shirk their duty and cheat others when they come to be men? I do not expect to be perfect, but I want to be as perfect as I can. Mother says my rule is a good one, and that if I do one thing well it will learn me to do other things well, and finally all things well. I do believe she is right, and I intend constantly to use my best efforts to do whatever I undertake well and as *perfect* as I possibly can." "I read an article in a newspaper not long ago on high aims. It said that if we aim at the sun we shall shoot higher and further than if we aimed at some lower object. Now, father, *I am going to aim at the sun*—if I do know I cannot hit it, I can try, and I shall accomplish all I expect by shooting higher and farther than I otherwise would do." Mr. Prendergast remarked, "I do believe that Jimmy's rule was a good one—that he did aim at the sun; certainly he did try to do to perfection all he undertook."

He was distinguished when a mere youth—in the morning of his life, by rare attainments and unblem-

ished integrity. He kept his fine natural powers in vigorous action by the motives of a generous ambition, which never fails to address itself to the young and susceptible in all seminaries of learning, and happy are those who make the James Prendergasts of their schools their models in mental cultivation and moral worth. It is a well ascertained fact that the great mass of mankind form their character on those of others, and are determined followers in their tracks. If the exemplar chosen is from among the moral, the intellectual and the studious, the extent of their influence for good, even in school life, can scarcely be estimated. Thousands of eminent men are made, and others who should have been eminent, lost, even in our primary schools; and the real teachers of each have been fellow students—*teaching by example.* Good as well as bad example is contagious; example, especially among the young, is as diffusive as the vibration of sound in the atmosphere. It is impossible to calculate the influence of example, it enlarges the sphere of human impulses, and it kindles in many bosoms aspirations after excellence by the exhibition of excellence in their companions.

The influence of association and example is universal, and is active either for good or evil, even from the cradle to the grave. That James Prendergast, during the days of his school life, by his bright and studious example, planted in the minds of his especial associates, not only enlightened principles and virtuous habits, but those fruit trees of mental and intellectual knowledge and culture, which will in those not early called away, yield a noble fruitage, to bless the memory of him who, by his virtuous example, planted the seed, we do not doubt. For it was he who awakened their

perceptions, keenly to the value of thorough mental cultivation. It was he, who in their rambles through the meadows and the forest, first awakened in their hearts a true love of nature. It was he who lectured them on the glory of the grass, and the splendor in the flowers—on the majestic beauty of the forests and the whispering voices of their leaves—of the beauty and music of nature in all her work; for of James Prendergast it may be truly said that he could exclaim with Akinside

> "With what attractive charms this goodly frame
> Of nature touches the consenting hearts
> Of mortal man. For him the spring
> Distills her dews, and from the silken gem
> Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him the hand
> Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
> With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
> Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings:
> And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
> And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
> Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
> The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
> From all the tenants of the warbling shade
> Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
> Fresh pleasures unreproved."

James Prendergast's only aim was to seek the noblest purposes of his existence; and his labor was to prepare himself to do perfectly whatever duty called him to do. He appears to never wander for a moment from the path he had chosen, nor to have been disturbed by any sickly doubts of the worthiness of the objects he was pursuing. His views of life and the part he was to take in it were cheerful and rational, and his mind was filled with perpetual sunshine. His conversations bear testimony to this healthy and happy state of feeling. They were full of the inspiration of fresh and generous hopes and of proper and modest confidence in his own powers, the bright

belongings of youth—when the spirits are unbroken by the experiences of life—before disappointments and the repeated visitations of sorrow had taught the sad lessons that the results of human exertions always fall short of its aspirations. These disappointing lessons he did not live long enough to learn in all their sad reality. But he had so lived the short life that had been placed before him, that when suddenly called to leave the fairest of earthly prospects, the most lovely and most assuring views of the future attended him within the shadow which divides the present from the future state of being. He was not unprepared to leave affectionate parents, wealth, and great prospects of honors in a world where every thing appeared so bright and alluring, and go hence to that other world which his faith taught him, was far superior to this.

James Prendergast had many amiable and estimable qualities which secured the attachment of many friends. Generous to a fault, profuse in his liberality, constant in his friendships, indisposed to all forms of vulgarity, dissipation and prodigality, his friendships were among those who prized a good name. He seldom failed to perceive true merit in others, and was always pleased to see it rewarded. He felt keenly the injuries done him by false friends, but so long as they reflected upon him politically, and did not reach to his private character, he suppressed his feelings by a manly control, and treated the deceitful assaults with a manly disdain, which, had he lived longer, would have redounded to his greatest credit, and the placing of these pretended and deceitful friends in the light belonging to them.

His mind was in the best sense original; he never arrayed himself in borrowed plumage. Free from

anything approaching to eccentricity, he thought for himself, and in all cases formed his own conclusions. His perceptive powers were quick, and the resources of his well-stored mind were ready and producible whenever occasion required. Although he possessed a great aptitude and talent for literary composition, yet the intellectual exercise in which he most delighted was conversation. This was probably the field in which he exhibited most fully his fine powers and the extent and versatility of his learning, with more satisfaction to himself than in any other. And it must be confessed, that for those who are capable of it, the pleasure of animated, intellectual conversation, is hardly inferior to the high excitement of public speaking, and very far beyond the solitary delights of the pen.

Sincere and truth loving, he delighted in earnest discussion, being equally willing to learn or instruct. He enjoyed wit and humor, and had a strong sense of the ludicrous. In all cases requiring the sifting power of the reasoning faculties and the decision of the judgment, he always investigated with unusual caution, discussed calmly and carefully, weighed accurately, and after a thorough dissection of the whole matter, came to a decision;—and we are yet to learn the case in which that decision was wrong. His judgments on all subjects came from the best efforts of his reasoning powers brought to bear upon all the facts of the case. His reasoning was always from cause to effect, and he carefully avoided all the errors which the comparative method involved.

James Prendergast inherited one family trait in all its perfectness;—he was singularly free from envy and malice, and a disposition too frequently met with,

to disparage or belittle the acquirements of others. It gave him the greatest pleasure to have one of his friends, or any one else, say a fine thing, or do a good deed which raised them in the estimation of others. It always delighted him to have his friends do well, upon all occasions and under all circumstances.

The character of James Prendergast was remarkable for its symmetry, the equal development of all the faculties, and for complete harmony between the intellectual powers and moral feelings. The portraits of him give a fair idea of his features, but there is something in the expression when the face is lit up by thought which no portrait can adequately give, and is certainly wanting in his. If we are permitted to speak of the personal appearance of one who has departed, we can first say that he was an unusually handsome man. His face grew finer as he advanced in life, and his countenance never assumed a nobler aspect nor had more real beauty in it, than during the last year of his life. It was also easy to trace there marks of thought, of care, and of studiousness, accompanied, we may say, by signs of a soul at peace with itself and mingled, we will not say with sadness, but certainly with pensiveness, bred, perhaps, from much pondering upon the uncertainty of human affairs, and the serious aspects of this life. His frank, generous, yet somewhat pensive countenance, limned none of those fatal lines which indicate craft and insincerity, greed or sensuality, but all was clear, open, pure minded and honest. Towards the close of his life perhaps his countenance grew more and more staid, earnest and thoughtful, yet when he smiled every lineament beamed with pleas-

ure, and there was a pleasant sound and a heartiness about his laugh which will not soon be forgotten by those who were wont to hear it.

In private life he was a model of every domestic virtue and grace. Faithful and deferential to his father—loving and affectionate to his mother—kind and unostentatious to the servants, he was the delight of the domestic hearth which he so much loved, and where all, to the lowest menial loved and respected him. He was eminently domestic in his tastes, social in his feelings, averse to high conviviality, and at all times urbane and modest in his demeanor. His amiability was one of his most distinguishing traits. And among all these high, generous, noble characteristics of James Prendergast—high above all—was the filial deference and respect, love and devotion he always displayed for his father and his mother.

From childhood up to the last days of his life, he was remarkable for the great desire he had for acquiring knowledge. His mind was avaricious of the wealth of intellectual acquirements, so much so that during his early school boy days, although he acquired knowledge with rapidity, the hours he was permitted to study were too short to meet his views. His faculties were vigorous, and he never allowed listlessness to creep over him so long as a book remained within his reach. His books were his joy and his pride; in them he found solace and entertainment, nutriment and instruction. His literary tastes were keen and discriminating, so that he enjoyed the master pieces of human genius with a full relish, and a nice discernment of their finer qualities. From boyhood up, the advantages offered him fully equaled his desire for

knowledge. From first to last he had the advantages of the best schools and tutors in the United States, and no higher encomiums touching not only zeal and ability, but of great acquirements and noble conduct could be given than those accorded to him by President Woolsey of Yale, and by Professor Dwight of Columbia College. Prof. Dwight especially compliments him for scholarship and attainments of the highest order.

Returning to Jamestown he founded the law firm of Green, Prendergast & Benedict—all of them sons of the early settlers. This firm was broken by his death.

His short political career is spoken of by Coleman E. Bishop in Memorials as follows: "James Prendergast's political career brought him only honor. He entered upon it after much deliberation; with a full comprehension of the questionable means by which alone success is usually considered possible in public life, and with an equally full determination to either succeed without resort to those means, or to honorably fail." He entered upon the campaign with the motto "Success with clean hands, or failure." In 1878 he was elected to the Assembly by an overwhelming majority. "The next year he failed of a renomination for reasons, if it were proper here to recount them, would redound to his honor more highly than any other fact in his political career. His course in the Legislature was of that character to attract attention by its uprightness." He could neither be drove or bought; he failed of a re-election because he could not succeed with clean hands. He would not stoop to conquer, but proudly preserved his integrity and the fair name he bore. His friends viewed in this defeat the proudest triumph of his career.

The last and noblest of a noble race, he has departed from us.

"The night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed though in secret it rolls,
Shall keep his memory green in our souls."

And what more appropriate epitaph to inscribe on the mausoleum in Lake View Cemetery, which contains his ashes—than the beautiful lines written by Mrs. Hemans, and inscribed on her own tomb in St Anns Church, Dublin.

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair Spirit! rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to the narrow home beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They who have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

CONCLUSION.

We have occasionally heard the statement, that the early settlers of the town of Ellicott, and particularly of the Village of Jamestown, were a rough, ignorant and intemperate set of people. This we deny, in the most absolute and positive manner; and right here, will show that our assertion is correct. There are a few truthful and well meaning people, who, nevertheless, seem to think that all morals, all temperance, and the largest portion of the religion in the country, started into existence soon after *they* became citizens of Jamestown; that *they* set the ball in motion that knocked over a great portion of the ignorance and early immorality, and introduced, not only the arts and sciences and civilized society, but the Christian religion, pure and undefiled, into the place. It is not the intention of the persons to whom we refer to misrepresent, but a more erroneous and mistaken idea could not be entertained.

It has been our contention in this volume, that the early settlers of the town of Ellicott, were for the most part, the energetic, educated young men of the best families of New England and of Eastern New York. They were not only men of energy and perse-

verance, but of good morals, and had enjoyed the best advantages the country offered for education. The record of their names and of their lives proves our assertion correct. At the time this country was settled, the sons of New England, and especially the educated ones, were looking to Western New York and to the Western Reserve of Ohio, for their future homes. Knowing that these then wilderness countries possessed a soil far superior to that on which their fathers lived, and that emigration must soon people them with a large and industrious population, they emigrated to, and commenced life in these wildernesses. They *came first;* and by herculean efforts established the church, the school house and the printing press, before the less energetic, the less worthy andless educated had in numbers, left the places of their birth, to seek new homes in the El Dorado of the west. When *they* came, they found communities and laws to restrain them, and which have continued to restrain them ever since. These early settlers, for the most part, came west in small and select companies ; each to some especial locality, and their friends and relatives followed, and to the same localities. The first settlers at the rapids were largely from Wardsboro, Windham Co., Vt., and from Rensselaer Co. in this state.

We take Jamestown, instead of the town of Ellicott, as the field of our investigation;—time, the year 1822. We have divided the then inhabitants into three classes. (1) The moral and educated; (2) the moral; and (3) the immoral. For the first class we write down the following names: James Prendergast, Horatio Dix, Wm. Forbes, Solomon Jones, Ellick Jones, N. Dolloff, Laban, Abner, and Daniel Hazeltine, Silas and Jehial Tiffany, E. T. Foote, Sam'l. A. Brown,

Thos. W. and C. R. Harvey, Wm. Hall, Wm. and John C. Breed, Silas Shearman, William Knight, Royal and Eber Keyes, Harmis Willard, Joseph Waite, Samuel Barrett, Wilfred Barker, Phineas Stevens, Salmon Grout, Rufus Pier, Elmer Freeman, Jesse Smith, Horace Allen, Scott Sayles, Hiram Kinney, R. F. Fenton, N. W. Harrington, Samuel B. Winsor, Jacob and Wm. H. Fenton, Phineas Palmiter, Darius Dexter, Ezbai Kidder, J. E. Budlong, Sheldon Smith, Edward Work. For class *two* we record seven names; for class *three* we record five names; these not including sawyers on the mills, whose names we cannot remember; mostly transient men. A number of men whose names we do remember, workers on the mills, should be placed in class two. In truth *Old Argue*, whom we have placed at the head of class three, and poor John Blowers, would be rather lonesome, if we did not bring a few *Justices* and farmers from out of town, and a good file of sawyers and raftmen and boatmen to make a respectable company—*in numbers.**

The conveniences in those early days for being moral and religious were not extensive or first class, but such as they had were well patronized. At least two-thirds of the people of Jamestown, on Sunday, both in the forenoon and in the afternoon, went regularly to the Old Academy to hear either Abner Hazeltine, Thomas W. Harvey, or Samuel A. Brown read a sermon, selected from the National Preacher, hear the Harveys, Jessie Smith, Harmis Willard, the † Jones girls and the Dix girls and others, sing, and listen to Deacon Deland's long prayers. The idea that there was neither morals or religion in Jamestown

* See pages 51, 217, 222.

† Daughters of Solomon Jones and Horatio Dix.

until some ten years after, is not true. In fact, there was more of each, according to numbers, than at any period since; and it was the genuine old orthodox sort, too! In those primitive days, boys had to stay in doors from Saturday night until Monday morning, and read their testaments or a tract; they had no story Sunday School books in those days. We well remember two tracts that came nearest to it,—"The Dairyman's Daughter," and the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," and they were literally worn out by constant reading. It was hard work for boys to be good in those times; Sunday was a long, tedious day. Even in driving the cows to pasture on Sunday morning, the precise time necessary in which to go and come was given, and if the time was exceeded a flogging might be expected on Monday morning—it was considered too much *like work* to undertake to flog a stout, lusty *Rapids* boy on Sunday. Those who say the *fathers* did not keep Sunday are mistaken. The period of which we speak is within our own remembrance, and *we know*.

We felt that we could not conclude this volume without correcting this gross slander on the good name of our fathers. If the sons were one-half as moral and good as *they* were, Jamestown would be a far better place to-day than it is. Nobler men never settled a new country than those who subdued the wilderness at the rapids, and laid the foundations of all the blessings, social, civil and religious, which we, their children and successors, enjoy.

Our allotted task is finished—our wanderings through the few streets of Jamestown, and along the few crooked, muddy roads leading therefrom, in the

long ago, have come to an end. We have enjoyed many of our visits with the busy men who were once the active inhabitants, but who died long ago, and are now almost forgotten. Our greatest regret is, that we could not use two or three hundred more pages in the fulfillment of our task—we could have drawn our pictures clearer and plainer—but this was not to be thought of. This volume is already twice as large as our friends expected it would be, and forbade the further extension. We have labored to make the "Early History of the Town of Ellicott"—which many friends said it was our duty to write—and of which, for the most part, there was no record, worthy of their acceptance. We believe that what we have written is truthful, and our greatest desire and care has been to make it so. We hope the method we have pursued in accomplishing our labor will not meet the disapprobation of those who so urgently urged us to undertake a task, which at the time was so repugnant to our feelings. We have mingled our remembrances of persons with anecdotes and happenings connected with them —the laughable with the sorrowful, the trifling and the vain, with serious reflections on the past and on the future;—a *salmagundi;*—perhaps an *ollapodrida;* from which the fastidious modern reader may select morsels agreeable to his peculiar taste, and reject those not suited to his delicate digestion.

For a year we have lived in the past. Daily we have walked the streets of Jamestown as they were sixty years ago, and before. We have daily met thereon our fathers, and have followed them into their various places of business, and at times found them so busily engaged with the affairs of time and earthly pursuits, that they could not give us a few moments in which

to talk over the affairs of the town,and the latest news from those then, far off localities, Chadwick's Bay, (Dunkirk) Pomfret Four Corners, (Fredonia) and the Cross Roads, (Westfield), and the last news from Buffalo about Clinton's ditch. Most truly we have lived in the long ago, in the which there were no grades or divisions in society—in the which the rich and the poor, the high and the low, lived together and associated as equals ;—in the which there were no locks on the doors, neither was it necessary, for it was rare that any overt act was committed. Those days prepared for the present. But the living of those early days over again has not been an altogether disagreeable task. The most disagreeable part has been that those good old times can never again return, and it has led us to pass our own life in review, to live our own life over again, and to mark its errors. Solemn and sad at times has been the retrospect. As we have passed along through the years that are back of us, full of voices eloquent and pathetic; we have stood over the grave of many an early dream. We have eaten and slept with disappointment. We have watched by the couch of many a hope and seen it fail and die. We have buried many a bright expectation, and laid the memorial wreath over many a joy. Withered garlands, broken rings, broken vases, once filled with flowers, on every side have strewn the pathway.

By a wearying, unwelcome effort we have called back from the musty caves of memory, friends who passed away years ago. We remembered them as active and prominent in the affairs of life ; suffering its griefs, enjoying its pleasures ; and we mourned when they were called away. At times it has been a disagreeable labor for us to recall them, as graven on

the memory, and sit down with them for one short hour and retrace those pleasant times now—*gone!* We hurry through our task, dismiss the shadows from our thoughts, and close the book of memory against them.

And thus it has been generation after generation for thousands of years. Each had their day of active life, their cups filled to the brim with the world's pleasures and its pains; they passed away like the vapor, while the world wore the same aspect of beauty as now, and has worn during all the ages of earth's human occupancy.

The heavens will be as bright over our graves, as now around our pathways; the world will offer the same bright attractions for those now unborn as it has for us. In a much shorter time than that we have been reviewing, all of this will have happened; to many of us even the coming year will have wrought the great change which releases from all earthly affairs. The throbbing heart will have been stilled and at rest, the funeral train will have passed by, and the tearful mourners again busy on the streets. For a short time they will think of us, and occasionally speak of us, but the affairs of life will creep in, and speedily we will be forgotten. An occasional, momentary remembrance is quickly thrust from the mind—as an unwelcome intruder—and ere long all thought of us will have passed away forever. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the rooms where we died; the streets will continue to be filled with busy men, the assemblages of the joyful and the pleasure seeking as large as they are now. It always has been, as it always will continue to be, the fate of the living, *to die and of the*

dead to be forgotten. Thus, most feelingly does Henry Kirke White sing to us of this passing away:

"Yes, 'twill be over soon. This sickly dream
Of life will banish from my feverish brain;
And death my wearied spirit will redeem
From this wild region of unvaried pain.
Yon brook will glide as softly as before,—
Yon landscape smile,—yon golden harvests grow,—
Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar
When Henry's name is heard no more below.

* * * * *

God of the just,—thou gavest the bitter cup;
I bow to thy behest, and drink it up."

THE END.